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FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

PLEASANT PICTURES OF CHILD LIFE—VIII.



BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOKSHELF

COMPLETE EDITION

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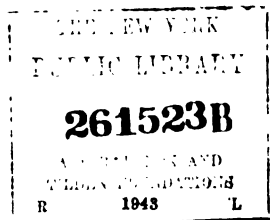
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VOLUME SEVEN
HISTORIC TALES *and* GOLDEN DEEDS
(PART I)

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
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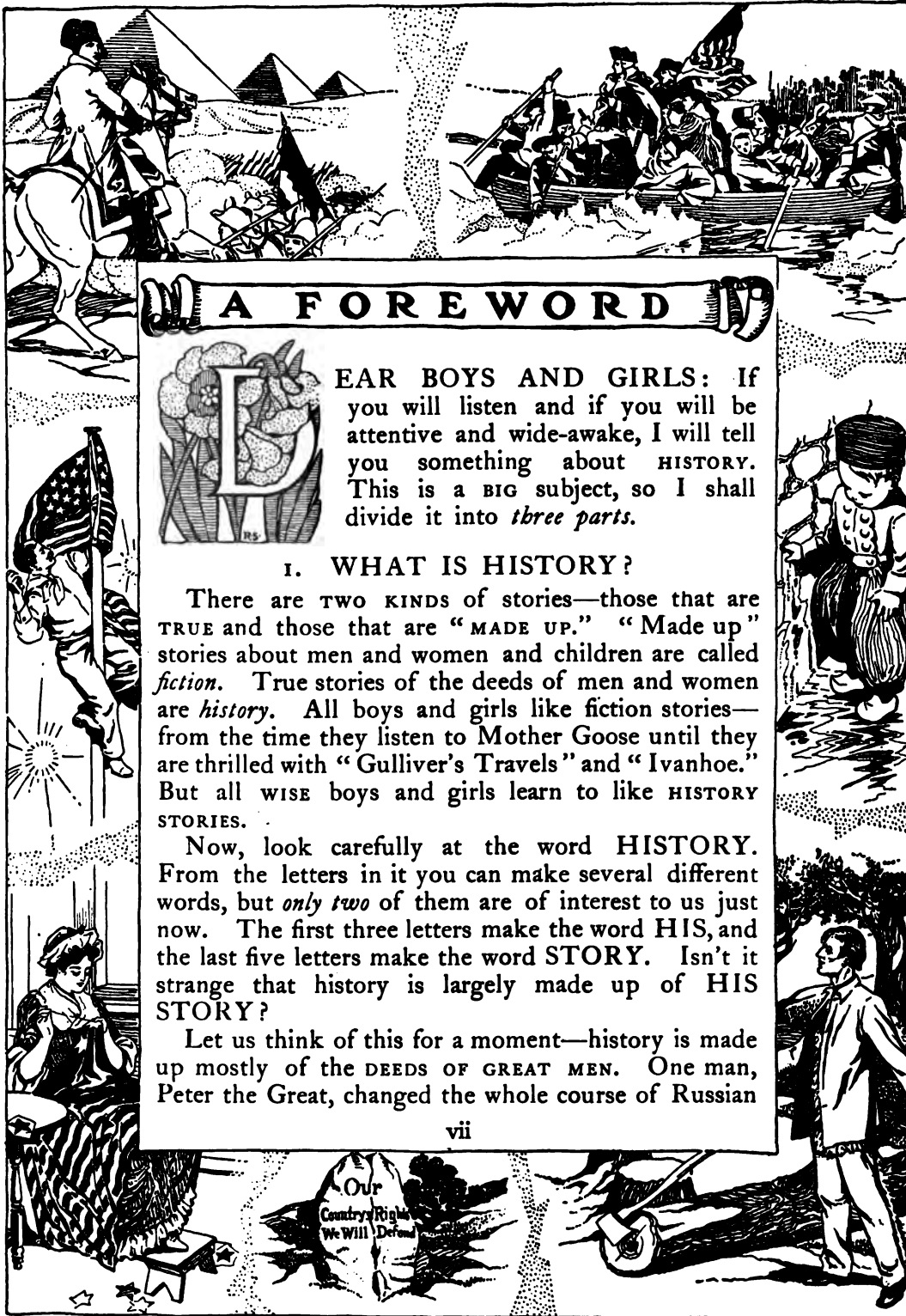
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A FOREWORD



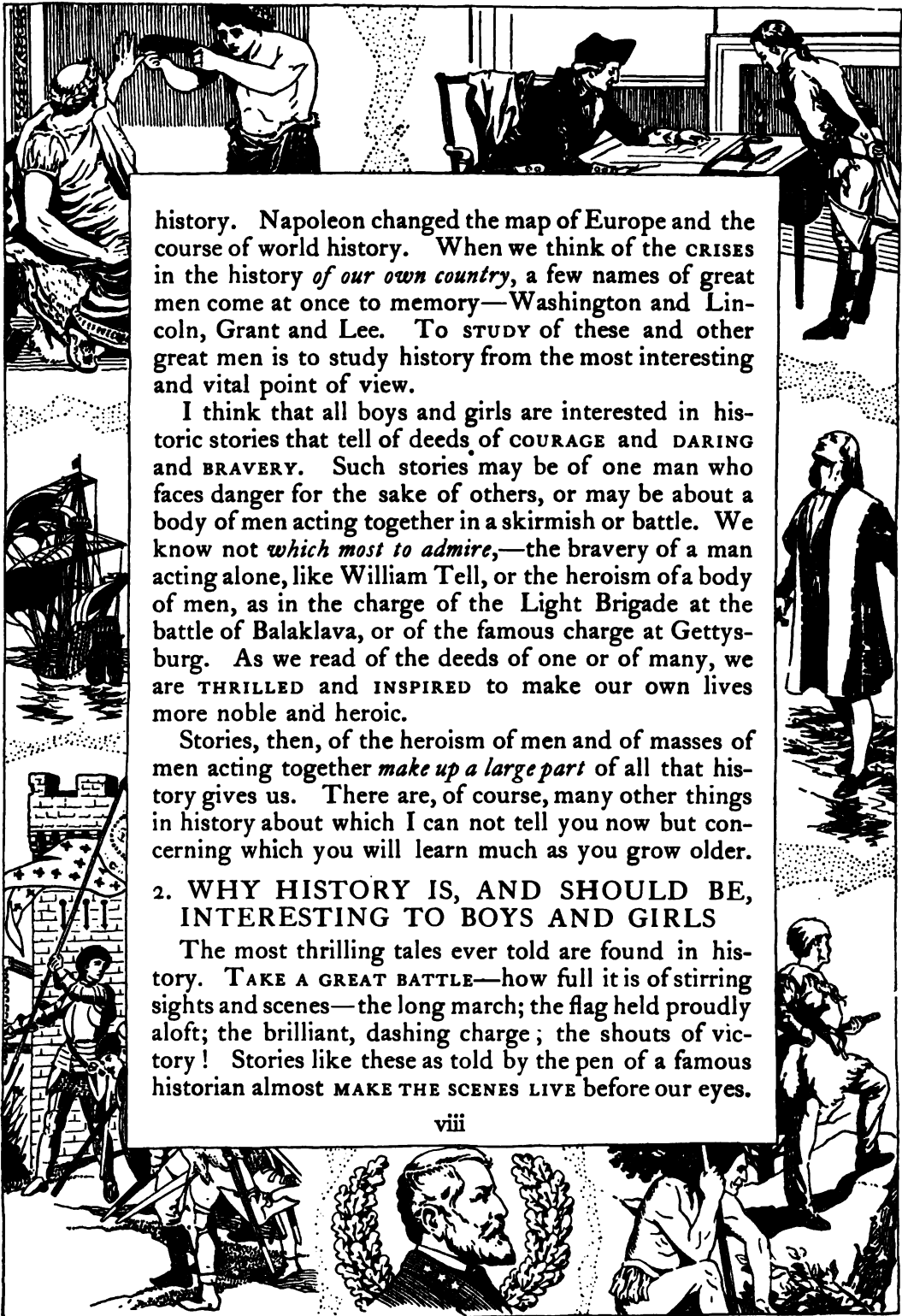
DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: If you will listen and if you will be attentive and wide-awake, I will tell you something about HISTORY. This is a BIG subject, so I shall divide it into *three parts*.

1. WHAT IS HISTORY?

There are TWO KINDS of stories—those that are TRUE and those that are “MADE UP.” “Made up” stories about men and women and children are called *fiction*. True stories of the deeds of men and women are *history*. All boys and girls like fiction stories—from the time they listen to Mother Goose until they are thrilled with “Gulliver’s Travels” and “Ivanhoe.” But all WISE boys and girls learn to like HISTORY STORIES.

Now, look carefully at the word HISTORY. From the letters in it you can make several different words, but *only two* of them are of interest to us just now. The first three letters make the word HIS, and the last five letters make the word STORY. Isn’t it strange that history is largely made up of HIS STORY?

Let us think of this for a moment—history is made up mostly of the DEEDS OF GREAT MEN. One man, Peter the Great, changed the whole course of Russian



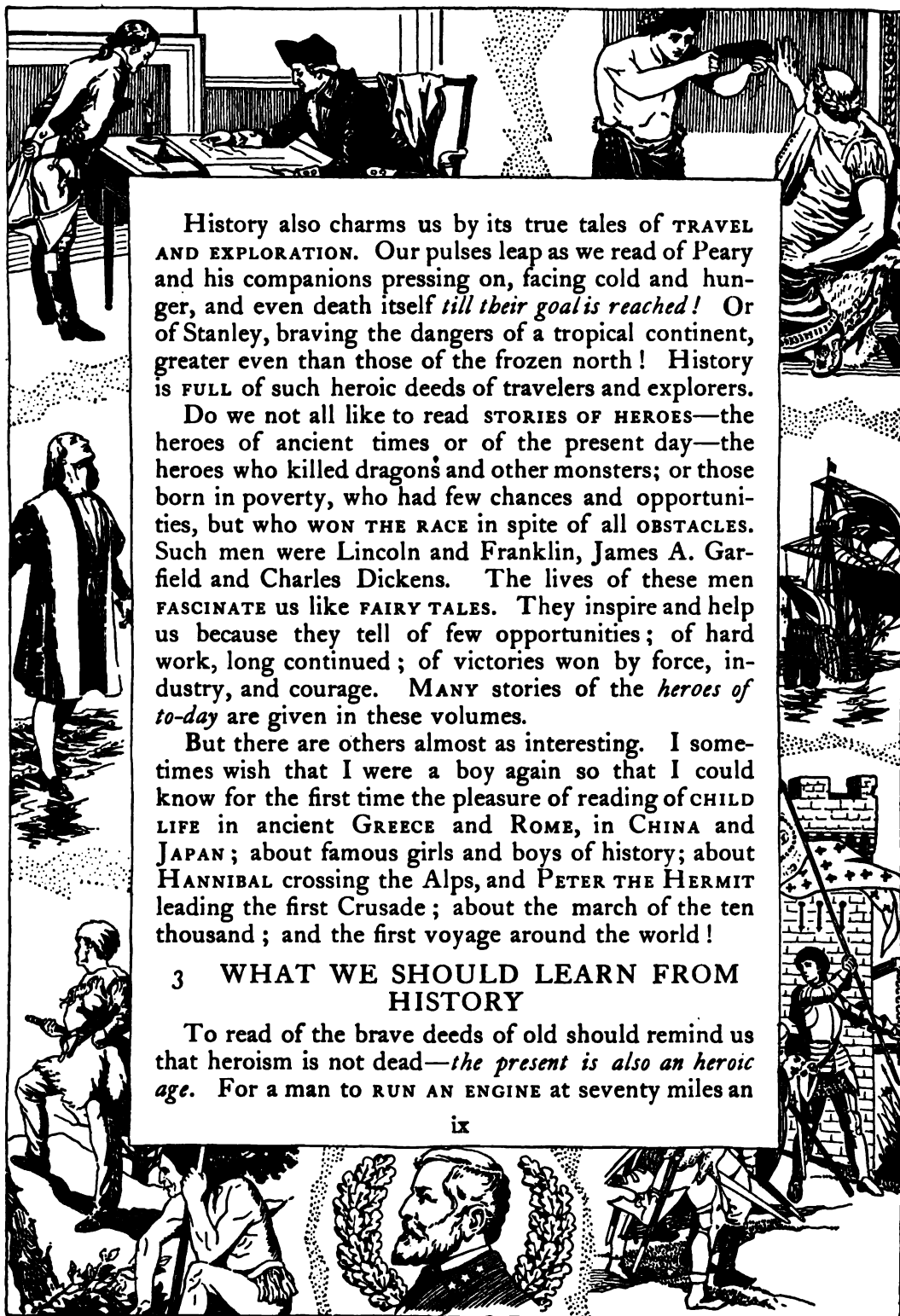
history. Napoleon changed the map of Europe and the course of world history. When we think of the **CRISES** in the history of *our own country*, a few names of great men come at once to memory—Washington and Lincoln, Grant and Lee. To **STUDY** of these and other great men is to study history from the most interesting and vital point of view.

I think that all boys and girls are interested in historic stories that tell of deeds of **COURAGE** and **DARING** and **BRAVERY**. Such stories may be of one man who faces danger for the sake of others, or may be about a body of men acting together in a skirmish or battle. We know not *which most to admire*,—the bravery of a man acting alone, like William Tell, or the heroism of a body of men, as in the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava, or of the famous charge at Gettysburg. As we read of the deeds of one or of many, we are **THRILLED** and **INSPIRED** to make our own lives more noble and heroic.

Stories, then, of the heroism of men and of masses of men acting together *make up a large part* of all that history gives us. There are, of course, many other things in history about which I can not tell you now but concerning which you will learn much as you grow older.

2. WHY HISTORY IS, AND SHOULD BE, INTERESTING TO BOYS AND GIRLS

The most thrilling tales ever told are found in history. **TAKE A GREAT BATTLE**—how full it is of stirring sights and scenes—the long march; the flag held proudly aloft; the brilliant, dashing charge; the shouts of victory! Stories like these as told by the pen of a famous historian almost **MAKE THE SCENES LIVE** before our eyes.



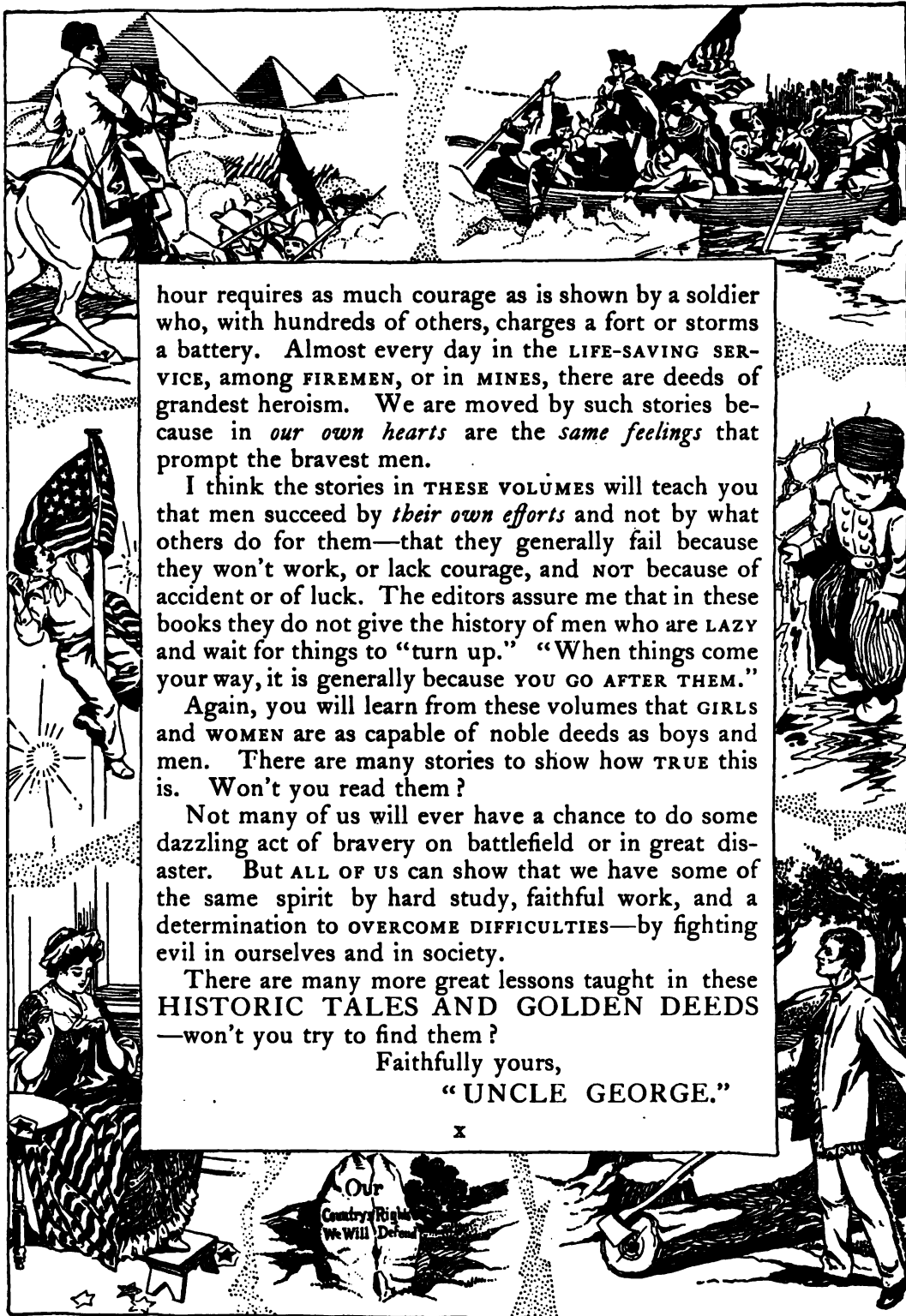
History also charms us by its true tales of TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION. Our pulses leap as we read of Peary and his companions pressing on, facing cold and hunger, and even death itself *till their goal is reached!* Or of Stanley, braving the dangers of a tropical continent, greater even than those of the frozen north! History is FULL of such heroic deeds of travelers and explorers.

Do we not all like to read STORIES OF HEROES—the heroes of ancient times or of the present day—the heroes who killed dragons and other monsters; or those born in poverty, who had few chances and opportunities, but who WON THE RACE in spite of all OBSTACLES. Such men were Lincoln and Franklin, James A. Garfield and Charles Dickens. The lives of these men FASCINATE US like FAIRY TALES. They inspire and help us because they tell of few opportunities; of hard work, long continued; of victories won by force, industry, and courage. MANY stories of the *heroes of to-day* are given in these volumes.

But there are others almost as interesting. I sometimes wish that I were a boy again so that I could know for the first time the pleasure of reading of CHILD LIFE in ancient GREECE and ROME, in CHINA and JAPAN; about famous girls and boys of history; about HANNIBAL crossing the Alps, and PETER THE HERMIT leading the first Crusade; about the march of the ten thousand; and the first voyage around the world!

3 WHAT WE SHOULD LEARN FROM HISTORY

To read of the brave deeds of old should remind us that heroism is not dead—the *present is also an heroic age*. For a man to RUN AN ENGINE at seventy miles an



hour requires as much courage as is shown by a soldier who, with hundreds of others, charges a fort or storms a battery. Almost every day in the LIFE-SAVING SERVICE, among FIREMEN, or in MINES, there are deeds of grandest heroism. We are moved by such stories because in *our own hearts* are the *same feelings* that prompt the bravest men.

I think the stories in THESE VOLUMES will teach you that men succeed by *their own efforts* and not by what others do for them—that they generally fail because they won't work, or lack courage, and NOT because of accident or of luck. The editors assure me that in these books they do not give the history of men who are LAZY and wait for things to "turn up." "When things come your way, it is generally because YOU GO AFTER THEM."

Again, you will learn from these volumes that GIRLS and WOMEN are as capable of noble deeds as boys and men. There are many stories to show how TRUE this is. Won't you read them?

Not many of us will ever have a chance to do some dazzling act of bravery on battlefield or in great disaster. But ALL OF US can show that we have some of the same spirit by hard study, faithful work, and a determination to OVERCOME DIFFICULTIES—by fighting evil in ourselves and in society.

There are many more great lessons taught in these HISTORIC TALES AND GOLDEN DEEDS—won't you try to find them?

Faithfully yours,

"UNCLE GEORGE."

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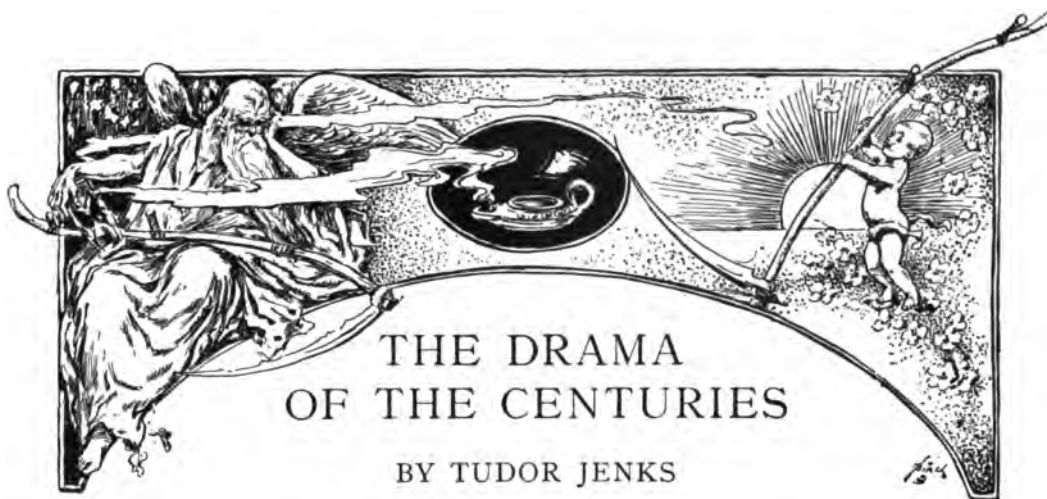
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THOUGH time flows on in an undivided, unresting tide, mankind marks its course by fixed periods. Days, weeks, months, and years pass without especial wonder; but the ending of a century comes but once to almost all of us, and history gives to each hundred years a character of its own.

Supposing we were immortals who had lived since the beginning of the Christian era, and had witnessed the drama played by the nations upon the globe, what have we seen during the nineteen hundred years since the birth of Jesus Christ? Let us briefly review the acts of this mighty drama:

THE FIRST CENTURY

EXCEPT along the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, the whole world is uncivilized. All these coasts are ruled by the Romans from their mighty city. In the Holy Land the Jewish nation is overcome and dispersed, and Britain also is made Roman by conquest.

The world is plundered of its wealth to fill Rome with palaces, and, secure because of their all-conquering armies, the wealthy Romans give themselves to extravagance and follies. The new Romans are not like those who made the empire; the rich seek only amusement and are without religion, the poor are beggared and lazy. There is among the people a new religious body known as Christians, who, persecuted and tortured, yet cannot be suppressed.

SECOND CENTURY

THE Roman Empire widens, and brings peace to those coming under the rule of its good emperors. But the Christians and Jews, refusing obedience, are ever pursued and punished. To govern the

H.T. & G.D. I. 1.

united world laws are wisely made and strongly enforced. Marcus Aurelius, the emperor, and Epictetus, the slave, teach philosophy; Galen, the doctor, Ptolemy, the geographer, Plutarch and Tacitus, historians, write books that will be read so long as learning lasts—read with admiration. But the armies of Rome are hired soldiers; farmers and laborers are slaves and convicts. The Northern races are learning the arts of war and peace from their Roman enemy, while the Romans themselves are becoming idlers, forgetting the virtues by which their ancestors won the empire of the world.

THIRD CENTURY

As Roman power weakens, that of other races grows; and, pushed by fiercer tribes, the Franks, Goths, and Persians cross into the empire and seem about to overwhelm it. Then Rome's rulers, in their fright, forget their court mummery and politics, and with a last effort force back the foreign nations and destroy their newly risen governments. In this way falls Queen Zenobia, the Syrian. Meanwhile, emperors are made and unmade by warring armies, until Aurelian and Diocletian become strong, and as despots restore order. But, in defending his empire, Diocletian divides it, and thus makes its destruction sure. The Christians, ever persecuted, are growing in power and numbers.

FOURTH CENTURY

CONSTANTINE, the great emperor, leaves Rome for Byzantium, named for him Constantinople, and makes it his capital, so as better to govern both Europe and Asia. This results in dividing the Eastern from the Western Empire. After the

most bitter persecutions, Christianity has conquered, and is the religion of the empire. The Northern and Western races, Alemanni, Goths, Persians, press even more closely around the falling empire, and even force entrance, though held back long enough to come under the influence of its civilization.

FIFTH CENTURY

THE Western Empire gives way before the invaders. Rome is captured by Alaric the Goth. Britain is abandoned by Roman troops, and entered by Saxons, Angles, and Jutes; Spain and Gaul are overrun by the Visigoths and the Franks; Africa by the Vandals. The Eastern Empire is attacked by the Asiatic Huns, who are beaten off by Romans, Goths, and Franks. The same race also invades Italy. The power of Rome ceases; and new, unspoiled races, taking up her language, system of laws, and the Christian religion, become owners of her lands and beginners of modern nations.

SIXTH CENTURY

THE "Dark Ages" begin. The new races, coming in successive waves, gradually unite with the old, and the Latin tongue slowly changes into three dialects that will form Spanish, Italian, and French. The conquerors of Britain, not mingling with Romans, keep their own tongue, which is the foundation of our English. Justinian, Emperor of the East, for a time reconquers much western territory, and causes Roman law to be made into a code that lasts to-day. Christianity survives and even overcomes the conquering nations, founding in Rome a new empire over the minds of men. Monasteries, refuges for learning, increase in number. The Northern races, born free, bring ideas of freedom, and in their newly conquered homes learn the arts of peace and civilization.

SEVENTH CENTURY

MOHAMMED, an Arabian camel-driver, becomes the prophet of a new religion, which is written in the Koran. His followers, despising death, win their way eastward to India, westward to the ocean, with their swords, even besieging Constantinople; but the Eastern emperor, Heraclius, holds his own for a time. Meanwhile European peoples are becoming settled in their territories, gaining and losing ground, but without great changes. In Britain have arisen small kingdoms of Angles and Saxons, learning to rule and to unite into stronger governments. They have been little influenced by Roman civilization, but are Christian-

ized, and thus are afterward brought into touch with European thought. In Gaul are the brave Franks, expanding over more territory as they prosper under Christian rulers, the one race strong enough to resist Mohammed's Saracens.

EIGHTH CENTURY

THE Saracens win northern Africa, enter and occupy Spain except at the north, then cross into France, threatening to overwhelm Europe and Christianity. The Saracens are attacking from the East also, besieging Constantinople, which successfully defends itself with "Greek fire." The followers of the Arabian camel-driver, grown into a great empire with the rich civilization depicted in the "Arabian Nights," become rivals of all Europe, but are defeated by the Franks after twenty years of war. The Franks, under great rulers, also conquer the Northern Saxons and Italy. Charlemagne, their king, is at length crowned Emperor of the West by Pope Leo in Rome, and reigns wisely over the lands of the old Roman Empire, sending minor rulers to hold sway in all parts of Europe, and establishing schools. Thus Christendom becomes German, and learning is revived. The Saracens bring with them into Europe the learning of Greece and the East. In Britain the Northmen raids begin.

NINTH CENTURY

CHARLEMAGNE's death causes his empire to break into the kingdoms from which great modern nations are to grow. In Britain the small kingdoms unite, but the whole land is troubled by the Northmen's attacks. Alfred the Great fosters a beginning of literature, establishes jury trials, and even makes successful resistance to the Northern robbers. The Saracens' empire, though still powerful, is becoming divided and losing force, but has begun the later division between the Eastern Church of Constantinople and the Western of Rome. In all Christendom governments are better, learning increases, war is less frequent.

TENTH CENTURY

THE Eastern Franks (Germans) become powerful, joining with North Italy and other lands; the Western Franks (France) give up lands to the Northmen, who establish Normandy and become Christians; England is fighting the Danes (Northmen), and is at last overcome by them. In Spain the Saracens have formed an empire distinguished for learning and civilization, but by their religion and race remain separate from the rest

of Europe. Feudalism, a system of government due to conquest, under which system all Europe is to remain for hundreds of years, becomes well established. There is wide-spread fear lest the end of the world is to come in the year 1000.

ELEVENTH CENTURY

THE Normans, under Duke William, defeat the Saxon Harold at Hastings, conquer England, and gradually unite with the races already there. The Roman Papacy becomes one of the greatest powers in Europe, opposing even the emperors, and serves to unite Christendom. In the East the Asiatic Turks first rise into power, displacing the Saracens. Chivalry begins, and the First Crusade sends a great army that conquers its way into Jerusalem.

TWELFTH CENTURY

THE crusades continue, and are opposed by the great Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, who defeats the attacks upon Jerusalem, and takes Palestine from the Christians. Orders of knighthood, based upon the laws of chivalry, rise into power throughout Europe, making warfare less barbarous, causing greater reverence for womanhood, and refining manners. The nations of Europe, as they are to last, are being organized, and smaller states tend to unite.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

THE Tartars, or Moguls, come pouring from Asia into Europe, conquering, slaying, burning, making deserts wherever they pass. Under Genghis Khan they devastate nearly all Asia and much of Europe, and for a hundred years retain their power. In England the barons check the power of the throne, forcing the signing of the Great Charter. Throughout Europe the burghers, or dwellers in towns, become richer, freer, and more powerful, and cities unite to protect themselves from injustice. The supporters of the popes and those of the emperors oppose one another. The crusades fail, but bring wealth by commerce, increase learning, and change forms of government. Many great cathedrals and palaces of Europe are built. Italy's wealthy merchant-cities arise. Dante, the great Italian poet, begins his writing.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY

FRANCE and England are fighting for leadership. Switzerland wins independence from the Austrians. The Great Plague rages in Europe, causing the death of many millions, being the most terrible scourge in the history of the world. In Asia,

Timur, a successor of Genghis Khan, conquers a vast empire, and rules it wisely, though a barbarous, bloodthirsty tyrant. In England followers of Wyclif translate the Bible into English, making it possible for all to read the Scriptures. Gunpowder begins to be used in war. In peace, merchants learn to sail by the compass, and make longer voyages.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY

THE warfare between France and England continues, and Joan of Arc inspires the French, who at length drive out the English army. In England the Wars of the Roses are fought. From Asia the Turks advance upon Constantinople and take the city, ending the Eastern Roman Empire, and driving the last survival of Greek scholarship into western Europe. This causes a revival of learning—the Renaissance. The modern arts, sciences, philosophy, literature of Europe now begin their true life. The invention of printing preserves and distributes this old and new learning. The voyages in quest of new ways to India's wealth bring about the age of discovery. Africa is opened, India reached. The expulsion of the Moors (Saracens) from Spain ends the power of Mohammed in Europe; then Spain banishes the Jews, establishes the Inquisition, and enables Columbus to sail. The New World is opened. The dawn of modern times.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY

MAGELLAN's ship is the first to sail around the world. A great increase in commerce begins, and maritime nations profit. Spain and Portugal rise to power and wealth. Spain conquers vast territory in the new world, and under Charles V becomes the most powerful nation in Europe. Freedom of thought produces the Reformation. Under Queen Elizabeth, Protestant England disputes empire with Catholic Spain, and overcomes her by destroying the Armada. Many of Shakespeare's plays are written. The Netherlands revolt from Spain, and Holland becomes a great power. In France are religious civil wars.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

RELIGIOUS wars, lasting thirty years, result in weakening Germany, and strengthening Holland, France, and Sweden. England and Scotland are united under the Stuarts. Cromwell overthrows the monarchy, and becomes Protector of the Commonwealth, with John Milton as his secretary. He makes England a great and respected power

abroad. The Stuarts are restored, but the "divine right of kings" and Catholicism are not to be re-established. Under Louis XIV France rises to supremacy in European civilization, but is dominated by the throne at home. In America permanent colonies are planted in Virginia and Massachusetts, and are rapidly followed by others. There is a great advance in learning, literature, and natural science.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

FRANCE becomes so powerful, under Louis XIV, that when there seems a possibility of a union with Spain under one crown, the English, Dutch, Prussians, and Germany unite in an alliance that, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeats the French armies. Frederick the Great, allied with England, defeats nearly all Europe combined, and puts Prussia with the foremost of military nations. England and France are at war in Europe and in America over their rival colonies. The English colonies, toward the end of the century, declare their independence, successfully maintain their cause under Washington's leadership, and form the Republic of the United States. Poland is divided, and ceases to exist as a barrier between Russia and Europe. In France the people rise against the privileged classes, destroy all traces of worn-out institutions, and form a republic. To maintain their reforms against the monarchies, the whole nation become soldiers, and, under Napoleon, conquer a wide empire, of which he becomes the leader. Russia, taught by Peter the Great, in a few years raises herself to a level with the other great powers and proves her superiority to the Turks. In India the English defeat the French and the native rulers, and found their Indian empire. Far-sighted statesmen see that a few great nations will control the world, and a struggle for colonial possessions and commercial leadership begins.

NINETEENTH CENTURY

UNDER Napoleon, France defeats all attempts to limit her empire on the Continent, and on the ocean England prevents France from holding colonial territory. Russia joins with France's enemies, and failure of the French invasion destroys Napoleon's military power. Europe and England combine and destroy the French empire, and restore former boundaries; these, after Napoleon's short escape from Elba, are confirmed by his defeat at Waterloo, and the French monarchy is restored. But the victories of the French have taught the lesson of popular liberty and na-

tional unity. The "Holy Alliance" of the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria at first seems to prevent further progress in the power of the people, but can only postpone its triumph. The Alliance suppresses revolts in southern Europe, especially in Spain. Believing that an attempt is to be made to restore to Spain the revolted colonies of Central and South America, England induces the United States to object in the "Monroe Doctrine." The death of the Czar of Russia ends the Alliance. In France the people again rise and secure changes of sovereigns. Other revolutions follow in Belgium, which wins independence, in Poland and Italy, which are unsuccessful, and similar uprisings occur in other lands, but for a time seem to result only in defeats. Yet, Greece having been unsuccessful in a struggle for freedom from Turkish rule, Russia, England, and France interfere, and Turkey grants Grecian independence. Italy shakes off Austrian rule, the German states force their monarchs to grant constitutions, and this advance in liberty, once begun, is rapid and nearly universal. Slavery is abolished by all the Christian nations. Prussia, guided by Bismarck, establishes her power by successful wars against Denmark and Austria, and secures the leadership of all the German States. Then France and Germany try their strength; France is overwhelmingly defeated, and the Prussian king becomes emperor of united Germany, while the French empire falls and is succeeded by the republic. Russia has grown to enormous power, holding her immense empire in Europe and Asia, and even expanding steadily. England, having become the mother of new colonial empires in India, America, Australia, and Africa, maintains an unequaled navy to guard her world interests. Russia, having overcome Turkey, is forced by a congress of European powers to give up part of the territories she has conquered, and independent countries are maintained to check Russia's advance southward. During this century, the United States fights a great civil war to preserve her unity, expands across the entire continent, and by her brief war with Spain extends her territory and influence even across the Pacific Ocean. Japan, choosing to adopt the civilization of Christendom, proves her ability to become a world-power. China, a collection of similar peoples rather than a nation, is yet undecided whether to remain in the past or to follow Japan's example.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

SCIENTIFIC achievement moves on apace. The North and South Poles are discovered. Wire-

less messages cross the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Panama Canal is completed. Austria annexes Bosnia and Herzegovina from Serbia. Italy wars with Turkey, and the Balkan States among themselves. Japan defeats Russia in war, and annexes Korea. China becomes a republic. Mexico passes through a revolutionary condition and has misunderstandings with the United States. Using as a pretext the assassination of her crown prince Austria forces Serbia into war, Germany takes this opportunity to make effective her long-planned military preparations and plans, and violates the neutrality of Belgium, thus bringing against her France, Great Britain, Russia, and finally the United States and most of the rest of the civilized world. Russia is torn with revolution, broken into pieces, plunged into universal suffering and made helpless. The greatest war in history continues, with varying fortunes, until the might of the freedom-loving peoples finally overwhelms the power of autocracy.

THE steam-engine has brought the whole world

within reach of every nation; the telegraph brings all happenings within knowledge; modern weapons have made the most advanced nations irresistible by untrained peoples; the printing-press brings the intelligence of whole peoples to bear on every question. Electricity becomes man's servant, and he learns to turn forces into one another.

The civilization of our times, probably beginning in the Mesopotamian valley, is first known in Egypt. Thence it goes northeastward around the Mediterranean to Babylonia and Phœnicia, next to Greece, and then to Rome. From Rome it extends widely, but is forced at length northward and westward through Europe and to England. From England it passes to America, and, crossing the continent to the Pacific, seems now about to take its way through Japan to Asia. If, in this century, it can make sure its sway over Asiatic peoples, it will have encircled the globe.

During the nineteen centuries since the birth of Jesus Christ, there has been no influence comparable to that of his life and teachings.

GLIMPSES OF CHILDHOOD IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

CHILD LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND TO-DAY

IN a Syrian family the boys are everything, the girls are nothing. The birth of a boy is hailed with gladness, and even the poor will pay for performers to come with instruments of music to celebrate the happy occasion, but the birth of a girl is received with dismal faces and loud laments.

This seems all very wrong and foolish to us, but it springs quite naturally from the customs of the country. A son remains as a bulwark and a defender of his house all his life long. But a daughter, upon her marriage, is entirely lost to her own family, and is expected to devote herself to her new home.

When the swaddling-clothes which bind the limbs of a new-born infant are removed, the child is carried in a bag on its mother's back until it gains a little strength, when it is swung on to her shoulder, and there it rides astride, clutching its mother's head to keep its balance.

The child may have clothes on it, or it may not; that depends on the season of the year. It is certain to be decked with an array of charms and amulets. These are intended to preserve it from the fascination of the evil eye. The power of the evil eye is most firmly believed in by the people of Palestine, whether Christians, Moslems, or Jews. They hold that there are certain people who, by the mere glance of the eye, have power to bring evil to those they look upon, and that this evil may be turned aside by the wearing of some charm.

The favorite charm is a blue bead, and so a blue bead forms part not only of every one's dress, but of the trappings of animals. A blue bead shines in a child's hair, or is fastened around its neck by a string; it is placed in a man's turban, or hidden in a woman's veil; it is stitched into a pack-saddle to preserve the animal from harm.

These blue beads are intended for a rough

representation of the eye which causes the mischief, and are blue because blue eyes are believed to have a specially evil influence, and their owners are generally dreaded. Sometimes the charm takes the form of a hand, and typifies the "Hand of Might"—that is, the protecting hand of God.

Parents are very unwilling that any one should admire their children. To look admiringly at a child is a form of the evil eye, and to prevent this from happening, wealthy people will dress their children in the oldest, the dirtiest, the most ragged clothes, and let them run about filthy and unkempt. For the same reason boys will be dressed as girls.

From their earliest years the children are familiar with many superstitious beliefs, and act upon them. A traveler remarks that one morning he was riding out of a village when he met a little peasant girl going to fetch water. Now, it is regarded as most unlucky to meet any one going on a journey with an empty water-jar; as the jar is empty, so the journey, too, will be void of good fortune. It is the height of good manners to smash the jar into pieces, in order that the ill omen may be averted. But the little girl belonged to a very poor household, and dared not do this: so she whipped the jar from her head, and thrust her arm into it up to the shoulder so that it might not remain empty.

The boys and girls of Palestine now have a much better chance of learning to read and write than their parents ever enjoyed. Of late years many schools have been opened in the towns and villages, and teachers have been appointed. In Christian villages the teachers are appointed by the churches to which the people belong; in Moslem villages, by the Turkish government. Reading, writing, and a little arithmetic are taught in these schools, and the Moslem children spend a great deal of time over the Koran, the

sacred book of their faith. They learn to recite many chapters by heart, and their writing-copies are set from its texts.

The salaries of the teachers are very small, and paid sometimes in money, sometimes in kind. Thus, in a Moslem village, the khatib, who is a religious instructor as well as a schoolmaster, often receives so much grain from each family. He also fills in his spare time by other labors, and may be the village carpenter or cobbler as well. The poor man does not always receive his dues, and that is why he is glad to do other work; but a story is told of one clever khatib who outwitted his neighbors finely.

When the villagers threshed their corn he went round to collect his allowance of grain; but every man put him off with one story or another, and he came home as empty-handed as he had set out. Friday came—the Moslem Sabbath—and the people of the village gathered at the mosque. But no khatib was there, and without him as leader of the prayers no service could be held. Some of the elders hurried to his house and asked him why he had not come to the mosque.

"Oh," said he, "I am not coming. The service is not carried out in proper order. For instance, there are men who rise from their prostrations before I do, and that is not right. No one should rise before the leader." The elders allowed that it was wrong to do so. They agreed to put a most solemn curse upon any man who should rise before the khatib, and upon these terms he promised to conduct the service.

At the close of the service the khatib bent to the ground for the final prayer, and the people bent with him. But he did not rise; and no one else dared rise for fear of the curse. At last, some called to him to rise and let them go. Then the khatib said: "Yes, I will rise when every man has paid me the corn he owes."

Seeing that the cunning khatib had them safe in his clutch, the villagers gave way. The men shouted to their wives to bring the corn, and not until the full amount of grain had been delivered to the khatib's sons would he lift his head from the floor of the mosque.

At busy times these village schools are closed, and the children turn into the fields, gardens, or vineyards to help their parents. Very often they are set to herd a small flock of sheep or goats; but this must be done near the village, for a child could not be trusted to take animals into the open country, where wolves or robbers might be met. The little girls are very busy about the house; they help their mothers to clean corn, carry

water, gather wood, grind, bake, and cook, and take care of the smaller children. They have not many games; but the boys are fond of throwing with slings, and some can hurl a stone with such power as to give one a good idea of the use of the sling in ancient warfare. The slings are made of goat-hair, with a cap or bag in the middle to receive the stone, and are often used by shepherd lads when guarding their flocks to-day just as in the time of David. So skilful will a shepherd become in the use of his sling, that he has been seen to break the leg of a jackal slinking round the flock to seize a sheep.

In every country boys play with sticks and balls, and in Syria they cut curved sticks and make a ball of rags tightly bound together, and play a sort of hockey. For this game, of which they are very fond, they find a level piece of ground, and make a hole in the center. This hole is called the "mother," and one boy is set to guard it with his stick. The other boys try to drive the ball into the hole, and the one on guard strikes it away. It is a game at which boys will play for hours, and the traveler often sees a merry band outside a village leaping, and running, and striking, and shouting with all their might as the ball is nearly landed in the "mother," or is cleverly struck away.

Another favorite game, accompanied by the most tremendous noise, is the representation of an attack upon peaceful travelers by a band of Bedouin robbers. This is a very popular game, and the travelers, a band of boys, leading one or two donkeys they have fetched from the village pastures, are assailed by a yelling horde of their comrades, who swoop upon them from cover, after the style of Arab robbers, and a mimic battle is joined.

Both boys and girls are very fond of playing at marriages and funerals. In the former game a little girl is chosen as bride and dressed up by her companions, and a marriage procession is formed, and they march through the village beating drums, playing pipes, singing, shouting, dancing, imitating at all points the joyous uproar of a real wedding. Or, if a funeral is to be represented, then they utter heart-rending wails and shrieks, and beat their breasts, and pretend to tear their clothes. The well-known words in the New Testament must have been spoken from memory of such games as the children still play: "It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."

CHINESE BABYHOOD

A CHINESE baby is just the same soft little thing we have here, but instead of pretty white dresses he wears little trousers and coats of the most brilliant colors possible. His bib is a big stiff embroidered collar, and on his head he has a funny cap. Sometimes it is in the shape of a little house, so that he may always be said to be under his own roof; at other times merely a circle of embroidery, with a space in the center to show the only part of his head that is not shaved. He may have little gold images stitched round, or an embroidered beetle in the front, waving long trembling wire feelers, and at the side a little woolen or silk pigtail shaking to and fro, beckoning a baby brother to follow him into the family. Baby's little sister is almost sure to have a tail of her hair plaited over one ear to beckon in the same way, and her name may be "Call a Brother." She herself may not be very anxious that the little brother should come, for, if the parents are poor, she will very likely have to carry him about tied to her back, and see him have the best of everything that is going.

In summer very little tots are not troubled with many clothes. We knew a little girl who longed for nothing so much as a pocket, and when she was five she had one in a new dress. A little Chinese girl and her brother have sometimes *only* a pocket. It looks like a little pinafore, and will hold lots of things, but never a handkerchief.

One thing the baby is sure to wear is a silver chain of Life, fastened round his neck with a padlock, which is often beautifully engraved. He thinks more of the padlock than of the chain, and bites it and shakes it with great delight.

In China there are rules for so many things, and these are a few of them.

Till one month old, the baby is carried, then he may be rocked in a cradle, and at four months he has a little chair. When he is a year old he is carried out of doors, turned round, and expected to walk in by himself.

At one month old he may have cake and tea, at four months he is given pigs' feet to eat to help him to walk, and at one year rice. Hard-boiled eggs are sent to the neighbors, who must touch them, so that they may not quarrel with the child when he grows older.

A little girl has a red string tied round her hand to prevent her stealing or breaking things when she grows bigger. If a girl is awkward and clumsy, people say: "Did your mother forget

to bind your hand when you were a baby?" She has a hard-boiled egg waved over her, in the hope that her head will grow a nice round shape, and the white is given to her to eat, so that she may be thrifty. Many other things are done to bring luck.

If the baby falls, the mother runs to beat the floor, and sings a rhyme which means:

"One, two, three, four,
What are you hurting baby for?"

Sometimes she takes baby's wee toes and says:

"This little cow eats grass;
This little cow eats hay;
This little cow drinks water;
This little cow runs away;
This little cow does nothing,
Except lie down all day—
We'll whip her,"

and then pats the little foot.

When the baby's first birthday comes, the grandmother comes to stay for ten days or so. She brings a great bundle of clothes for baby, containing gay coats and trousers, a warm lined satin coat for winter, and a red hood, called a "wind-hood." This hood has twelve little brass figures in front, and is embroidered in all sorts of colors. Other friends come too, bringing presents of turtles and peaches made of rice-flour. Turtles live a long time, so on birthdays one always sees huge turtles in flour of rice on the table. The child's parents must give away cakes, and provide a feast and a play for the company.

When a little girl has her first birthday, she is seated on a chair, with a book and a pair of cymbals suspended over her head. A flat bamboo tray is placed in the middle of the floor, and in it are put twelve things—among others, scissors, a book, cash, rice, turtles, and thread. The baby is popped down in the center, and everybody watches to see what she will first pick up. If it is a needle, then she will be very clever at sewing; if cash, she will be rich, and so on. Sometimes, after this, baby is carried to visit her grandmother, and she is greatly made of. When she returns home, two fowls, rice-cakes, and sugar-candy are sent with her. A boy would get a pig and silver money. On her second birthday her parents give away vermicelli to the neighbors, who return eggs and cash. Vermicelli represents long life.

It is only happy little babies, who are born in houses where they are wanted, who get so much

attention. In many homes little girls are not wanted at all. Boys when they grow up can worship the grandparents and work for the parents, but a girl will be married into another family, and be of no more use in her own. A man sometimes comes to market with a basket of chickens at one end of his pole and a couple of babies in the basket at the other end, and he wants to sell them all. Often the girl babies are killed to save the trouble of bringing them up. Besides, the parents believe that the spirit freed from the little girl body may be born again a little boy. In one of the famous books of China this is written:

"If a boy is born in a downy bed,
Let him be wrapped in purple and red;
If a girl is born in coarse cloth wound,
With a tile for a toy let her lie on the ground."

That is not fair play, is it?

When they grow old enough the little folk play games, as you do at home. They hold hands, and two play cat and mouse, running in and out under the hands of those forming the ring. Fox and geese is a favorite game.

One very pretty game is played in this way: All the little ones sit doubled up on the ground, and are little plants. One is farmer, and pretends to water them. The plants rise slowly till they are all standing full-grown. Then, while the farmer sleeps, a thief comes and tries to steal them. The farmer wakes up and has a great chase.

They play at having feasts and funerals and keeping goats, and sometimes one will pretend to be an idol, and the others bow down before him.

CHINESE BOYS AND GIRLS

WHILE she is tiny the little Chinese girl may play about just as her little brothers do, but the sad day comes when her mother says her feet must be bound. Sometimes she is only four or five, but often she is left till she is seven. Little Gold-needle is set on a stool, and her mother, taking her dear little foot in one hand and a long strip of calico in the other, bends in the four small toes and bandages them very tightly under her foot, and as close to the heel as she can get them, leaving only the big toe straight. When both feet are tied up in this way, poor Gold-needle does not feel like running about, but sits near the door. Her little cheeks get white, and sometimes when no one is watching she sobs with the pain. She does not like her aunts and cousins to see her cry, for they will scold her, and the neighbors will call her bad names. At night her little feet are hot and burning, and she hangs them over the edge of the bed and cries softly because she can't sleep. If her father hears her, he will perhaps beat her; but sometimes her mother takes the tight bandages off, and lets her put her poor sore feet in hot water for a little while before they are tied up again. She tries to be very brave, for her mother says she will only be fit for a slave unless her feet are "golden lilies."

Sometimes the showman comes to the courtyard, and then Gold-needle forgets all her trouble for a while watching his performing animals, or in seeing Punch and Judy. If her father is kind-hearted, he will bring her some clay toys from the market, or some very funny dolls or a pig that grunts.

Most boys and girls in China have to work. Sometimes when they are quite tiny Hok-a and Gold-needle are sent out with a basket to gather fuel for the little earthen stove on which the rice is boiled. They have a basket and a little bamboo rake, and up the hills they climb and scrape up dead leaves, and pull the grass and ferns, and pick up little twigs, and carry them all back to the courtyard. When there is a great water-buffalo or a little brown ox, Hok-a takes the string which is fastened to the creature's nose, and leads it away to places where there is grass. Sometimes he has a ride on its back. If he is old enough, Hok-a may have to go with his father to work the water-wheel, and if Gold-needle is strong and has not had her feet bound yet, she goes too, and they tread together and turn the water-wheel. Gold-needle can pound the rice to take off the husks, and can help her mother to boil it, and scrape the sweet potatoes, or slice them thin for drying in the sun. She can learn to spin and weave, and cut out her own coats and trousers. Her mother teaches her to embroider, and then she draws her own patterns on her shoes, of butterflies or flowers, or a phoenix for good luck; and when the pedlar comes, she chooses pretty bright silks and works them smoothly.

During harvest, girls and boys, and mother too, often go out to the fields, and help to gather the rice. The father and big boys cut it down, and the girls can tie it in bundles, and then they carry it to the big tub for threshing. There the father stands, and, holding a bundle of rice, shakes the

grain into the tub, whacking the sheaf against a ladder inside the tub to get all the rice out. Then he throws the straw on one side.

Chinese boys do not all have to go to school, but those whose fathers can afford to send them do go. Imagine young John Chinaman starting off to school for the first time. He wears a long coat down to his ankles, and a round cap, called a "basin hat," because of its shape. Below this his glossy black hair is plaited in a cue, which is lengthened with red cord till it reaches his heels. His father takes him to the master and tells him what a stupid boy his son is. You think the master would find that out soon enough, but John knows his father is only being polite—to the master, not to him. He gets a school name, such as "Son of Learning," or "Heaven's Wisdom," and usually drops the name by which he has been called at home. He may be glad to do so if it has been "Black Snake," "Tiger-mane," "Number Two," "Puppy-dog," "Girl," or such like. John must bow low, knocking his head on the ground before the tablet in the school-room, on which the name of Confucius is written. Turning round, he sees the other pupils, boys of all ages, sitting with their books before them, each shouting out his own lesson. The room is small and rather dark, and the noise is tremendous, and if you came in with John you perhaps have a headache already. That fat boy in the corner might be cheering at a football-match by the row he is making. You are amazed that the master has not shouted "Silence!" and almost wish he would cane some of the noisiest. As a matter of fact, he is quite pleased that John's father should see what fine busy scholars he has, and would be very angry if they were quiet. He hands the new pupil a little reader, called "The Three-Character Classic," because each line has three words only, and, pointing to the characters, tells him their names. You do not understand, and neither does John; but he repeats the sounds as he is told, and goes to his seat and shouts them till he thinks he knows them. Then he takes the book to his master, and, turning his back to him that he may not be supposed to be looking over, he repeats the passage, swaying to and fro as he says it. If it is said correctly, he will be set a few more lines; but it is only after the whole book is learned by rote that any explanation is given. If it is not said correctly, the master will cane him, for he believes that nothing but a sound beating will give him a memory. In some parts of China

a boy has to learn by heart for two years without understanding anything, for the book-words in those places are a different language altogether from spoken Chinese.

Two boys, who had to go to work every day gathering wood and driving cows, took books with them, and read in the forest, or rested the book on the horns of the cow, and read while riding on its back. One who had to study late at night tied his long pigtail to the rafters, so that if he became sleepy and nodded he would be wakened by the sudden tug of his hair. Another pricked himself with an awl to keep awake. One student, who could not afford a lamp, caught glowworms and put them in a bottle, and read by their light.

Chinese boys have many games very like those you have here at home, for little John Chinaman is very much the same sort of boy that you are. He is fond of tops and shuttlecock. A battledore is no use to him, but he turns up his little foot, with its thick paper-soled shoe, and sharply hits the shuttlecock with that. If his pigtail gets in the way, he tucks it inside his coat, or coils it round his head. Should the schoolmaster appear, however, he will quickly untwist it and stop running; for Confucius has said that running is not dignified, and no student should do more than walk.

Boys play blind man's buff, and they have the original of diablo, or gambo, which Western people played so much a while ago.

Flying kites is a very popular amusement, and grandfathers, fathers, and sons will all go out to fly them. They are made in all sorts of shapes and sizes.

Chinese schools are changing in many places, and commands from the government order that all sorts of useful things shall be taught nowadays. Some temples have been turned into schools, and modern maps hung on the walls, and new lesson-books have been bought; but the difficulty is to find teachers. In some places Japanese have become teachers, and Chinese boys who have been trained by the missionaries in their schools and colleges are in great demand as masters.

In some of these new schools cricket, or "ke-le-ket," is becoming very popular, and football-matches are played. Mandarins and others sometimes come to watch the game. We are told that Chinese boys also play hockey.



MAORI GIRLS AT MISSION SCHOOL, NEW ZEALAND.



JAPANESE SCHOOL-BOYS PLAYING MARBLES.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN JAPAN

IN no country in the world do children have a happier childhood than in Japan. Their parents are devoted to them, and the children are always good. This seems a great deal to say, but it is quite true. Japanese boys and girls behave as quietly and with as much composure as grown-up men and women. From the first moment that it can understand anything, a Japanese baby is taught to control its feelings. If it is in pain or sad, it is not to cry or to pull an ugly face; that would not be nice for other people to hear or see. If it is very merry or happy, it is not to laugh too loudly or to make too much noise; that would be vulgar. So the Japanese boy or girl grows up very quiet, very gentle, and very polite, with a smile for everything and everybody.

While they are little they have plenty of play and fun when they are not in school. In both towns and villages the streets are the playground, and here they play ball, or battledore and shuttlecock, or fly kites.

Almost every little girl has a baby brother or sister strapped on her back, for babies are never carried in the arms in Japan except by the nurses of very wealthy people. The baby is fastened on its mother's or its sister's shoulders by a shawl, and that serves it for both cot and cradle. The little girl does not lose a single scrap of her play because of the baby. She runs here and there, striking with her battledore, or racing after her friends, and the baby swings to and fro on her shoulders, its little head wabbling from side to side as if it were going to tumble off. But it is perfectly content, and either watches the game with its sharp little black eyes, or goes calmly off to sleep.

In the form of their dress both boys and girls appear alike, and, more than that, they are dressed exactly like their parents. There is no child's dress in Japan. The garments are smaller, to fit the small wearers—that is all.

The main article of dress is a loose gown, called a kimono. Under the outer kimono is an inner kimono, and the garments are girt about the body with a large sash, called an obi. The obi is the pride of a Japanese girl's heart. If her parents are rich, it will be of shining costly silk or rich brocade or cloth of gold; if her parents are poor, they will make an effort to get her one as handsome as their means will allow. Next to her obi, she prides herself on the ornaments which decorate her black hair—fine hairpins, with heads of tortoise-shell or coral or lacquer, and hair-combs, all most beautifully carved.

A boy's obi is more for practical use, and is not of such splendor as his sister's. When he is very small, his clothes are of yellow, while his sister's are of red. At the age of five he puts on the hakama, and then he is a very proud boy. The hakama is a kind of trousers made of silk, and is worn by men instead of an under-kimono. At five years old a boy is taken to the temple to thank the gods who have protected him thus far; and as he struts along, and hears with joy his hakama rustling its stiff new silk beneath his kimono, he feels himself a man indeed, and that his babyhood of yesterday is left far behind.

Upon the feet are worn the tabi—thick white socks, which may be called foot-gloves, for there are separate divisions for the toes.

These serve both as stockings outside the house and slippers inside, for no boots are worn in a Japanese house. When a Japanese walks out, he slips his feet into high wooden clogs, and when he comes home he kicks off the clogs at the door, and enters his home in tabi alone. In Japanese clothes there are no pockets. Whatever they need to carry with them is tucked into the sash or into the sleeves of the kimono. The latter are often very long, and afford ample room for the odds and ends one usually carries in the pocket.

But fine kimonos and rich obis are for the wealthy Japanese; the poor cannot afford them; they dress very simply. The coolie—the Japanese workingman—goes almost naked in the warm weather, wearing only a pair of short cotton trousers, until he catches sight of a policeman, when he slips on his blue cotton coat, for the police have orders to see that he dresses himself properly. His wife wears a cotton kimono, and the pair of them can dress themselves handsomely—for coolies—from head to foot for a sum of 45 sen, which is about the same as 45 cents.

When Japanese boys and girls go to school, they make very low bows to their teacher and draw in the breath with a buzzing sound. This is a sign of deep respect, and the teacher returns their politeness by making low bows to them. Then the children sit down and begin to learn their lessons.

Their books are very odd-looking affairs to us. Not only are they printed in very large characters, but they seem quite upside down. To find the first page you turn to the end of the book, and you read it backward to the front page. Again, you do not read from left to right, as in our fashion, but from right to left. Nor is this

all: for the lines do not run across the page, but up and down. Altogether, a Japanese book is at first a very puzzling affair. When the writing-lesson comes, the children have no pens; they use brushes instead. They dip their brushes in the ink, and paint the words one under the other, beginning at the top right-hand corner and finishing at the bottom left-hand corner. If they have an address to write on an envelope, they turn that upside down and begin with the name of the country and finish with the name of the person, like this: United States, New York, Broadway, Brown John Mr.

But Japanese children have quite as many things to learn at home as at school. At school they learn arithmetic, geography, history, and so on, just as children do in America, but their manners and their conduct toward other people are carefully drilled into them by their parents. The art of behaving yourself toward others is by no means an easy thing to learn in Japan. It is not merely a matter of good-feeling, gentleness, and politeness, as we understand it, but there is a whole complicated system of behavior: how many bows to make, and how they should be made. There are different forms of salutations to superiors, equals, and inferiors. Different ranks of life have their own ways of performing certain actions, and it is said that a girl's rank may easily be known merely by the way in which she hands a cup of tea to a guest. From the earliest years the children are trained in these observances, and they never make a mistake.

The Japanese baby is taught how to walk, how to bow, how to kneel and touch the floor with its forehead in the presence of a superior, and how to get up again; and all is done in the most graceful manner and without disturbing a single fold in its kimono.

A child is taught very carefully how to wait on people, how to enter the room, how to carry a tray or bowl at the right height, and, above all, how to offer a cup or plate in the most dainty and correct style. One writer speaks of going into a Japanese shop to buy some articles he wanted. The master, the mistress, the children, all bent down before him. There was a two-year-old baby

boy asleep on his sister's back, and he, too, was awakened and called upon to pay his respects to the foreign gentleman. He woke without a start or a cry, understood at once what was required of him, was set on his feet, and then proceeded to make his bows and to touch the ground with his little forehead, just as exactly as his elder relatives. This done, he was restored once more to the shawl, and was asleep again in a moment.

The art of arranging flowers and ornaments is another important branch of a girl's home education. Everything in a Japanese room is carefully arranged so that it shall be in harmony with its surroundings. The arrangement of a bunch of flowers in a fine porcelain jar is a matter of much thought and care. Children are trained how to arrange blossoms and boughs so that the most beautiful effect may be gained, and in many Japanese houses may be found books which contain rules and diagrams intended to help them in gaining this power of skilful arrangement. This feeling for taste and beauty is common to all Japanese, even the poorest. A well-known artist says:

"Perhaps, however, one of the most curious experiences I had of the native artistic instinct of Japan occurred in this way: I had got a number of fan-holders, and was busying myself one afternoon arranging them upon the walls. My little Japanese servant-boy was in the room, and as I went on with my work I caught an expression on his face from time to time which showed me that he was not overpleased with my performance. After a while, as this dissatisfied expression seemed to deepen, I asked him what the matter was. Then he frankly confessed that he did not like the way in which I was arranging my fan-holders. 'Why did you not tell me so at once?' I asked. 'You are an artist from England,' he replied, 'and it was not for me to speak.' However, I persuaded him to arrange the fan-holders himself after his own taste, and I must say that I received a remarkable lesson. The task took him about two hours—placing, arranging, adjusting; and when he had finished, the result was simply beautiful."

AFRICAN BLACK CHILDREN

THE black children of South Africa are the merriest little creatures alive, and every traveler has a good word to say for them. They seem to spend their lives laughing, and evidently find the world a most delightful place. They are very respectful to their parents and to their betters, a

habit that is probably strengthened by the ancestral worship which forms the basis of their religion. The children have none of the toys that are to be found in every American nursery; as compensation for this loss, they seem to find a double pleasure in the playthings they make for

themselves. There are very few nagging restrictions placed upon them, for in the absence of clothing such as ours they cannot be worried about soiling bibs or getting shoes and stockings wet. They are left very largely to themselves, though they keep company mainly with the women until they get their second teeth; then the boys form a society of their own. There can be little doubt about the fact that black children have a very good time.

With regard to toys, the children make dolls and animals out of clay and corn-cobs. The clay has to be well pounded so that it may be in good condition, and then the children set to work and fashion it into the most comical-looking oxen with stumpy, sprawling legs, and with horns half the size of the body. These clay oxen are dried in the sun and occasionally hardened by heat. The children also make horses, sheep, dogs, and human beings, the boys scorning to make girl-dolls and keeping a bright lookout lest the girls should slyly make boy-dolls. A clay sheep differs very slightly from a clay goat, yet it is surprising how the slight difference clearly shows which animal is meant.

When the children have made a number of dishes and cooking-pots about as large as those used by children here when playing with their dolls, the boys set to work and make a doll's house. Since everything has to be made in perfect imitation of real life, the doll's house is not only made like one of the beehive huts the people live in, but is also made with the same materials—sticks and mud. When the boys have finished their part of the work, like their elders, they leave the thatching to the girls. Then the children begin to play at weddings or parties. They are very fond of marrying a boy-doll to a number of girl-dolls, and insist on giving the correct number of clay oxen as dowry to the imaginary fathers of the girl-dolls. Every detail of the wedding ceremony is imitated, until finally the wives are led off in triumph to the hut of the boy-doll.

Bathing is a great institution with the children, who may spend all the morning down at the river playing games in between the periods of actual bathing. Most of the simple games played in Europe and America are known to black children; they have themselves invented "follow my leader," "touch," "cock-shies," "hide and seek," "wolf," "king-of-the-castle," as well as a number of games that can be played with stones or corn-grains. The children run races, play at horses, have contests of balancing, turn catherine-wheels, play at "cat's-cradle," and are fond of a game very much like hockey. They have also a number

of much more complicated games than these, which would take too long to describe. The big boys frequently make the most clever labyrinths in the sand with their fingers: the chief is supposed to live in the center of the maze, and the children have to find their way in, following the tortuous lines in the sand.

So much for the play of the children; their work consists mainly in scaring the birds away from the ripening crops, or, when they grow older, in herding the goats and oxen. But their work is mingled with play and with fun, for the people do not mind how much the children amuse themselves so long as they get their work done. When the crops are ripening, the men build small hut-like erections, called *pempes*, at the edges of the fields or on some suitable elevated spot; and in these flimsy huts the small boys and girls spend the day, shouting at the birds that would like to devour the grain. When the children are watching the crops thus, they are allowed to take as much food as they please from the gardens. They have great fun at such times, for they get up to all sorts of pranks and mischief. They generally select a boy to act as the chief for the day, and regard this lad's word as final in all disputes.

The bigger boys do not mind herding the cattle during the fine weather, but they dislike it exceedingly when it is cold or rainy. So long as the boys keep the cattle out of the gardens and away from the bogs, they are allowed to do what they like. They ride races on the backs of the calves, have glorious fights, toboggan down the banks of the rivers (sitting on stiff pieces of ox-hide or else rolled up in old blankets), and generally amuse themselves in a thousand ways as only boys can. The one quality they all covet is bravery; the one name they all detest is coward. The men believe that when the boys have reached the age of fourteen they should be hardened; consequently the boys are given no food at mid-day while they are herding the cattle. The parents very rarely thrash their sons, but when they do so they do it with great vigor, and the boys have to take it in perfect silence unless they want an extra thrashing for being cowardly.

When the children are quite small they sleep with their mother, lying on a little grass mat by her side under cover of her blanket. When the boys lose their first teeth they leave the society of their mothers and sleep, sometimes together with four or five other boys, under their father's blanket. At a later period the young men club together and sleep in a hut of their own, the big girls sometimes adopting a similar practice.

The parents have endless ways of making good-



SCHOOL-GIRLS OF HONOLULU.

Less than 100 years ago the ancestors of these little Americans were pagan savages.



COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE AND SCHOOL CHILDREN IN IRELAND.

There are in Ireland about 8700 schools with an average attendance of half a million pupils.

humored fun of their children. Thus when the grown-up people are about to eat some delicacy of which there is not enough to go round the group, they tell the children to run off into the veld or open country and call a fabulous monster named Nomgogwana, saying that the food will never be cooked until this person arrives. If the children should come back before the food is cooked, they are told to go away much farther and call the monster, unless indeed they wish him to devour them when he comes and finds the food all eaten. They also tell the children who cry at night that a little dwarf named Tickoloshi will catch them unless they are quiet. But it is

surprising what very little trouble black children give their parents, and how much quieter they are than white babies.

The mothers sing their babes to sleep with lullabies, tell the little children stories about their fingers and toes, and behave in a dozen different ways just as white mothers do. Fairy tales are a never-ending source of pleasure, but black people very much dislike telling them during the day. These tales are very simple, and have not much in the way of plot; but they are admirably suited to the minds of the children, who love them every bit as much as white children love their Hans Andersen or Grimm.

THE CHILDREN OF SIAM

SIAMESE children can only be described in the language that mother here in our own land uses about her little ones as they tumble over one another in the nursery or in the garden—they are just “little dears.” They laugh merrily, avoid quarreling, either in words or with blows, and are most unselfish. The boy who has a new bicycle or a new watch will lend it in turn to each of his playmates, quite content to see them enjoying what was given to him for his own amusement.

At first sight the children, with their straight black hair and their brown faces, strike the white man as being rather funny-looking little creatures. But after a while, when one has seen more of them, it is recognized that they possess a distinct charm and beauty of their own. Their features are quite different from those of the European, because they belong to a different race of people. The Siamese are Mongols, as are also the people of Japan, China, Burma, and Tibet. Their complexion varies from a lightish yellow to dark brown. Their faces are rather broad and flat; their cheek-bones stand out prominently; their noses are small; their hair is long, lank, and jet-black; and their eyes are small and set obliquely. Most Siamese children have very merry eyes—eyes that have a perpetual twinkle in them, and more than a suggestion of mischief and roughness.

About a month after a child is born the little hair that is on the head is shaved off. A little later the new arrival receives a name. At first every baby, whether a boy or a girl, has the same name. This common name is “Dang,” which means “red.” “Yellow” would be a better name, for all the babies are rubbed from head to foot with a yellow powder. This yellow powder is supposed to keep away mosquitoes, and as the

dogs and cats are often powdered as well as the babies, you may frequently see a yellow set of wee creatures—animals and babies—rolling about together in the most laughable fashion. Names are often changed, so that a boy who is “Leam” to-day may be called “Chua” to-morrow. Sometimes the name is changed because it is thought to be unlucky. If “Chua” is ill, the chances are that there are certain spirits who do not like his name, so the parents alter his name to “Mee,” or something else, and then he gets well again!

Smoking, we are sorry to say, is commenced at a very early age, and every little boy has his own tobacco supply and packet of cigarette-papers. As he trots to school in the morning he puffs away vigorously, occasionally passing his cigarette to a friend that he also may take a few whiffs. If the cigarette is not finished when he arrives at school, he pinches off the hot end and puts the rest behind one of his ears, as we might put a pencil or a pen. As soon as school is over, out come the matches and the cigarettes again, and the little chimney puffs off home to lunch.

Some day the Siamese people will become wiser, will learn what science teaches us of the injurious effect of tobacco, especially upon young persons, and then they will teach their boys to give up the habit of smoking cigarettes.

When the Siamese young folks get up in the morning, they do not go to the washstand to wash their hands and faces, for the simple reason that there are no washstands. They go outside of the house to a large jar of water, and then throw the water over hands and faces with a cocoanut dipper. No towels are used, as the hot air soon dries up the water. The teeth are not brushed, for they have been stained black, and it would

be a pity to wash the color off. The hair is not entirely combed, as it has all been shaved except for a little tuft on the top of the head, and that is tied in a knot, and seldom combed.

When breakfast is over, the children go off to play, the baby being carried by the big sister, not in the arms, but sitting on the hip of the bearer, as on a pony. The girls play at keeping houses. They make dishes of clay and mud, and dry them in the sun; gather herbs, and flowers, and weeds, and pretend that these are cakes and sweetmeats. For dolls they use small clay images that have been whitewashed. The dolls are put in tiny cradles and covered over with scraps of cloth. The cradles are made of network fixed on to a small oblong frame, like a picture-frame. The boys go fishing for crabs in the mud, and when the baskets are full of crabs, they pelt one another with warm, soft mud, just as our boys pelt one another with snow in the winter-time. When they feel sufficiently tired and dirty, they take a plunge into the water, and come up again clean, smiling, and happy.

The Siamese children are very obedient and respectful to their parents, teachers, and those who are older than themselves. They never dream of arguing with those set in authority over them. They respect rank as well as age, but they have at the same time a certain amount of independence of character which prevents them becoming servile.

Siamese children, when very young, are but little troubled by either clothes or schools. They

spend their time riding on buffaloes, climbing trees, smoking cigarettes, paddling canoes, eating and sleeping. But at some time in life many boys go to school. There is no compulsion. If a boy does not want to go, he can stay away. Yet most boys, both in the remote country districts and in the busy, crowded capital, have learned something. Perhaps the delights of climbing trees and smoking cigarettes pall after a time, or perhaps the boy is ambitious, and wants to get on in the world. If so, he must at least learn to read, write, and "do sums." Whatever be the reason, it does happen that practically every Siamese boy goes to school. His attendance is not regular and not punctual, but in the course of a few years he manages to learn certain things that are of use to him.

Siamese schools are situated in the cool, shady grounds of the temple. They are generally plain sheds or outhouses. The teachers are usually the priests, but here and there a lay head master may be found. In such a case the master, like the boys, is not overburdened with clothes. A piece of cloth is draped about his legs, but the upper part of his body is generally bare. If he possesses a white linen coat, such as Europeans wear in a hot country, he takes it off when he enters the building and hangs it up, so that it shall not get dirty while he is teaching. The children sit cross-legged on the ground, tailor-fashion. There are no chairs or desks, and if there were the children would sit cross-legged upon them just the same.

VILLAGE LIFE IN BURMA

BURMA is a land situated far away in southeastern Asia. In a Burmese village the houses are usually built of bamboo. The walls are formed of bamboo mats, often colored and woven into some pretty though simple design.

All the buildings are raised several feet above the ground as a protection against snakes, floods, and malaria, and the space below often forms a stable for the cattle and a useful storing-place for agricultural or other implements. These simple homes of the Burmans are often very pretty as they lie among the trees which cast their broad shadows across the straggling lane, grass-grown and deeply rutted by the cart-wheels. Bougainvillæa and other creepers spread luxuriantly over the roofs, or drop their festoons of flowers from the eaves. Bananas wave their broad leaves gracefully above the houses, in cool contrast to the richer foliage of the larger

trees, and among all this greenery, alternately in sunlight or shadow, move the brightly costumed villagers themselves, most interesting of all.

Here comes a pretty young mother clad in "lungyi," or short skirt, of apple-green, and a dainty white jacket. Cross-legged over her shoulder is her infant, to whom she talks softly and endearingly as she walks. Presently her home is reached, and all the joy of motherhood shines in her happy face as she gently swings her child to sleep in its cradle of rattan which is slung from the roof above.

Again, an old man passes, guided by a little boy, who is proud to assist his grandfather; for respect for the aged, no less than love for their children, is a strong trait in the character of the Burman.

While many people are working in the rice-

fields, other of the villagers find their occupation nearer home, and employ themselves in such work as mat and basket making, in which the children assist, the weaving of silk, and the manufacture of pottery.

If you are up very early in the morning you may see large herds of buffaloes and bullocks being driven to the rice-fields. These surround the village, sometimes extending for miles in different directions; but often they are simply small clearings scattered through the jungle. The cattle are always driven by the children of the village, and it is curious to see how docile these huge buffaloes are under the control of some diminutive native, while with Europeans they are obstinate, ungovernable, and often dangerous.

The children always ride the cattle to the fields, sitting well back on the haunches, for they fre-

quently have to travel a long, and often broken, path to their destination, and during the rains they are thus enabled to cross the streams and flooded areas, which it would have been impossible for them to do on foot.

In the streets the naked youngsters are playing at their games, many of which are like our own. Marbles, peg-tops, leapfrog, kite-flying, each have their turn, while in the ditches and puddles the boys hold miniature regattas with their toy sailing boats.

In the monastery or some private dwelling in the village the children go to school, and as they become older some occupation employs their time. While the boys are engaged with the cattle, or about the boats, the girls are occupied in cutting firewood in the jungle, or from the pools in the forest collecting the crude oil which they burn in their lamps.

TYPES OF GREEK CHILDREN

WHILE men and women of the peasant class in Greece to-day dress in a picturesque manner, we find, if we go to that country, that Greek children do not often wear fancy costumes. At carnival times—the two great national fêtes are New Year's Day and Independence Day (March 25)—boys dress up as clowns, and girls are arrayed in national costume; but in everyday life the girls are clad in simple loose frocks. The boys' suits generally follow the trousers, or loose knickers, and round jacket style; but a frilly tunic "like father's" is nearly as much in favor as the short jacket, and "shirt-sleeves" are common. Blue-and-white check cotton is a very fashionable material for a peasant boy's suit. Many a time you come across a solitary little figure, who looks very like a ragged duster; but he is not a beggar-boy: he is a poor peasant child working cheerfully for his living by watching the sheep on a lonely hillside, or trudging beside the mules up a rough mountain-track.

So much we have told you about the clothes worn by children of the peasants, who form the bulk of the population of Greece. Well-to-do merchants, shopkeepers on a large scale, professional men, and their wives, have become quite Western in their ideas of dress, and ladies of means in Athens study and follow the latest Parisian fashions. But among the classes which we have just been speaking of there is a very decided taste for boys' suits of a pattern which you know very well. Little boys, big boys, and youths who would here have long ago been promoted to "stand-up"

collars, are all proud of their sailor costumes, and even the oldest and tallest of them wear those big round straw hats with a broad turned-up brim and a band boasting the name of a ship, such as an American boy of seven would scorn as being only fit for babies.

One of the most distinctive sights of the streets in Greece is the *loustros*, or shoeblack. He may be a man, but more often than not he is a boy, and a very little fellow at that.

The *loustros* is not at all particular about his own appearance. If, as frequently happens, he is a picturesque ragamuffin as well as a dirty one, he owes it to his good fortune of looks and surroundings. But how different with his kit! One glance at that shows what a pride he takes in it. His box is profusely ornamented with chased brass plates and studded with copper nails, and by the way all the speckless metal-work shines you can easily see he puts his heart into the work of keeping it bright. What a paraphernalia of brushes, bottles, and tins he spreads out before him! Examine them all as carefully as you will, the blacking-brush has never strayed into the brown-paste tin, the browning-brush has never wandered over a black boot, the brown paste is not allowed to hob-nob with the black paste, creams are evidently forbidden to trickle down the sides of their bottles in case they should smear the box, and the polishing-brushes must not fraternize with the mud-brush, the dusting-brush, the paste-brushes, or rags.

The workman who takes a pride in his tools

may be relied on to take a pride in his work. You will never get your boots better cleaned than by a Greek shoeblack. The *loustros* is kept very busy, for the streets are very muddy on wet days, and very dusty on fine ones, and the townspeople who have adopted the Western style of footgear have a decided taste for clean-looking boots and shoes. Moreover, the *loustros* acts in the same capacity as our district messenger boys, and he is equally reliable. If you entrust him with a letter or a parcel you may rest assured that it will be carried speedily and safely to its destination.

The itinerant greengrocer is also a common sight. He, too, is often a boy, and it does not matter how small he is so long as he can count

the bigger varieties of fruit and vegetables, weigh out the smaller kinds, and see that he gets his right money; for he has no clumsy barrow to trundle, no heavily laden baskets to carry on his arms. By his side walks a donkey laden with panniers of grapes, oranges, figs, or maybe a selection of field and vineyard produce, and the sturdy little beast of burden even takes the scales on his back.

At a seaside village you may often watch a boat set sail on a fishing expedition. Here is a peep at such a scene: A very little craft is manned by father, eldest son of about fifteen, and his younger brother, who is not more than twelve. They have "an extra hand" with them—baby brother, who may be six, but looks nearer five. Happily they sail away, the children to "help father."

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF SPAIN

You must have seen some of the pictures of Spanish boys and girls painted by the great Spanish master Murillo.

There is the "Young Peasant Girl with Fruit." She stands in the fair, open country, her smiling face peering out at you from her kerchief-draped head, and one hand clasping a basket of the richest fruits of the earth. Her costume, picturesque though it be, proclaims her a member of what we call the working class, but there are no careworn lines furrowing her brow and mocking at her youth. Poor she is, without a doubt, in the worldly sense of the word, even though her simple daily food includes many of the finest varieties of sun-loving fruits that we look upon as luxuries; but all life, we feel, must be a luxury to this beauteous little maiden, whose whole being radiates happiness and content.

Again, there is the "Spanish Flower-Girl," who looks out of the picture at you with mellowing eyes, now shimmering with the youthful joy of life. How plainly those eyes tell you that she is growing into a typical Spanish woman! Already she can talk with them, having that natural gift for their emotional language which is common to all her countrywomen. In a few years, maybe months, they will be burning love-stars, glowing through the grated window of her bedchamber, and drawing magic from the guitar of her lover who serenades his beloved in the street below. Or those same eyes may some day be flashing hatred that would make Northern blood run cold. Following a Spanish custom among her sex in the matter of adornment, the girl is wearing a flower in her hair. The choice flowers she is offering for sale are daintily held in an embroid-

ered scarf, which is thrown over one shoulder and puckered up by a light touch of her hands into a "basket" for her treasured stock-in-trade.

Then, there are Murillo's very poor little peasant boys. Barefooted and ragged though they be, would you call them sons of misfortune? Notice their well-rounded limbs; look at their laughter-lit faces; and behold this one, with head thrown back and wide-open mouth, ready to make short work of a big bunch of grapes; that one with bulging cheek and three parts of a fine juicy melon still in hand; they are undoubtedly care-free boys enjoying the good things of this world.

All Murillo's peasant children, be they successful-looking little workers or beggarly ragamuffins, provide a feast for the eye which revels in sunshine and color, and awaken delight in the heart and mind of any one who can appreciate those types of personal beauty in which temperament plays an active part. Above all, they arouse a feeling which compels the belief that all Spanish children must have been very happy in the days when Murillo lived, for we know that this famous master painted things as they actually were. And if you are at all familiar with his pictures, you already have a very good idea of the life which Spanish children lead; for all changes are wrought very slowly in their homeland, and, luckily for them, no change has yet been mooted which is likely to spoil an inheritance that puts them, from the day of their birth, among the most fortunate little people in the world.

One of the most deeply rooted national characteristics is the love which Spanish parents of all classes lavish on their children. Nothing is too



From the paintings by Bartolomé Murillo.

A SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL.



THE BEGGAR BOYS' FEAST.

much trouble for father and mother where the welfare of their family is concerned, and within broadest limits of reason the boys and girls of Spain enjoy freedom to do as they like. There are, of course, lesson-times, and the boys in particular have to work very hard at school. Moreover, it is the duty of many of the peasant children to help keep the home together by selling flowers and fruit, or by laboring in the vineyards and orange-groves. But Spain is so constantly keeping national festivals that every other day in this country seems a holiday, and even on working-days there is ample leisure for both children and grown-ups to make merry to their hearts' content.

Boys and girls frequently play together. Most of their games are simple and pretty, and nearly all are enacted to the accompaniment of a gaily sung doggerel or nursery rhyme. A favorite game for boys and girls is "ambo, ato." In this the one who is selected as *it* has to choose a partner, but first she stands alone while the others join hands, close round her in a circle, and whirligig merrily as they sing a quaint rhyme. Then the one who is *it* is bidden choose whom she will. When she has singled out her mate her companions ask in chorus: "What will you give him?" Thereupon the little maid holds out an orange, a pomegranate, a bunch of grapes, or a flower, and the boy of her heart steps shyly forth to join her in the middle of the ring. The circle closes up, and, singing at the top of their voices, the happy youngsters dance jubilantly round and round the little couple of the moment.

The tiny tots among the girls are very fond of playing "tintarella," a game in which the players divide off into couples, and partners stand toe to toe and grip hands firmly; the fun lies in spinning round as fast as possible. In Spain the children

always sing some merry rhyme as they whirl round in the "tintarella."

With the boys the game of "torero" has no rival. This, their favorite amusement, is a miniature bull-fight, a playground version of the great national sport of Spain, which we think is too cruel to be indulged in anywhere. The captain of the ring is generally elected to play bull. With a basketwork cover on his head, the bull is let loose, to be chased and harried by the boys, whom he, in his turn, does his best to butt in a manner that shall be worthy of his most honorable position as star performer.

A Spanish boy is devoted to his mother, and through her he learns how to become a good husband and father, loving his wife and children and his family life.

There is no country in the world where home life is more ideal than in Spain, and it is the women who make the homes there so dear to the heart of every member of their family. Whether the abode be rich or poor, cheerfulness reigns supreme within its precincts. The mother may have had a tiring, worrying morning, but she plays a Spanish version of "This little pig went to market" with her treasured baby as though she were still a merry child herself. A little later she will be preparing her husband's midday meal, singing the while. She may not have much to give him to eat, but the dishes are sure to be tasty, and she will lead the gay chatter which makes the feast of the repast, however frugal it may be. The evening meal finds her in the same good spirits, and the children—such of them as are not yet happily asleep—are full of fun and frolic. There are no sullen faces, no grumblings and growlings, no discordant elements to make the members of a family prefer public entertainments and social gatherings to the simple, affectionate enjoyments of home.

CHILDREN IN FRANCE

CHILDREN have a happy time in France. The French baby is always a great pet, and in all ranks children receive great care. It is a question seriously debated in France to-day whether children are not allowed to have their own way quite too much. There is one thing certain, that if they do not behave themselves it is not the parents alone who suffer, but visitors and strangers also.

For in France nurseries and nursery meals are unknown. The baby comes to the dinner-table, and is introduced to the midst of family life as soon as it is weaned. In Paris house-room is so

scarce that room for a nursery can not be found; in the country it is the habit for the children to be a part, and a very large part, of the family life.

While French children thus quickly gain ease of manner, they soon lose the simplicity of childhood, and become little men and women of the world.

In a wealthy household the nurse is a person of very great importance. In the parks and public gardens of Paris the nurses with their tiny charges are a great feature of open-air life. On every fine day they may be seen moving up and

down, or seated in rows on the benches, each in gray cloak and snowy mob-cap, with long streamers of broad plaid ribbon flowing nearly to the ground. These ribbons are very beautiful and costly, and if the prevailing color is red, it betokens that the nurse has charge of a boy; if blue, the baby is a girl.

The French girl of the upper classes has much less freedom than her American sister. While the latter may walk or ride with friends of her own age, or pay them visits or ask them to visit her, the French girl may do none of these things. She is not allowed even to cross a street alone to post a letter. She is always attended and guarded like a royal princess. If her mother is not able to accompany her, an attendant who occupies a position between a companion and a governess is always at her side. There are great numbers of poor gentlewomen who earn a livelihood by escorting girls to schools, to classes, or taking them for walks.

This strict watchfulness is kept up until a girl is married, and, if she does not happen to marry it is still maintained, so that a woman of mature age has often little more freedom than she enjoyed as a girl.

Of course, we are speaking only of the girls of wealthy families, and below that order comes the great mass of French girlhood—the girls of the middle classes, the girls of the working classes, the peasant girls, in village of the plain or mountain hamlet.

Every child goes to school, and, when school-days are over, the peasant children work early and late in vineyard, or cornfield, or dairy. Every peasant girl learns at a very early age to be careful and thrifty. She learns the simple peasant cookery, the making of the cabbage soup, the baking of the big loaves of bread, the churning of butter, and the pressing of cheese.

If she goes into service she proves very willing and hard-working if her wages are good; if not, she will not remain in her place. That is the chief thing always in her eyes—the money return for her labor; for save she must and will. She does not weigh hard work, poor food, rough sleeping accommodation, for a moment against good wages and the handsome money presents which she expects at the New-year. Nor does she waste a penny of her money. It is true that this passion for thrift often runs to extremes, and becomes a grasping desire to save for the mere pleasure of saving.

But perhaps the girl of the next rank of life gives the finest picture of the capability of a Frenchwoman—the girl who belongs to the business, and, above all, to the shopkeeping, class.

She is excellent when working for employers—careful, punctual, steady; but if managing her own affairs, then she shines out in full glory. She may be married, and have her husband's name over the door, but there is never any doubt for a moment as to the hand at the wheel. She rules supreme, and rules with as much skill as power. She reigns alike in château and in cottage. Her children may be grown up, be middle-aged, may have children of their own, but her authority still remains, and her word has immense weight in every matter which affects the family.

We have said that the French girl does not enjoy the freedom of her American sister. The case is just the same with the French boy. He, too, is watched both at home and at school far more closely than boys are watched in this country. The treatment which American boys receive, the confidence, the trust which is placed in them, has no counterpart in France. The American ideal (by no means always realized!) is that of a frank, open, manly lad, who can go anywhere and do anything, and manage his own affairs, and be trusted all the time. But in France a boy is expected to be silent, obedient, to do nothing without the word of command.

The vast majority of French boys whose parents do not belong to the laboring classes are educated in the lycée, the French public school. The lycée is a huge building like a barrack, and the discipline is that of the barrack-room. The pupils wear a sort of uniform, and are kept under constant and severe control. The lesson-hours are long, the play-hours are few. And where do they play? Until very recently, they did not play. The lycée had no playing-fields, the only ground for recreation being a large bare yard.

"How do you amuse yourselves during recreation hours?" asked a foreign visitor of the inmate of a large lycée. "We walk up and down and talk," was the reply. In many French schools of the present day that still remains the chief amusement, to walk up and down and talk; but in others English ideas are being introduced, and the boys are taking gaily to cricket and football.

Even in the playground the French boy does not enjoy freedom. One of the ushers is present all the time watching the boys, and charged to report on all that he sees or can overhear. This is the much-hated *pion*, or usher, whom the boys regard as a spy. He is feared as much as he is disliked, for a bad report from him will often get a boy into serious trouble.

This treatment tends to make French boys silent, reserved, and subdued in nature. "No romantic and daring idea," says a writer, "ever forms itself in a French boy's head to run away



LITTLE FRENCHMEN AT SCHOOL.
FROM A PAINTING BY GEOFFREY.

to sea, to descend from his bedroom by the rain-pipe, or anything of that kind. One never sees him with torn knickerbockers, scratched legs, or a dirty face. . . . He is shut up in a school like a barrack, dressed in a shapeless uniform. Knowledge is crammed into his unwilling head all day. He has no games, no football, scarcely any holidays, and grows up sallow, unmuscular, mischievous, but extremely clever."

In books and thought the French boy is, as a rule, far ahead, for instance, of the British boy of the same age. The English lad of seventeen or eighteen has very often little to say for himself, and can take but a small share in a conversation on general subjects. His French comrade will talk freely, express clear and intelligent opinions, and reason ably upon disputed points. Much of this power is owing, without doubt, to the walks and talks and unending tasks of the lycée.

When the barrack life of the lycée passes, the young Frenchman has to enter the real barracks and don the hated uniform of the conscript. This system of compelling every citizen to be a soldier is known as conscription, and those who are serving their period of training are known as conscripts. Upon attaining the age of twenty, each young man has to enter barracks and undergo two years' training. The French people do not love conscription; they submit to it as a necessity. To the conscript himself the life is often hard and unpleasant. It is particularly so for a young man who has left a home of comfort and refinement. He enters the barracks, and finds his liberty gone at a stroke. He must obey this officer and that, observe a multitude of rules, and often suffer severe punishment for very small offences. It very often happens that he does not even get a new uniform. The military authorities are very thrifty, and a partly worn-out uniform is handed on to a new conscript.

Then he finds his quarters unpleasant. He is compelled to share a huge bare dormitory with fifty or sixty others, of all ranks in society. "The pallet next his own may be occupied by some rowdy or vagabond; on the other side he may have a hard-working but coarse-mannered countryman. Absolute cleanliness is next to impossible in these military caravansaries. In winter the men suffer from cold; in summer, from heat, flies, fleas, and worse nuisances. Intense fatigue will at times fail to induce sleep under any circumstances."

The sufferings of the conscript destroy, as a

rule, all his charmed notions of a soldier's life. Here and there may be found a young fellow who has enjoyed his term, but, speaking generally, the conscript looks back upon his years of service with keen dislike. He regards war as it should be regarded, with hatred and loathing, and this is proved by the fact that no nation of the present day is a more passionate lover of peace than France. Her son knows what soldiering means, and he has no desire for it. But his experience as a conscript passes, and, with a great sigh of relief, he steps out into the world again, a free man, with his life before him.

And what is he like, this Frenchman who has now finished his training of school and army? There is a belief that the Frenchman is a gay, laughter-loving person, who whistles all care down the wind, and lets trouble slide from his shoulders as water slides from the feathers of a duck. This is not so. There is no more serious nation in the world than the French. A Frenchman, it is true, is lively in speech and in action. He uses many gestures. But this is on the surface, and of the surface; the mind below remains that of his nature and training—very reserved, opening itself rarely to friends, almost never to a stranger.

But, for all that, the stranger will find him most delightful company, for from childhood he has been trained to please. He has the greatest horror of being thought impolite or unamiable. You may speak the most fearful and wonderful French, but he will never laugh, never permit himself even the faintest smile, at your blunders. He will not allow himself to use a word which would hurt your feelings and to be blunt and uncourteous appears to him little less than a crime.

You will never find him in a hurry. He makes up his mind slowly, and turns a question over from every point of view before he comes to a decision. Even in business there is not the feverish rush of American cities. In handicrafts and manufactures it is the same, and this quiet, steady work, "without haste, without rest," produces the beautiful articles of exquisite finish for which the French worker is famous.

In business the Frenchman is a man of his word. French commercial honor stands at high-water mark. And if "the boy is father of the man," we must give due credit to the French nation for the way in which the youth of France are trained up for the responsibilities of manhood.

MODES OF TRAVEL IN MANY COUNTRIES

WHEN a child reaches the time of learning how to walk, it may be said to be at the first stage of traveling. The child "escapes from its cradle and soon finds itself going about." But the mother cannot always wait for its slow and unsteady movements, so she carries it, while she goes about her work, allowing it to mount her neck or back, or even her hip, the child holding on as it can. There are also many ways in which the mother carries the child on journeys of greater or less length.

The habit of grown persons riding on human backs belongs to a very early time in man's growth, but walking was the order of the day prior to the taming of the reindeer, camel, ass, horse, ox, and elephant. The single stick, with a passenger lying or sitting in a hammock beneath, is the next simplest form of carriage after the human back. The next simplest device has two poles instead of one.

Soon we come to the carrying-chair, which has various forms. In the United States National Museum at Washington is a Chinese carrying-chair made entirely of bamboo. It is ingeniously formed for comfort and convenience, even having an adjustable foot-rest. "The carrying-bars are movable, and when stood up in the corner they leave the passenger in his easy chair."

The Japanese have had a great variety of inventions for carrying persons about. The two chief early types are the hammock beneath a pole and the enclosed litter, a kind of couch borne by means of shafts.

The basterna was a kind of litter with two poles or shafts, in which women were carried in the time of the Roman emperors. It resembled the common litter and the sedan-chair. The sedan-chair, however, was carried by slaves, while the basterna was supported by two mules, the shafts running through stirrups on the saddle of each.

A great many kinds of sleds and sledges are used by primitive peoples—that is, peoples living in what we call an uncivilized state—and also by

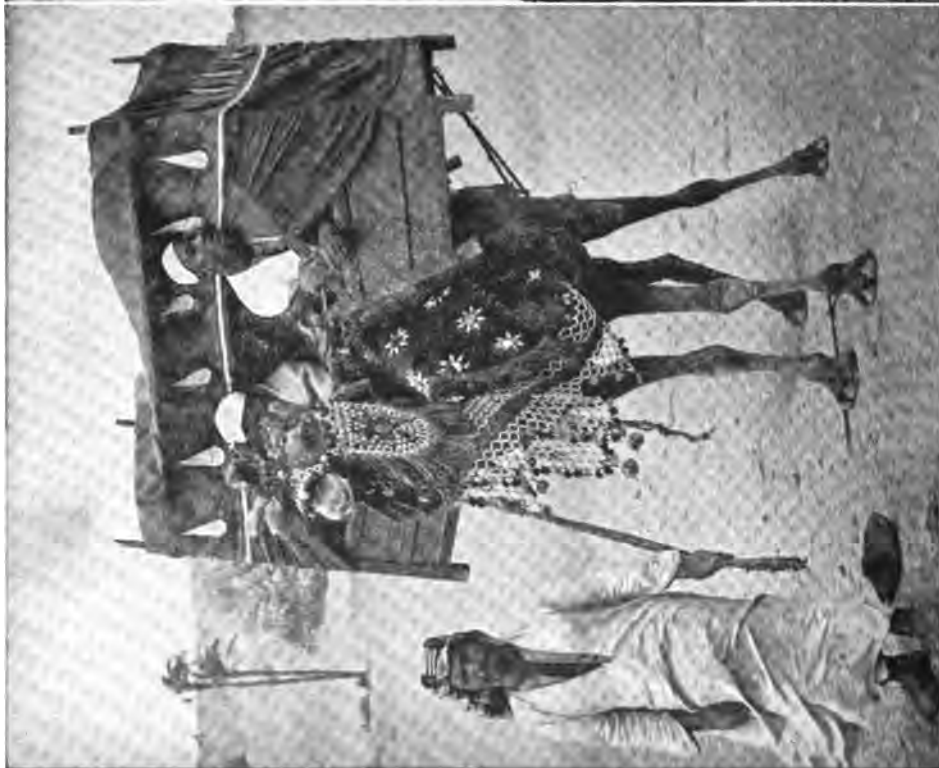
some peoples of considerable civilization, like the Eskimos. In some of the cold countries sleds and sledges are drawn by dogs, in some by reindeer. And sometimes sleds or drags of one kind or another are drawn not by animals, but by men. In the United States National Museum is a sled brought from Alaska, the runners of which are two strips from enormous walrus-tusks. Such a vehicle takes the place of the wheelbarrow or the common hand-cart, and is drawn either by man or dog in bringing in game short distances. Many other sleds of primitive peoples are to be seen in the National Museum. There may be found a full-rigged Canadian traveling-sled and Canadian toboggan, such as were used by the original natives of Canada.

Next above savagery is the stage of culture that is called barbarism; and while the savage does not get beyond carrying and dragging in traveling and moving things from place to place, the barbarian, who has begun to be civilized, makes wheeled vehicles of a rude sort, and at last the civilized man brings such vehicles to a high state of perfection.

Let us now try to think of all the traveling of people for countless generations on the earth—let us try to think what it means of effort, toil, anxiety, weariness, danger, and death. But let us try also to think what it means, in so many ways that we cannot name them, of experience, growth, knowledge, commerce, society, religion—all that makes among mankind what we call civilization.

Once all the carrying and running necessary in the securing of food, clothing, shelter, in work generally, in rest and enjoyment, in all activities of peace and war, had to be done by human strength.

A writer who has made deep studies on this subject tells us that in order to get some idea of the vast amount of labor that has been done by human hands, and of the loads borne by human backs, we must try to consider the weight of every earthwork, mound, fort, canal, embank-



ON THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

A camel like that shown in the picture is able to carry the little house and its occupants on his back, across the desert for days at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, without much rest, food, or drink. Observe the peculiar shape of his feet, which enables him to walk on sand.



THE ROYAL CARRIAGE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF REWAH.

India is divided into states, some large and others small, each of which has a native ruler. These rulers still cling to their old-time splendors of dress and equipage. The elephants and the carriage in the picture come from a little state somewhat north of the center of India.

ment; of every wooden, brick, stone, and metal structure on earth. Then he tells us to contrast former conditions, when hands and backs had to bear all burdens, feet to travel all journeys, with the conditions in which we live to-day. Traffic by land and sea has increased in the world more than tenfold since 1850. The carrying trade is now one of the chief occupations of men in all leading countries, as may be seen by the number employed on railways and in vessels of every kind. In Europe and America the number so employed at present is probably more than five millions.

Men of science have told us many interesting things about the different ways in which people have been used to carrying loads, and carrying children and grown-up persons too. These different ways of carrying have made it necessary for human beings to use all the members and powers of their bodies that could be brought into play, and all the helps that they could add, both of animal strength and of human invention.

Then, after carrying, comes traction—that is, drawing, or hauling, or pulling. At first this was done by men, women, and children; next by ani-

mals in yoke, harness, or the like; and at last by machinery, of one kind or another, made to work by steam, then by electric or other motive power.

At first, for drawing loads there had to be harness for human haulers. In time that became harness for draft-animals—dogs, reindeer, camels, the yak, the ox, goats, elephants, horses, asses, and mules. Even yet, in some parts of the world, human traction is mainly used, and to some extent in all parts. It is believed that now, when in the whole world there are more than 100,000 locomotives, steam traction power alone about equals the combined power of human traction. Think what changes the world has had to pass through, and what heavy toils its various peoples have had to bear, in bringing about a new condition in which the greater part of our heaviest hauling is done by powers harnessed through human invention!

But while we are keeping these things in mind, let us look at a few of the ways in which people in different parts of the world have been or now are accustomed to travel.

THE CHINESE WHEELBARROW, ETC.

THE Chinese wheelbarrow is much like a camel or donkey pack-saddle with its balanced, two-sided load. The wheel and the coolie's legs are the moving part of the device. If the wheel be removed, the two sides of the burden would fit over the back of any pack-beast, and the track need not be widened. The Chinese do not at present extensively use this mode of transportation except in the cities.

The wheelbarrow reaches its highest perfection in China. It is made very differently from any of ours. The wheel is large, and is placed in the center of the barrow, with a casing of wood over it, on each side of which is a sort of shelf for carrying either freight or passengers. Sometimes a wheelbarrow with very long sides will carry as many as eight or ten men sitting back to back. Sometimes a man will sit on one side and have his baggage packed on the other to balance him.

The barrow-man is harnessed by means of his hands acting as stirrups, and a rope or band passing from the shafts over his neck. To his rope or band he gives the effect of a trace by fastening it to the shaft some distance behind the hand. The wheel is, moreover, in the center on the bar-

row, so that the downward pressure on the shoulders is far less than in our barrows.

The load of this apparatus is disposed around the wheel, with some attention to the center of gravity; and the disposing of men, pigs, merchandise, and household effects, with this sole object in view, gives some of the Chinese loaded barrows rather a romantic effect.

We may speak here of another strange Chinese conveyance—the mule-litter, used in Northern China. This is a sort of covered stretcher, swung on long bamboo poles, reminding us of the Roman *basterna*. At each end between the poles is a mule, and the mules carry the litter between them just as in Southern China the coolies carry the sedan-chair. This is much more comfortable than a cart or wheelbarrow, and the traveler can get along at the rate of four miles an hour. Why should you wish to go faster in China?

One of our latest inventions is the taxicab; but a learned professor has found that in China a kind of taxicab was used about 1600 years ago. Instead of marking up fares, the Chinese machine at certain intervals struck a drum, and when ten short Chinese miles had been traversed, a bell was rung.



CHINESE PORTERS AT SHANGHAI.



EXERCISING OLIVER W., THE TRAINED OSTRICH.
This bird trotted a mile in 2:02.

A SEDAN-CHAIR RIDE IN CHINA

THE sedan, or sedan-chair, which was very fashionable in Europe a century or more ago, is a portable chair, or covered vehicle, with side-windows and entrance at the front through a hinged doorway. It is borne on poles by two men. This vehicle is said to have taken its name from the town of Sedan in France, where it was first used. In 1634 it was introduced into England, where it is still seen in use in connection with medical baths. At public baths on the Continent it is also sometimes employed.

Similar chairs have long been in use in China, and there let us imagine ourselves taking a ride in one of them through a country region. The Chinese sedan-chairs, as we may call them, are really just bamboo armchairs with two supple bamboo carrying-poles, about fourteen feet long, fastened to either side, and with a light flooring for the feet. An arch of split bamboo is fixed over the chair, and the roof, back, and sides are covered with blue cotton, made shower-proof. Little square windows are cut in the covering at the sides, with a flap of cotton hung over them, which can be let down as a curtain. Some styles of chairs in China are more pretentious, and are often spoken of as palanquins.

The bearers look rather shabby in their short loose "pants" and coats of faded blue very untidily put on. Would n't you like to ask this one when he last used his wooden comb? He has a black cloth wound about his head, but stray hairs and bits of rough pigtail show here and there round it. Chair-bearers are looked down upon, and it is usually only the lowest class who will do this work.

The back man has tipped up the chair, so that you may step over the poles. Do not step over the little bar that joins the poles at the end, for that would count as an insult, almost equal to putting your foot on the bearer's neck. Both men are making up their minds how heavy you are, and very likely guess to within a few pounds. As soon as you sit down the men swing you up to their shoulders, and start off with great strides along the uneven road, with its rough granite paving-stones. They keep in step so well, and the thick poles are so springy, that the motion is just delicious.

How small the fields are! more like the little gardens outside a city than like our big home fields; only instead of cabbages and turnips and potatoes there are dark-leaved taro-plants in this

wet place, and there, where it is dry, pineapples and tall millet and sugar-cane are growing in rows, and farther on little indigo-bushes and sweet potatoes. Do you see the little mat-shed by the side of that plot, with its monster pumpkins? That is where the man stays who guards the crops, for some one must watch or else the thieves would have a grand time. The farmers club together and take turns in watching.

We meet all kinds of folk as we go along, many of them carrying heavy baskets, slung from either end of a long pole made of split bamboo, balanced across their shoulders. Here are two men, and swinging between them is a fat pig hanging upside down, with its legs tied to a bamboo pole.

Now we overtake a young gaily dressed woman. She is going home to visit her mother after being married a month, and behind her goes a wrinkled old dame, to see that she comes to no harm. Both look as though they were on stilts, for they walk so stiffly on their tiny feet. Here comes a small boy leading a huge water-buffalo by the nose, or riding on its back.

The little path is narrow and slippery now, and, as we go hurrying past, the burden-bearers must give way to our chairs; so they stand close to the edge and balance carefully, or they would slip into the disgusting mud of the rice-fields at each side. These fields are fresh and green, and each has a tiny mud-dike round it to make it into a little pond—for rice must be grown in water. Do you see those two men standing near the river and holding a rope in each hand fastened to a bucket between them? They let the bucket down into the water, and when filled, jerk it up and let the water pour into the mud-channel, and so quite a little river runs down from field to field.

The bearers tell us a tiger was seen in that clump of sugar-cane last night, that he is growing very bold, and comes sometimes into the village and carries off a dog or a goat. Some of the tigers in our zoölogical gardens are from these parts, but though we may look at them bravely when we see the iron bars between, we should not care to meet them here. An old woman was carried off by one from her doorstep, they say, not long ago.

A farmer, standing well over his ankles in the mud of the field, planting out rice seedlings, straightens his back for a minute to shout, "Where are you going?" Every one has asked

that question, and when they see the strange people in the chairs they want to know more—are we men or women? where do we come from? and so forth. Our bearers shout answers, and we hear that we are “barbarians from the outer kingdom, just going about and looking, looking.”

How funny the shadows of our front men are! It is nearly noon, and the sun is almost exactly above us, so the big round bamboo hats make circles on the ground as though there were no men at all under them; only a bit of coat flapping breaks the round sometimes.

Now the road begins to go up-hill, and the huge bars of granite laid across the path make steps in the steepest parts. The poles bend and sway, while the men swing the chair up and down and call to each other, “Up we go!” “On we go!” Little fields are made on the sides of the hill by leveling the ground, for the Chinese will not lose any chance of growing something to eat if they can help it. Under the shelter of the rocks pretty little ferns grow, and there are large white wild roses. The herons, with their pink legs, are left behind in the wet fields, and so is the little bird that calls all the time for his little brother, “Tee, tee, tee, tee-tee-tee.”

Under the pine-trees at the very top of the pass there is a temple, and the front part of it has been made use of by an old woman, who makes a good living by providing food and drink for travelers. The coolies swing our chairs suddenly

down to their hands, and then to the ground, wipe their faces with a grimy cloth on their shoulders, and then go and sit doubled up on the narrow wooden benches by the long table, and shovel basins of hot rice noisily into their mouths. We are left meekly sitting in our chairs by the roadside till they are ready to go on for another long spell.

Now we go down the winding path on the other side of the mountain. The view of the valley below is fine, with great stretches of young rice, patch joining patch in a chain of bright green, with here an orange-grove, and there a field of sugar-cane, while villages seem to be scattered about everywhere, their brown-tiled roofs showing half hidden in dark banyan-trees. Far beyond, past where you see the gleam of the river as it winds in and out over the plain, you get a glimpse of the city—not of its houses, however, for they are only one-storied. What you see is the high battlemented city wall, and the tops of two old pagodas, or sacred towers, which show above it.

At last our bearers are stepping carefully down a flight of slippery stone steps, and by this sloping path we pass under the gray stone arch (built in memory of a widow who spent her life in caring for her father-in-law and mother-in-law), till we come to the river at the foot, where we take leave of our chairs and coolies, and hire a barge for the rest of the journey.

THE RICKSHAW-BOY OF JAPAN

THE rickshaw-boy is a very important person indeed in Japan. He is not important because of riches or rank, for, as a rule, he is very poor and of the coolie order; he is important because he is so useful. He is at one and the same time the cabman and the cab-horse of Japan. He waits in the street with his little carriage, and when you jump in he takes hold of the shafts himself and trots away with you at a good speed.

The jin-ri-ki-sha, to give it its full name, means man-power carriage, and is like a big perambulator. There is a hood of oiled paper to pull up for wet weather, a cushion to sit on, a box for parcels under the seat, two tall slight wheels, and a pair of shafts. If the rickshaw-boy is well-to-do in his business, his carriage is gaily lacquered and painted with bright designs; and however poor he may be, there will be some attempt at decoration.

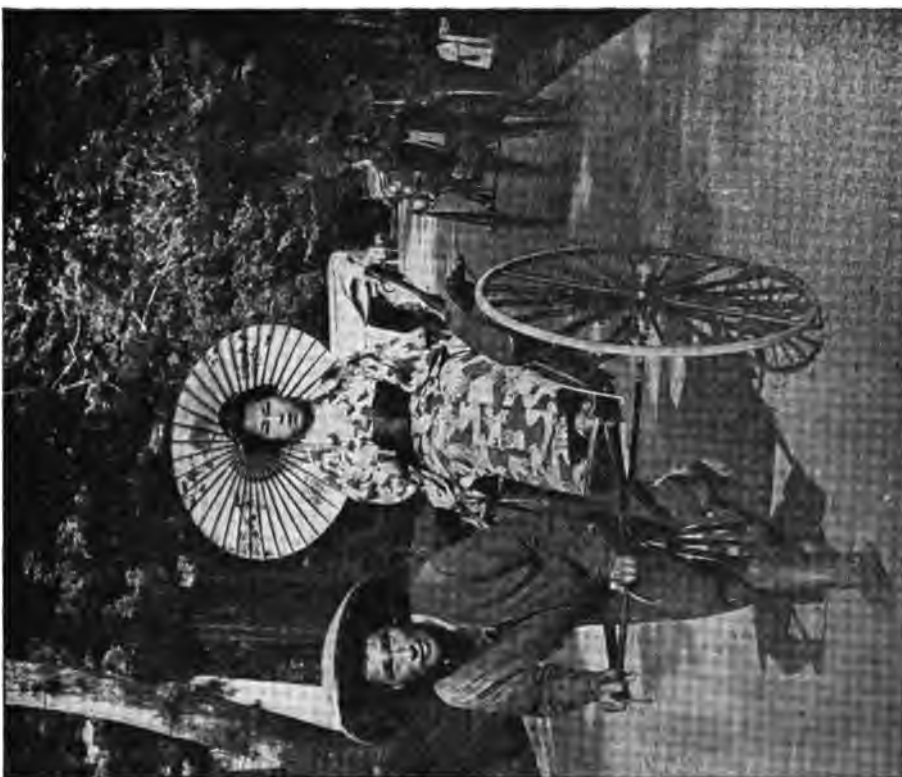
At night every rickshaw is furnished with a

pretty paper lantern, circular in form, about eighteen inches long, and painted in gay designs. These look quite charming as they bob here and there through the dusk, their owners racing along with a fare. The rickshaw is as modern as the bicycle. It is said to have been invented by an American missionary. The first one was used about 1870. It sprang into favor at once, and its popularity grew with amazing rapidity. The fact is that the rickshaw fits Japan as a round peg fits a round hole. In the first place, it opened a new and money-making industry to many thousands of men who had little to do. Vast numbers of strong, active young fellows came forward at once to use their strength and endurance in this novel and profitable fashion.

The vehicle was suited to Japanese conditions both in town and country. In town the streets are so narrow and busy that horse-traffic would be dangerous. In fact, in many places a horse is



JAPANESE MOUNTAIN CHAIR.



JAPANESE MAIDENS RIDING IN JINRIKISHAS AT NARA.

so rare a sight that when one trots along a street a man runs ahead, blowing a horn to warn people to clear out of the way. But the rickshaw-boy dodges through the traffic with his little light carriage, and runs over no one. In the country the roads are often very narrow, and sometimes very bad—mere tracks between fields of rice. Here the rickshaw is of great service, owing to its light weight and the little room it requires.

As a rule, the rickshaw is drawn by one man and holds one passenger; but it often carries two Japanese, who will fit snugly into the space required for one fair-sized Western man. If the traveler wishes to go fast, he has two human horses harnessed to his light chariot. Both run in front till a hill is reached, when one drops back to push behind.

Wherever you arrive in Japan, whether by steamer or by train, you will find long rows of rickshaw-boys waiting to be hired. They are all called boys, whatever their age may be. Until a possible passenger comes in sight, the queer little men, many of them under five feet in height, stand beside their rickshaws, smoking their tiny little brass pipes with bowls about half as big as a thimble. Their clothes are very simple. They wear a very tight pair of short blue drawers and a blue tunic, upon the back of which a huge white crest is painted, the distinguishing mark of each boy. An enormous white hat the size and shape of a huge basin is worn on the head; but if the day becomes very hot the hat is taken off, and a wisp of cloth bound round the forehead to prevent sweat from running into the eyes. As for sunstroke, the rickshaw-boy has no fear of that.

When you step into sight, a score of these boys dart forward, dragging their rickshaws after them with one hand and holding the other up to draw your attention, and shouting, "Riksha! Riksha! Riksha!" You choose one, and step in. The human steed springs between the shafts, raises them and tilts you backward, and then darts off, as if eager to show you his strength and speed, and prove to you what a good choice you have made.

Away bounds the little man, and soon you are bowling along a narrow street where a passage seems impossible, so full is it of boys and girls, men and women, shops and stalls. There may be a sidewalk, but if so, the shopkeepers have taken that to spread out their wares, or the stallkeepers have set up their little booths there. So the people who want to go along the street, and the boys and girls who want to play in it, are all driven to the middle of the way.

Here and there your rickshaw dodges, working

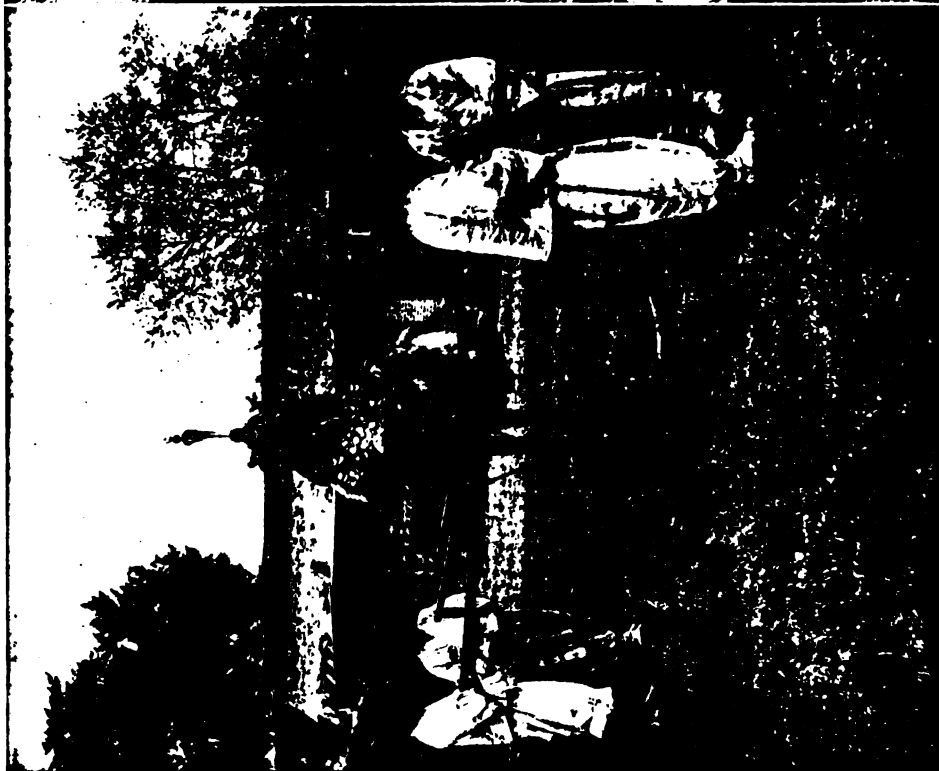
its way through the crowd. Now the man pauses a second lest he should run full tilt over a group of gaily dressed little girls, each with a baby on her back, playing at ball in the road. Half a dozen others are busy with battledores and shuttlecocks, and the brightly painted toys drop into your carriage, and you are expected to toss them out again to the mites, who will bow very deeply and with the profoundest gravity in return for your politeness; then something flutters over your head, and you see that two boys and an old man are sitting on the roof of a house about as high as a tool-shed, trying to get their kites up. And you say to yourself that it is lucky that there are no horses, for the quietest beast that ever lifted a hoof would bolt here and charge through the whirl and uproar and the rain of dropping shuttlecocks and bouncing balls.

Another fine thing about rickshaw-riding is that no one can call it expensive. While the boy goes, you pay him about fifteen cents an hour; while he waits you pay him about five cents an hour, and you can have his services for a whole day for a little over half a dollar.

As a rule, the foreigner who continuously employs the same rickshaw-boy comes to look upon him as a guide, philosopher, and friend. He will tell you where to go and what to do; he knows all the sights, and can tell you all about them. If you go shopping, he will come in and see that you don't get cheated any more than you are bound to be. If you go on an expedition, he will find out the best tea-house to stay at, he will cook for you, wait on you, brush your clothes, put up the paper screens to form your bedroom, take them down again, see that the bill is reasonable, pay it, and fee the servants—in short, he will manage everything, and you have only to admire what you have gone to see.

Wherever you stop on a jaunt, whether it is at some famous temple or some lovely park, there is sure to be a coolie's tea-house handy, and he takes the opportunity of refreshing himself. He dives into the well under the seat and fetches out his lacquer box full of rice. He whips the rice into his mouth with chopsticks, and washes it down with the yellow, bitter Japanese tea. Then he sits and smokes his tiny pipe until you are ready to go on.

Formerly the commonest kind of conveyance in Japan was that called the kago, a small basket-work palanquin slung from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men. Palanquins are of various kinds in different countries, but in a general way they all belong to the class of the sedan-chair. For traveling on mountain roads, or over rough



AN OLD KOREAN UNICYCLE.

Formerly used for persons of exalted rank. It is considered a mark of great distinction to have four coolies instead of two.



KOREAN LADY AND MAID IN THE STREETS OF SEOUL, KOREA.

The curtain of the palanquin is very seldom raised.

places anywhere, the Japanese still use the yamako, or mountain-chair. It is lifted by means of a pole running lengthwise of the hammock-like couch on which the passenger reclines, one end of the pole resting on the shoulder of the forward carrier, the other on that of the bearer

who comes behind. Riding in such a vehicle must sometimes be risky and exciting, but those who are used to it feel quite safe in traveling so, and often more enjoyment may be had in this way than in riding with the rickshaw-boy. So travelers may compare the two ways of journeying.

THE STRANGE CYCLE OF KOREA

THOSE who can remember when the old-fashioned bicycle first made its appearance know what a strange sight it was to see a person riding—as it were, flying—seated over a large wheel, five feet or more above the ground. One old lady, it was said, who had never even heard of a bicycle, being asked if she had seen one go by her house, replied: "No, but I saw a big wagon-wheel running away with a man on top of it." But that kind of bicycle really had two wheels, for there was need of a very small wheel just behind the large one to help keep it upright, and especially to help in steering it.

Must not this Korean unicycle look even more queer than the old bicycle looked to those who first saw it going? *Unicycle* means a vehicle with

only one wheel. But what a clumsy arrangement that of the frame and seat appears to be! No wonder, you might say, that such a contrivance takes four persons to hold it up and make it go; but usually two coolies do this, four being allowed only for a very distinguished official of the government.

Korea, long called the "Hermit Nation," because its people would have so little to do with those of other countries, was formerly a kingdom on a peninsula of the mainland, not very far from Japan. It is a very old land, and many changes have come to it. At last, in 1910, Japan made it a part of her own empire. The Korean people are in some ways much like the Japanese, and as a race are perhaps related to them.

THE BULLOCK-GHARRY IN SOUTHEASTERN ASIA

ONE thing that strikes a foreign traveler in India, especially, say, in Agra and in Burmese cities, is the sight of the bullock-gharries by which the heavy traffic is carried on. These are carts curiously shaped, with large and very wide-rimmed wheels. They are drawn by a pair of Indian bullocks, sleek cream-colored beasts with mild and patient eyes, and often bearing enormous horns, which, somewhat after the shape of a lyre, stand four feet above their heads.

Excepting for a single rein which is fastened to a ring through the nose, no harness is used; but, instead, the cattle press against the wooden yoke that is fixed to the pole of the cart, and is kept in position by long pins which lie on each side of their necks.

Though usually two-wheeled, these carts have a certain amount of variety. The wheels are placed very wide apart in order to lessen the danger of upsetting in the terribly rough roads they often have to travel.

In the common country carts the wheels have a single flat piece of wood fastened across the rims, instead of spokes, and in many cases the wheels are quite solid. The body is plain, but

the yoke and yoke-pins are often carved, and the pole usually finished with some grotesque ornament. When traveling, the carts are covered by a hood of matting, and a mattress inside eases the jolting by day, and serves as a bed at night.

In bullock-carts of more fancy design than those of the villages, the families of the well-to-do enjoy their outing. The pleasure-gharry is quite a pretty vehicle, often having a showy dome-shaped canopy. The wheels have a large number of thin spokes, and the hub is always ornamental. The sides consist of an open balustrade and the rails sweeping backward in a fine curve, to terminate in a piece of carving high above the rail.

Another pretty cart is used by ladies when calling or shopping. This is a closed carriage built entirely of wood, each panel of which is carved, and is just high enough in the roof to permit the ladies to sit upright upon their cushions. You can see them through the little unglazed windows, looking pretty or dignified, as the case may be; but dignity disappears so soon as they attempt to dismount, for this can only be done through a small door at the back, through

which the rider must crawl backward and then drop to the ground.

We should mention the creaking of the cart-wheels, an annoyance that we could not long bear with patience. But no Burman, at least, would oil a creaking wheel, for these people believe that the horrible groanings, together with their own loud voices as they drive the bullocks, serve to ward off the evil spirits of the woods.

In Siam one sees no native vehicles in the streets. Outside of Bangkok, the capital, there are no roads to speak of, and the people travel almost entirely by water. When roads were first made in Bangkok, and carriages were wanted, the Siamese got their vehicles from other countries. From Japan they got the rickshaw, with a Chinaman between the shafts. The human pony trots along very swiftly, and here he will carry you quite a long way for a cent.

From India they got the gharry, in this case a

kind of four-wheeler, drawn by horses. It is fitted all the way round with sliding windows, the frames of which are oftener filled with Venetian shutters than with glass. The driver of the gharry is either a Malay or a Siamese. He wears a red fez cap and a white linen jacket. When it rains he takes off his clothes and puts them under the seat to keep them dry. As soon as the rain is over and the sun comes out again, he stops the carriage and dresses himself once more. The harness is made of rope, and as often as not it breaks. Then you have to wait while your coachman goes to the nearest shop or house to beg a bit of string wherewith to repair the damage.

In Siam the bullock-gharry is the vehicle used by the country people, and it is similar in most respects to those in the neighboring provinces. The cart drawn by buffaloes is also seen. Rude buffalo-carts, we may also add here, are used in the Philippine Islands.

DRIVING IN NORWAY

In Norway, a country of fine roads, sleighs are, of course, used in winter, and the principal conveyances in general use for other seasons are of four kinds: the calèche, drawn by a pair of horses, and something like a heavily built victoria; the trille, a light, four-wheeled trap with two horses; and the stolkjærre and the carriole, the last two being the most popular and convenient vehicles for quick traveling.

The stolkjærre is a rough, box-like cart, with a seat for two persons, and another little seat behind for the skydsgut. It has the advantages of ample room for luggage, and economy when traveling two together, the hire of one stolkjærre being less than that of two carriages; but, having no springs, it jolts and jars its occupants most unmercifully.

The carriole may be considered to be the national vehicle of Norway, and is certainly the most comfortable. In appearance it resembles a miniature buggy, and it holds one person, who can stretch his legs in a long, narrow trough between the seat and the splashboard; or, by straddling the trough, the occupant can rest his feet on two conveniently placed iron steps. The luggage is strapped on to a board behind, and the skydsgut sits on it. A day's drive in a carriole,

if the weather be fine and the pony a good one, is a real pleasure, and an intelligent skydsgut will enliven the journey with his amusing babble, as well as with scraps of information about the country traversed.

The ponies are generally about thirteen hands in height, good-tempered, sure-footed, strong, and hardy, and think nothing of doing thirty or forty miles a day, if given an occasional rest. Driving them requires no great skill, and it is best to leave them as much as possible to their own devices, since reins and bit have very little influence over their movements. One may haul on the reins for half an hour without inducing the pony to pull up, but the magic sound of the "burr-r-r" uttered by the skydsgut will cause the little beast to stop dead. And he will not go on again until he hears the peculiar click of his master's tongue. So the stranger in the carriole or stolkjærre will do well to hold the reins for the sake of appearances, and allow his skydsgut to do the rest.

"One word of comfort," says an experienced traveler, "to the adventurous driver: Do not be alarmed if you notice that the harness is dropping to pieces. Your henchman (up behind) will soon put matters right with some scraps of string and a few bits of stick."

TRAVELING IN RUSSIA

OUTSIDE the station of a Russian city will be seen a number of tiny one-horse carriages, called *droshkies*, and the moment you appear all the drivers (called *isvoshtniks*) try to secure your custom. You bargain with one for yourself and a second for your luggage, while the other coachmen become abusive; sometimes a specially angry loser will use his whip upon the back of your driver. The back is, however, so thickly covered with a padded coat, even in summer, that the whip makes no impression. No impression can you make either if you wish to call your *isvoshtnik's* attention by a thump on the back.

He gives you a word of advice as you start. It is "Hold fast, for Heaven's sake!" and indeed the advice is needed, for the back of the carriage gives you no support above the waist, and you are jolted about from side to side and up and down while the *droshky* rolls ahead, stops suddenly, and as suddenly goes on again. The driver seldom uses a whip to his horse. A pull on the reins checks its speed, a loosening increases it, and he talks to it constantly: "My brother, my friend, my little father, my sweetheart. Come, my pretty pigeon, make use of thy legs," he will say. "What now? Art blind! Come, be brisk! Take care of that stone there. Didst not see it? There, that's right. Bravo! hip, hip, hip! Steady, boy, steady! Now, what art turning thy head aside for? Look out boldly before thee! Huzza! Yuhk! Yuhk!"

He warns a foot-passenger by a loud grunt. If he drives over him he will be flogged. "Nitch-evo!"

It may be that you alight at a country station thinking your destination is close by, but find that the little town you are wanting is not even in sight, although the station bears its name. Sometimes you will find no *droshky*, but have to content yourself with a Finnish cart. This has no springs and no seat! A little piece of carpet serves to indicate that it is meant for passengers—lest it should be mistaken for a farm cart. Straw supplies the place of the seat. The harness shows signs of the wear of time, and its various parts are joined by bits of rope. There is, in point of fact, a good deal of rope about the whole conveyance. Should you be disposed to question the security of some of its parts the driver says "Nitchevo"—which here means, "Don't bother yourself; it will be all right," and you embark in the cart, hoping for the best, and prepared to put up with the shaking and jolting which is ahead.

It frequently happens that the railway will only take you within some hundreds of miles of the place you want. Then, if it is on a main route—but do not think this means a highroad in our sense of the word—there is a system of imperial post. You get a large document upon which is written various particulars about yourself, where you come from, where you are going to, how many horses you want, and so on. You pay for this, of course (you can get nothing official without payment), and go to the post-station, demanding your vehicle and horses. You may secure a real tarantass if you are fortunate, but the quality of the vehicle degenerates as you get farther into the country.

The tarantass is a phaeton in the summer and becomes a sledge in the winter; it has no real springs, though long pieces of wood upon which the carriage rests serve to lessen the jolts. In the center of the shafts one fast-trotting horse is harnessed and driven with a bearing-rein. This rein is attached to the *duga*, a high curved piece of wood connecting the front of the two shafts and rising above the horse's collar. In the top of it hangs a bell, or sometimes two. Outside the shafts gallop one or two loosely harnessed horses, their heads held low and turned outwards. It is said that they are trained to keep their heads low so that travelers may see over them, but there is no fine scenery in most of this great country, and it has been suggested that the horses adopt this position in order that they may keep an eye on the driver and quicken their pace if they see signs of the whip.

A rougher cart resembling the Finnish cart replaces the tarantass in outlying districts, and its cradle-top gives your head many a rude knock, as the ruts in the bad road often cause you to be jerked a foot high. The post-stations are from ten to twenty miles apart, and the horses you want are produced in course of time. You may be anxious to hasten on, but "Nitchevo!" There is no hurry. Why do you bother yourself?

When people wish to travel in greater style than with the ordinary *droshky*, or faster, or with a larger vehicle and a more powerful team, they ride in what is called a *troika*—that is, a *droshky* drawn by three horses abreast. Over the middle horse is an ornamented arch. While the middle horse trots, those on each side gallop—a mixing of gaits that would look strange to us. A turnout of this kind is often very showy, bells and tassels on the harness giving a gay effect, such as is scarcely to be seen elsewhere.



AN EQUIPAGE OUTSIDE THE EAST WALL OF CAIRO.



LADY IN HER PALANKIN IN THE BOTANIC GARDEN, DARJEELING, INDIA.

QUEER CARRIERS

BY GERRISH ELDREDGE



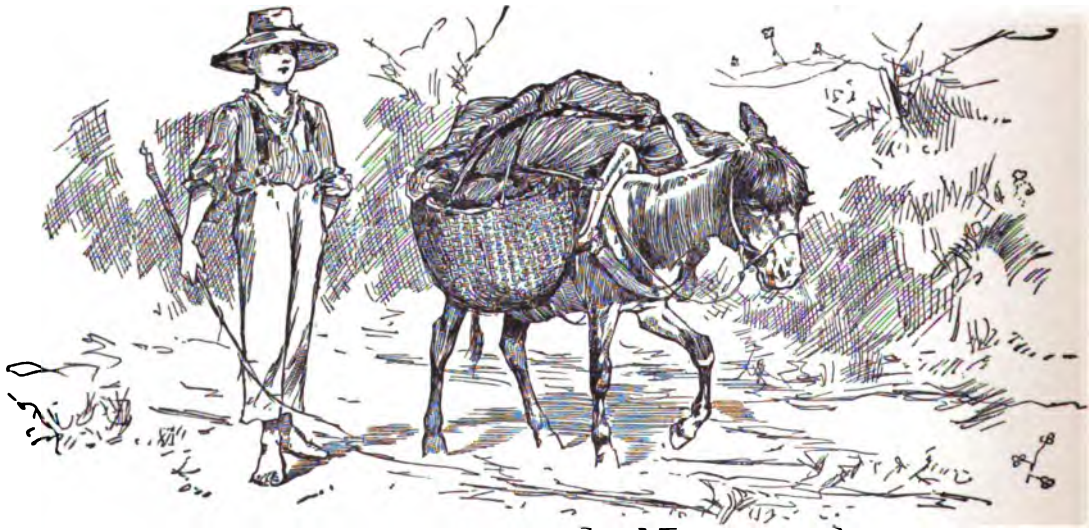
A QUEER CARRIER WHEN YOU
COME TO THINK OF IT.

FROM the days of the winged Pegasus, the aspiring horse of Bellerophon, and from those of sharp-backed and raw-boned Rosinante, who bore the crazy Don Quixote, down to our own day, the horse has been the animal most used by man as carrier, charger, courser, hunter, and cart-horse.

True, the humble second cousins of the horse have filled the place of drudge and servant in the work of bearing burdens or hauling loads. The donkey, indeed, has been a useful animal ever since the remotest times known to history. General Washington, it is said, introduced them into this country; and all over the civilized world the donkey and the mule are accepted as the best, the most patient, and the most tireless of all the beasts of burden. Although vicious when ill treated, yet the donkey is noted for docility and

But there are many countries and many circumstances where the possession of a horse or even of a donkey is beyond the means of those who serve as carriers. I am not considering, of course, those mighty carriers, the elephant, the dromedary, and the camel. These are exceptional animals, as are also the ox of our own land, the Egyptian buffalo, and the zebra of India, which are employed under unusual conditions, where great strength or endurance is required. In Germany and other parts of Europe, dogs are in very general use among the poorer classes as carriers; and, indeed, many New Yorkers can remember how, more than forty years ago, the dog was very largely used by the ragmen and traveling peddlers of New York. Every morning the little wagons, some with two and some with four wheels, would come down the street, drawn by one or two dogs, and guided sometimes by a woman and sometimes by boys.

This use of dogs came, without doubt, from Holland and Belgium, where the dog has been in service as a beast of burden for many years. In almost every Dutch or Flemish city these "dog-



A PATIENT BEAST OF BURDEN.

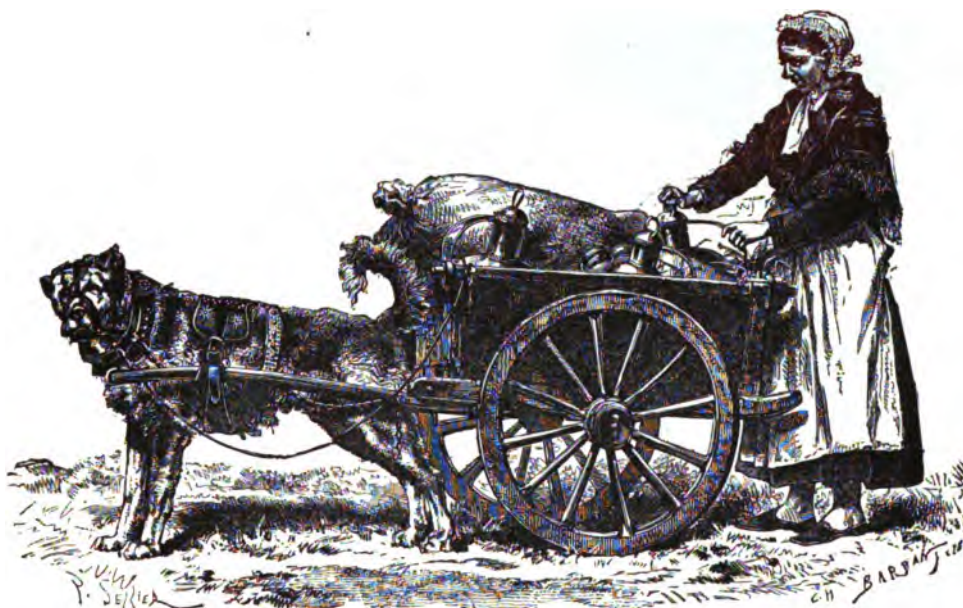
affection for its owner, and many a barefooted boy, driving his well-loaded pack-mule to the mill or to town, knows what a slow, steady, uncomplaining, helpful little creature it is.

carts"—not the stylish vehicle of that name which we meet in the park or on the avenue, but literally carts drawn by dogs—may be seen. It is usually a four-wheeled affair, and holds as much as a

porter's hand-cart; not infrequently the dog's helper, on the other side of the pole, is a stout boy or girl.

In the Dutch dog-carts the dog is securely har-

interesting feats in the circus-ring is the race of trained dogs, ridden by monkey jockeys, in which the eager racers dash around the ring with all the zeal and fleetness of high-bred race-horses.



A BELGIAN DOG-CART.

nessed in—and so, indeed, is the boy when he is at the pole. The huckster-women who own or drive the dog-carts generally live in some of the little villages on the outskirts of the large Dutch or Belgian towns, and bring their farm produce for sale in the city streets.

On pleasant days, many of these little wagons may be seen on city corners, their wares offered for sale by the shrewd driver, while the dogs, with harness partly loosened, lie asleep at the roadside or beneath the body of the cart.

If trade is dull, the dog is awakened, the harness tightened, and off goes this queer conveyance through the streets to some more populous or promising quarter of the town.

The dog of the Eskimo, as the explorers have all told us, is, of course, the swiftest and most highly trained of these canine beasts of burden; and within the Arctic Circle from Greenland to Kamchatka many an Eskimo lad knows how fast and far these fierce yet well-trained Arctic "dog-horses" can carry them.

In fact, the point to which the training of dogs as "haulers" or draft-animals may be carried is measured only by the strength of this docile friend and helper of man. Any boy or girl who has watched the doings of a troupe of trained dogs must be aware of this; for one of the most

We all remember the story of "Sindbad the Sailor," and how the horrid "old man of the sea" made poor Sindbad carry him pickaback so long.



A MONKEY JOCKEY.

We have always pitied Sindbad for this heavy task, but do not always remember how many men and women there are, in all parts of the world, who are little better than beasts of burden. The



ARCTIC CARRIERS—THE ESKIMO DOGS.

coolies of the far East are less expensive carriers than horses or even donkeys; and Mr. Stanley, in his wonderful African journeys, was always followed by a host of Zanzibari porters. You will find such porters, too, in India, in South America, in China, and in Egypt; and even in more highly

civilized countries these human carriers are no infrequent sight.

Not many years ago, on the highroads about Wittenberg, in Germany, travelers frequently met an old woman trudging slowly along, pushing before her a light wheelbarrow loaded with parcels.



"THE WITTENBERG EXPRESS."



AFRICAN CARRIERS OF IVORY.

The old woman was at least sixty, but she was so cheerful and uncomplaining that the people had no hesitation in employing her. She had many knickknacks and parcels to carry to and from the city, into which, three or four times a week, she pushed her barrow, which folks called "the Wittenberg Express."

This plucky old woman walked with her express wheelbarrow at least ten miles each trip, and her earnings, a small fee for each parcel, served to support herself and her two invalid daughters, who could do only a little sewing. The old woman would allow no one to pity her; she

liked the work, she said, and was only sorry that as she grew older she could not make such frequent trips, for her earnings were helping herself and her children.

So, you see, there are all manners of queer carriers and burden-bearers in the world, from that fleetest of postmen, the carrier-pigeon, which takes a message through the air for hundreds of miles with the speed of an express train, down to the locomotive, the bicycle, the trolley-car, and the automobile, which once would have been considered "queer carriers" indeed, but that time is now long past.



FAMILIAR QUEER CARRIERS: THE SPRING MANŒUVERS OF THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

SOME FAMOUS GIRLS OF HISTORY

ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

THIS is the story of a girl who was born to the King and Queen of Hungary in the year 1207. She came just when the great troubles of the King were at an end. Wars had ceased for a time, and the people felt happy once more.

The little Elizabeth was a fair and lovely child, and she was as good as she was pretty. People used to say that the first words she spoke were those of prayer. When she was only a small girl, she gave away her toys and her rich dresses to the poorer children, who could not have such beautiful things.

When King Herman heard of the sweet young princess, he said: "Would that this fair child could some day become the wife of my son, Louis." He asked the King, her father, to let her come to his court, to be taught with his young son, and he sent a great company of lords and ladies to bring her. Elizabeth was only four years old; but though it pained her mother to part from such a winning child, her father thought it wise to let her go. He gave her a cradle and a bath, each made of pure silver; and he sent twelve young ladies of his court to wait upon her. He also sent so many fine things for King Herman and his Queen that it needed thirteen wagons to carry them.

Happily, the two children soon became friends. They played together, and were seldom away from each other. Little Louis liked the gentle Elizabeth, who was so unlike every other child he had seen.

When Elizabeth was older she loved to go among the poor children, and give them food and other things they needed. The good King was very kind to her, and while he lived no one was allowed to say a word against her. But when he died the Queen showed dislike to the princess; and some of her people told young Louis that Elizabeth was not fitted to be a king's wife.

Louis did not believe what they said about her. He knew how gentle and patient she was, even as a young girl; how sweet was her temper, and how glad she was to help the people. Often when his mother and sister were rude, he would comfort Elizabeth with words of kindness and sympathy.

When Elizabeth was only fifteen she was married to Louis. There never was a royal lady who tried more earnestly to do her duty to the people over whom she was placed. She often visited the houses of the poor, and helped them with her own hands. One day, during a very cold winter, she left her castle, and went down into the valley. In her hands she carried a large basket, full of bread and meat, which was so heavy that she almost bent with the weight. On the way she met her husband, who was returning from a hunt, and he was much surprised to see her with such a heavy burden.

"Let me see what you are carrying, my Elizabeth," he said. "It seems too heavy for you." She tried to throw her cloak over the basket, but the King drew it gently back. And as he looked, so the story says, he saw that the basket was full of roses—lovely red and white roses—which were larger and sweeter than any he had ever before seen; and he knew at once that these were not the flowers of earth. The prince put out his hand, and, taking a rose from her basket, he placed it in his coat. Then meekly bowing his head, he went on his way, leaving her to go to the help of the poor and hungry people.

Elizabeth of Hungary lived and died a long while ago. But the memory of her beautiful life, and the story of her sweet girlhood, should be a lesson to girls of all ages and countries. She died while yet a young woman. No wonder that almost at once her name was placed among those of women called saints.

ANNE OF BRITTANY

ANNE, born at Nantes, in 1476, was the daughter of Francis, Duke of Brittany. When Anne was barely thirteen years old her father died, and she had to face the world with few real friends. Some jealous rulers of other countries thought they now had a fine chance to add Brittany to their own lands.

Little Anne was not beautiful, but she was tall and pleasant-looking, and had a firm will. No sooner had her father died than she wrote to some kings who, she thought, were friendly, asking for their help against her enemies. The King of England at this time was Henry Tudor, who himself, before he came to the throne, had found shelter and many kind friends in Brittany. The English people were sorry to hear of all the troubles of the young duchess, and they sent a large army to help her.

The French, who wanted to get Brittany for themselves, were now all over the country. But six thousand archers, with strong English bows, landed from England; they won two great battles over them, and forced them to make peace with Anne.

Having failed to win the duchy by arms, the

young King of France now tried another means to gain his end. Anne was young and proud, and she often used to say, "I will marry none but a king, or a king's son." Late one evening, as she sat quietly in her palace, a young gentleman, attended by a few friends, called to see the duchess. He returned to the French borders that night, and many people wondered what message he carried.

A few days later the young duchess herself went away, and it was known that she had gone to meet the King of France. A short while after that she was quietly married to him.

The people of Brittany were glad to know that the troubles of their country were now over. They had seen what a brave girl Anne had shown herself to be, and during long years of war they had learned to love her. The Bretons were proud to think that their little duchess was Queen of France.

Anne was but seventeen when she was crowned. There was great joy in Paris when she entered that city. Thus it came to pass that Brittany was added to the kingdom of France, and to that country it still belongs.

THE "LITTLE QUEEN" ISABEL OF FRANCE

ISABEL was the eldest daughter of King Charles VI. of France and the beautiful Queen Isabella. Isabel had several brothers and sisters, all lovely children, but she was the most lovely of them all. She was a clever child, too, and before she was six years old her mother had masters to teach her music, and to read in Latin and French. In those days children were seldom taught with as much care as Isabel was.

She was a thoughtful child, and would often sit alone by the great fire, thinking over the wonderful things her masters had read to her—old tales, stories of King Arthur and his knights, and of fair ladies. I dare say she wondered, sometimes, if she would ever go out into the world and have adventures; perhaps meet with a knight as noble and beautiful as King Arthur.

She had not long to wait, poor little Isabel; for, when she was only six years old, there came one day to the court a troop of noble-looking men on horseback, and soldiers in shining armor, carrying little flags and shields.

Isabel and her brothers and sisters, in great excitement, watched them from their windows,

wondering who they were and why they had come. Was it in war, or in peace? They little thought that it was a little maiden who had brought them; that they had come for Isabel herself. But so it was.

Richard II., King of England, had sent to ask that Isabel should be his wife! He had asked for her once before, but King Charles had said "No," his little Isabel was too young; and he had already promised her, when she was old enough, to the Duke of Brittany.

But when King Richard made up his mind to have a thing, he often managed to get it, whether others wished it or not. He paid no heed to what Isabel's father said, but sent five hundred soldiers to ask for the little princess of France.

Isabel knew nothing of all this, so she was very much surprised when messengers came and bade her appear in the great hall below. It was her uncle who came to her and told her why she was wanted—that the soldiers they had seen were envoys, sent by the King of England to ask that she might be his wife.

Little girls in those days were used to hear

their marriages talked about from the time they were babies, and to have everything arranged for them; so Isabel was not frightened. She wondered, though, what the King of England was like, and whether he would be kind. She was told he was twenty years older than she, so she was afraid he would be an old man, much too stern and grave to play games with her, or tell her stories such as she loved.

Isabel was dressed in her most beautiful robes, and went down to the great hall, looking very grave and thoughtful. In the hall was her mother, who stood by her while she received the King of England's messengers.

The English people did not want Richard to marry a French princess, and such a child, too, even though she was very rich; for they wanted to make war on France. But when the envoys saw Isabel, so tall for her age, and looking, too, so fit to be a queen, they changed their minds. The Earl Marshal, the head of them all, fell on his knees before her, and promised to be true to her if she would be their queen and lady. To which Isabel answered gravely, that if it pleased God, and the King, her father, she would do her best to make a noble queen of England.

Isabel was not to go to England just yet. A whole year was to pass before she saw her future husband; a year which was to be spent in getting beautiful clothes for the bride, and in teaching her all that a queen should know. She had to learn English, of course, and many other things that must have seemed very dry and dull.

At last, in October of the next year, Richard went to France to meet and marry his little bride. He took with him many of his friends, and a number of knights and soldiers, and on a large plain outside Calais the two Kings were to meet.

That meeting must have been a splendid sight. All over the plain were spacious tents, hundreds of horses, and soldiers and trumpeters in their fine uniforms. There were hundreds of knights too, standing in line with drawn swords, which glittered and flashed in the sunshine. As the two Kings stepped out of their tents and greeted each other with low bows, every knight dropped on his knees. The Kings then shook hands, and both entered the French King's tent together.

The Duke of Orléans had gone to fetch the little bride and her maids, but she did not appear on the scene till the next day. Many of her ladies came in carriages, but Isabel and her maids of honor rode all the way on beautiful horses, covered with velvet and gold; and a very long and weary way it must have seemed to them.

How frightened and tired poor Isabel must

have felt when, at the end, she found herself on that plain! The eyes of hundreds of knights and ladies were fixed on her, and she knew that within one of the tents sat the old and stern man, her husband, with whom she was to go away forever into a strange country.

Tired though she was, Isabel's beauty outshone that of every one else there. The jewels on her dress flashed and glittered in the sun, while over it swept her beautiful golden hair like a mantle.

She tried to be very brave and cheerful, poor little girl, and smiled on those she knew as she dismounted from her horse. Then, very gravely, she walked into the tent where King Richard sat, and knelt before him twice.

King Richard looked at his little Queen with a kind smile, and when she knelt the second time he rose, and lifting her in his arms, kissed her tenderly. Then, for the first time, did Isabel really look at him, and, to her great joy, saw that he was not old at all, or stern, but young, and kind, and very handsome.

Little Isabel felt at once that she could love this big husband of hers who could smile so kindly. To her, he seemed one of the very noblest of the knights she had so loved to read about.

King Richard was not that. He was not even a very good man, except to his little Isabel. To her he was always kind and gentle and loving, and we must give him credit for that.

A few days after their meeting, Isabel crossed the sea to England, and very strange every place must have seemed to her. At first she was taken to the palace at Eltham, in Kent, where she was to rest for a time. From there she was to go to Westminster, to be crowned, and was to ride all the way on a white horse, that her new people might see their Queen. She little knew that they all hated her because she was French; and it was a good thing that she did not know, or the sight of thousands of people all around her, and all hating her, might have frightened her very much.

As it was, she looked at them all with such a sunny smile, and gentle, friendly eyes, that their hearts were melted, and all fell in love with their beautiful little Queen. Indeed, she must have looked beautiful as she rode beside the King, her shining hair sweeping over her velvet robe, which was trimmed with flashing jewels, and gold, and ermine. On her head she wore a small gold crown, with a soft white veil beneath.

There were great feastings after that, which lasted for days and days, and the little Queen must have been quite tired out before they were over. She enjoyed much more the quiet time that followed, when she went hunting with her hus-

band by day, and playing, or reading to him in the evenings.

For some time these peaceful days lasted, and Isabel was as happy as she could be, helping poor people, and doing kindnesses to every one. Richard was always kind to her, and she loved him very dearly. She thought him the best and noblest man in the world.

Alas! others did not think so. The people grew to dislike him more and more for many wrong things he did. The little Queen knew nothing about those wrong things, nor did she even know that the people were angry with her husband.

At last, one dreadful day, Richard came to her, and told her that he had to leave her and go to Ireland. Isabel wept, and begged to go with him, but the King shook his head sadly. It was no fit journey for the little Queen.

Before he left, they were to go to a service together, at St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and a banquet was to follow; but when the service was ended, and the King and Queen came out, the King would not go to the banquet. Taking his little Queen in his arms, he kissed her again and again, and bade her good-by.

Isabel did not weep, but she was very pale and quiet and sad, and clung to her husband fondly. Then the King put her gently down, and with a last "Farewell!" threw himself on his horse and rode away.

Isabel stood and watched him, but he did not once look back. At last, when a bend in the road hid him from sight, she turned and ran to her bedroom. There she lay on her bed, and wept all the tears she had been holding back so bravely. Isabel did not know then that she had said good-by to her husband forever.

As time went on, the people grew more and more angry with Richard. At last they seized him and sent him a prisoner to the Tower, while they invited Henry, Duke of Lancaster, to come and reign in his stead.

Isabel did not know that her husband was in the Tower, nor, for a long time, did she hear any news of him. It seems strange to us that all this could happen without her knowing it, but in those days there were no posts or newspapers. Besides, all the people about Isabel were ordered not to talk to her of the King.

The news was brought to the Duke of York at Windsor. As he was left in charge of the

Queen, he thought it would be safer if she were taken to a castle in Kent, from where she could easily escape to France. So he had her secretly taken there. But her French maids and attendants were left at Windsor, and they were soon afterward ordered to return to France.

Poor Isabel now felt very lonely and frightened, for she was left without husband or friends, and with only strange English servants about her. She could never get any news of her husband, and day and night she spent grieving. Where was he, she wondered, and why did he send no word to her?

She did know that his enemies were taking his crown from him, and saying cruel things of him, and the news filled her with fear. But if she had known he was in the Tower, and wanting her, and that they would not let him send for her, her loving heart would have broken.

From this time, Isabel was moved from place to place. Wherever she went, she hoped that here, perhaps, she would meet her husband; but she was always disappointed. Richard too was moved from place to place, until at last he was sent to a castle in Yorkshire. There he died—no one knows how.

Even when her husband was dead, the little Queen was not told of it, but went on hoping and hoping to meet him soon. It was not till many weeks had passed that the news was broken to her.

The new King, Henry, wanted her to stay in England and marry his son, and sent her to the Tower while he tried to make her promise to do so. But she pleaded so hard that she might go home that at last he allowed her to have her wish. Then, in the care of her English ladies-in-waiting, she was sent back to France.

She came to England, rich and happy, at the age of seven. At the age of twelve she went back to France, without husband, or money, or jewels; as poor, and sad, and lonely as the poorest woman in the land.

It is pleasant to know that, later on, some happiness came into the poor little Queen's life again. Her cousin Charles, who loved her dearly, asked her to be his wife; and, by and by, she said she would. For a year they were very, very happy; but only for a year, for at the end of that time, when her little daughter came, poor Isabel died, leaving her husband almost mad with sorrow.

THE LITTLE MAID OF NORWAY

YEARS ago, Scotland had kings of her own, and one of the bravest and best of these was Alexander III. He ruled his country well. He was very brave and good, and his people loved him.

When he was quite young he married Princess Margaret, daughter of the English King, Henry III., and by and by they had a little daughter whom they christened Margaret also. They had two other children as well, Alexander, who was the heir to the throne, and David, who died when he was a child. Then, while Margaret and Alexander were still quite young, Queen Margaret herself died.

The poor King felt his loss very deeply, but there were many more heavy sorrows still in store for him. Soon after his wife died he lost his daughter also, for Princess Margaret was married to Prince Erik of Norway, and went to Norway to live. Then his son married, and, to the poor King's great grief, he died soon after.

Princess Margaret was very happy in her new home, and by and by she had a little daughter of her own to love and play with. This little daughter was christened Margaret too, but she was almost always called the "Little Maid of Norway."

Sad to say, Princess Margaret died soon after her baby was born, leaving the little maid motherless; and poor King Alexander felt very sad and lonely. He was so lonely that he married again; but very soon after the wedding the greatest trouble of all befell Scotland, for the King himself was killed.

He was riding, late one night, along a dangerous piece of coast, and in the dark, not being able to see where he was going, he rode quite close to a steep place. His horse felt the danger, and started back, but so suddenly that the poor King was flung off, and down the crag, where he was killed at once. The spot where the accident happened is still called the King's Crag.

The people of Scotland were terribly grieved at losing their King; he was so manly and handsome, so brave and just, and ruled the land so well. To add to their trouble, there was no heir to the throne except the little three-year-old maiden away in Norway, and they knew that enemies would come to try to seize the crown.

Indeed, some of the Scotch nobles began to give trouble at once. They did not want the little Maid of Norway for their queen, and thought that a noble called Robert Bruce should be given the crown. But the King of England did not think so. Edward, a brother of the late Queen

Margaret, was King of England now, and he made up his mind that his little great-niece, Margaret of Norway, should rule over Scotland. He wished that Scotland and England should have the same ruler, and he thought the best way to manage this would be to marry the little maid to his own son.

As soon as Alexander was dead, the Scots wanted to have their little Queen in their own keeping, so messengers were sent to Norway to bring her at once. She was not yet three years old, and her father thought she was too young to be sent away by herself to another country, one where the people were wild and fierce. Many of them, too, did not wish her to be the queen, and might do her harm; so, for a time, the little maid stayed in her own beautiful land, with her father and the people who loved her so.

Poor little baby child, she did not understand what it was to be a queen; and when, at last, her father had to send her away to Scotland, she must have wept very bitterly at leaving him.

She must often, too, have felt very sorry that she was a queen, if it meant going away by herself to a distant wild land, full of strangers, many of them rough and cruel, and not wanting her. It could not have seemed to her that a crown was a very fine and noble thing to have. However, at last she started away in a big ship, with a number of people to wait on her, and sailed for Scotland.

If you will look at the map, you will see that the bit of sea between Norway and Scotland is really quite small. Nowadays, with steamers, the journey is short and easy, even though it is often very rough; but in those days, when the ships were big and clumsy, and had only sails to carry them along, the journey was a much longer one, and much more unpleasant.

The poor little homesick Queen suffered a great deal. She was sad and lonely; and to make matters worse, she fell ill.

In Scotland, the people got ready to meet her, and give her a great welcome. The King of England and the nobles of Scotland were all quarreling and plotting as to who should meet her, and who should have charge of her. They quarreled as to where she should live, and who should live with her. They had settled that she was to marry Prince Edward of Wales, and the Pope had given his permission for the union to take place.

Meantime, the poor little Maid of Norway was tossing about on the rough North Sea, in her

big ship, grew more and more ill. At last, instead of going on to their journey's end, the captain of the ship had to land her at Orkney, which, as you may see on the map, is to the north of Scotland.

There were no crowds to meet her, no gay processions, no bagpipes and flags and feastings

when she landed. With only her few attendants about her, the little uncrowned Queen was laid on her humble bed on that wild island, and there the little life, which was so important to so many, passed quietly away. Her poor father in Norway was left childless, and Scotland was without a queen.

LADY JANE GREY

THE LADY JANE, great-granddaughter of Henry VII. of England, was born in or about 1537. She grew up a clever girl, who spoke French and Italian, and even Greek, and could write well in Latin and other languages. So fond was she of books that she would stay at home to read, instead of going out to hunt with her family.

This learned girl was only sixteen years of age when her cousin Mary was thirty-seven. At the time of the death of King Edward VI. Jane was at Chelsea, where she lived so quietly, that she knew nothing of what had happened during the last two days. But she was now taken to Sion House, where the Duke of Northumberland lived; and he told her that the King was dead, and that, according to his will, she was now Queen of England.

It is said that the poor girl was so startled by this news that she fainted. She was really sorry to hear of the death of Edward, who was her cousin. He was about her own age, and they had spent many pleasant days together. When she recovered, she begged that she might not be crowned queen; but the duke, her husband, who was the duke's son, and her own father and mother all joined in telling her that she must yield to the wishes of the late King.

At last she gave way. "If the right is mine," she said, "I hope that God will give me strength to rule for the glory and happiness of the people of England." Then she was taken in the royal barge to the Tower, and presented with the crown.

Mary was in the country at that time, and she had written to the Council claiming her right to the throne. Many of her friends went to join her, and soon she had a small army in the field.

The Duke of Northumberland marched with a body of men against her; but he was very coldly received. "The people crowd to look on us," he

said, "but not one cries God speed ye." But when Mary was proclaimed Queen by her friends, loud shouts of joy were heard in the streets of London. It was clear that all the people were in favor of Mary. In the meantime poor Jane had been Queen for ten days.

Jane now left the Tower for the quiet of Sion House, but she and her husband were soon brought back to the Tower, this time as prisoners. The duke was told to own Mary as Queen without delay, which he did, though it cost him many tears.

Mary was slowly making her way up to London, and two weeks later she rode into the city. The people turned out to meet her, with the Lord Mayor at their head, and as she passed through the streets to the Tower she received quite a royal welcome.

Mary was a stern woman, and she marked out certain persons for trial. The Lady Jane and her husband were condemned to death, but Mary had no thought as yet of carrying out the sentence. They were even allowed to live in some freedom, but not to go beyond the Tower gates. Then Queen Mary did a very foolish thing; for, against the wish of all her people, she married Philip of Spain, whose name was greatly hated by the English.

Many persons rose up in arms against this Spanish marriage, and for this poor Lady Jane had to suffer. The Queen punished the rebels severely, and ordered Jane and her husband to be executed the next day.

What a sad end it was for such a sweet and gentle lady! Her meekness and courage she kept to the very last. She made no complaint against Mary; she shed no tears; but as she saw her husband's body pass before her, she took up a book and in it wrote some words which said that God, she thought, would show her favor.

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND

IN one of the rooms of the Dulwich Gallery, London, there is a portrait of the little Princess Victoria, painted at the age of four years. She is represented standing in a park, in full out-of-door dress, with a dark cape and large black hat, and wearing white wool gaiters. Her head droops shyly, but in the face of the child princess one may readily trace the resemblance to the Queen of fourscore.

In those early days of her quiet childhood the little Victoria lived in dingy Kensington Palace, which to modern eyes looks more like an almshouse than like a royal residence. She was born on May 24, 1819, in one of its lofty frescoed rooms; and in another, overlooking a fine stretch of lawn and avenues of elms, she set up, a few years later, her dolls' house. It has two stories, and the furniture is not in the least royal. In fact, the kitchen is better equipped than the other rooms. A fine supply of pewter plates and cooking-utensils is among its treasures. The present caretaker of Kensington Palace shows the visitor a small box where some scraps of time-worn yellowed muslin attest the industry of the baby Victoria. There is a deal of laboriously neat stitching on the dolls' house-linen and clothes, and there is an apron for the doll cook which is quite a triumph in dressmaking for the chubby fingers of a four-year-old.

Victoria owned a hundred and thirty-two dolls. She must have been a tireless seamstress, for she dressed at least thirty-two with her own hands. But all the art of their royal modiste did not suffice to make Victoria's dolls beautiful. They are, for the most part, little wooden creatures from four to eight inches in height, with sharp triangular noses and vermilion-touched cheeks. Seven boy dolls are included in the collection, and a few rag babies with painted muslin faces. Some of the dolls are attired as court ladies with wonderfully ruffled frocks. Others are the owners of minute hemstitched pocket-handkerchiefs with embroidered initials.

The time came when the little needlewoman put by her needle and her toys, and the princess took up the duties of a queen.

Out of this very room in Kensington Palace Victoria hastened on the morning of June 20, 1837, to hear the news of her accession.

Half awake and half clad, a gray shawl thrown hastily over her night-dress, her bare feet thrust into slippers, she hurried down the wide staircase to hear the tidings that gave her to her people's service. The dolls' house and the neatly

sewed dolls' garments were put aside forever, to fade and grow yellow during the long years of Queen Victoria's reign.

There is a pretty story told by her governess, which you will be pleased to hear, of how Victoria, then a little girl of twelve summers, felt when she found out quite suddenly that she was to be the queen. It is in a letter addressed to Queen Victoria herself:

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys [the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and, seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now'; and the princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good!'"

Is not this a pretty story? Cannot you fancy the little girl, overawed by the great thought of being a queen, and understanding how wonderful it was, yet finding nothing more solemn to say in her simplicity (and, indeed, if she had searched the world for "elegant expressions," what could she have found better?) than those dear child's words, "I will be good!" There could not be a more charming little historical scene. "I cried much on learning it," is the note which the Queen's hand writes on the margin. No doubt the little maiden was frightened into seriousness, and drew her breath quick when she first knew what was before her—Queen! of an empire upon which "the sun never sets"—yet only twelve years old.

Princess Victoria was but eighteen when her uncle William IV. died and she became actually Queen of England. It was her lot to reign over her devoted people for more than sixty years.



Photographed by William E. Gray from the painting by Stephen Pointz Denning in the Dulwich Gallery.

Engraved by Peter Aitken.

PRINCESS VICTORIA. AT THE AGE OF FOUR.



STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

HONORS TO THE FLAG

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

THERE is no possession of a country which is more deeply revered, more consistently loved, or more loyally supported than its national flag. In our country is this especially true, for in that one emblem are embodied all the principles which our forefathers upheld, all the benefits of a century and a quarter of enlightened progress, and all the hope and assurance of a promising future.

The stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every state. Thus, the stars and stripes signify union and "in union there is strength."

The very colors have a significance. White stands for purity, red for valor and blue for justice, together forming a combination which it is our inherited privilege to honor and uphold.

It is not the flag of a king, or an emperor, or a president. It is the flag of the people, brought into being by their will, defended when necessary by their patriotism, and to which they turn for protection in time of danger. No matter into what parties our people may be divided, due to political beliefs and leanings, they all stand united under one flag. It is the emblem of unity, safety and faith.

Naturally, the outward manifestation of our devotion to the flag is to be observed more especially in the attitude toward it of our Army

and our Navy, since it is there that the flag is more constantly in evidence than elsewhere, and it is there that it has a well defined official status, laid down by law. In every army post, both here at home and in our foreign possessions, and on every war vessel of the United States, our flag floats in the breeze from sunrise till sunset, the honored emblem of a free people.

Every regiment in our military service is furnished by the government with a flag, or "color" as it is known officially, and on this flag are embroidered the names of all the battles in which the regiment has taken part. This flag is carried at regimental drills, parades and reviews, as well as in battle, and two armed men especially detailed as "color guard," always accompany the color sergeant, who is the color bearer.

Army regulations prescribe in detail what honors shall be paid to the flag and these regulations are implicitly and gladly observed. No matter how little one may relish the duty of showing the respect due to some military superior, he is always ready and glad to do honor to his flag. Whenever anyone in the military service of the United States passes near the unfurled colors, or whenever the flag passes before him, he is required to remove his cap in salute and if sitting he is required to rise and stand at "attention" until the flag has passed.

The authority of the flag is absolute. It is inferior in rank to no one. All persons, sub-

ject to military discipline and customs, from the President of the United States who is the Commander-in-Chief, down to the newest recruit, are required by regulations to render the same honors to the flag.

There is always something inspiring to the visitor at West Point as he watches the ceremony of evening parade. The battalion of cadets is in line, rigid and motionless in the position of "parade rest," while the band,

the next time you have the opportunity, you will remark with what care and even tenderness the flag is received, folded and carried away by the corporal in charge of the flag detail, without its outer edges so much as touching the ground.

During the summer encampment at West Point, there is great rivalry among the cadets going on guard to see who will "get colors," that is, to see who will be selected by the



WEST POINT CADETS ON DRESS PARADE. THE COLORS IN THE CENTER OF THE BATTALION.

playing a lively march passes down the whole length of the line and returns again to its place on the right. Immediately the music stops, the fifes and drums begin to sound "retreat," and as the last note dies away, the sunset gun booms out its salute to the flag.

As the echoes reverberate among the historic hills and the smoke from the saluting cannon drifts upward and outward over the majestic Hudson, the cadet Adjutant calls the battalion to "Attention," the band strikes up the strain of "The Star Spangled Banner," and with the officers all standing at attention, facing the flag, their hands at the position of salute, and all civilians, men, women and children, honoring their country's emblem by rising and standing silent, the men with bared heads, the flag is lowered slowly—down, down—into the hands of the armed guard of soldiers detailed to receive it.

It is an unwritten law that the flag shall never touch the ground, and if you will notice,

adjutant as color sentinels. These color sentinels, three in number, are each day selected from the entire guard as being the most soldierly in appearance, and the most immaculate in dress and equipment.

Their duty is to act only as sentinels over the flag, while the other members of the guard are assigned to the posts about the body of the encampment. After the morning parade, the arms are stacked just behind the "color line," a path within the limits of the encampment and just outside the outer line of tents. The national colors and the gray and gold flag of the Corps of Cadets are laid lengthwise on the two central stacks, the tips of the staffs on one stack and the ferule ends on the other.

The color sentinel walks the color line, immediately in front of the long line of stacked arms, and it is his duty to allow no one to touch the colors and to see that no persons, whether they be cadets, officers, or civilians, pass in or out of camp around the ends of the

line of stacks without removing the cap and looking toward the flag as they cross the color line. Should anyone forget thus to comply with the regulations, it is the sentinel's duty to require him to go back and to uncover on crossing the line.

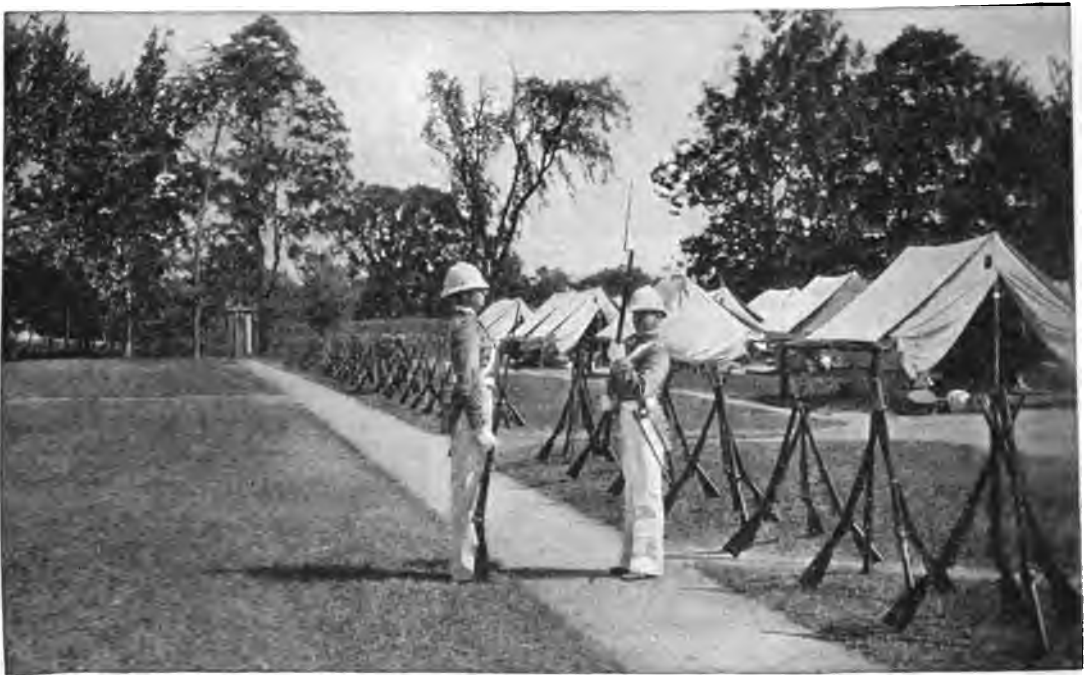
One day not so many years ago, a cadet just beginning his second year at the Academy was slowly pacing up and down the color line, his chest swelling with pride and appreciation of the Adjutant's selection of color sentinels that morning. As he turned about at the end of his beat and started on his return trip, he saw the Commandant of Cadets, a most exalted individual in cadet eyes, approaching the color line at the farther end. At the proper time, the cadet brought his rifle down to his most military "present arms" and turned

colors or color sentinel and passed on toward his office tent farther back in the camp.

With no thought except of his duty, the sentinel relaxed his set muscles and with arms at the "port," charged down the color line at "double time" in hot pursuit of the delinquent Commandant. As he neared the other end of his post, he called in tones as respectful as as they were positive:

"You will have to return across the color line, sir, and salute the colors."

The Commandant was surprised and, for the moment, apparently nettled at receiving this startling and unexpected order from a mere cadet. Then he realized the situation. He had clearly forgotten all about the existence of the line of stacks and the flags resting thereon and, intent on other matters, had



A CORPORAL OF THE GUARD QUESTIONING A COLOR SENTINEL.

his head slightly sideward to receive the salute of his superior officer when he should raise his cap to the colors.

To his surprise and consternation the Commandant never turned his head to right or left, but just walked straight across the color line without so much as noticing the existence of

absent-mindedly neglected his duty to them and the sentinel guarding them. Without further ado, he came back, meekly removed his hat as he approached, crossed the color line, turned about and crossed it again, and with no word to the sentinel passed on to his tent.

Needless to say the cadet was somewhat

agitated when the incident was all over, yet he knew what his orders were and felt that he had carried them out to the letter. Nevertheless he was in rather an uncertain state of mind, wondering what, if any, action the Commandant would take in the matter. He heard nothing of it during his tour of duty and it was not until the next evening at parade that he learned the Commandant's view of the affair. Imagine his surprise and that of all his comrades, who of course knew of it as soon as it happened, when an order was read by the Adjutant, appointing him a cadet Corporal for "strict and zealous execution of his duty in carrying out his orders as a color sentinel."

This is only one of numerous similar instances which go to show how exalted a position our country's flag holds and that no one is of sufficient rank or authority to omit paying it the respect which is its due.

On one occasion when a Major General of the United States Army was holding conversation with a cadet sentinel, making some inquiry or request, the interested crowd about the visitors' seats, who were watching the grizzled veteran and the trim young soldier, were surprised to see the cadet suddenly appear to forget the existence of his high-ranking companion and come from a "port arms," the position of a sentinel holding conversation, to a "present arms," and turn his head to one side, actually stopping in the middle of a sentence.

Instead of exhibiting surprise or wounded dignity at this unexplained action of the cadet, the general instantly divined the reason for it. He knew that he was superior in rank to any one at West Point that day and that the only salute that could be rendered in his presence by the cadet was to the colors. Turning in the direction indicated by the sentinel, he respectfully removed his hat and assumed the position of "attention," remaining in his attitude of silent respect until the flag had passed, when the conversation was resumed as though no break had occurred.

One of the most touching, as well as the most beautiful examples of devotion to the flag is to be found in the records of our Civil War. The Sixteenth Regiment of Connecticut

Volunteers, after three days of the hardest and bloodiest of fighting, became convinced that defeat and capture by the enemy was imminent. The ranks were depleted and to hold out longer would only involve needlessly further sacrifice of life. But even in their hour of peril, the zealous patriots thought more of the fate of their battle-scarred flag than of their own. Just before the enemy made his final assault on the breastworks, the gallant colonel shouted to his men: "Whatever you do, boys, don't give up our flag; save that at any price." In an instant, the flag was torn from its staff and cut and torn into hundreds of small fragments, each piece being hidden about the person of some one of its brave defenders.

The survivors of the regiment, about five hundred in number, were sent to a prison camp, where most of them remained until the end of the war, each cherishing his mite of the regimental colors. Through long months of imprisonment many died from sickness brought on by exposure and terrible privation, and in all such cases the scraps of bunting guarded by the poor unfortunates were intrusted to the care of some surviving comrade.

At the end of the war, when the prisoners returned to their homes, a meeting of the survivors was held and all the priceless fragments of the flag were sewn together. But a very few pieces had been lost, so that the restored emblem was made nearly complete.

That flag, patched and tattered as it is, forms one of the proudest possessions of Connecticut to-day and is preserved in the state Capitol at Hartford, bearing mute testimony to the devotion of the brave men who were not alone ready and willing to die for it on the field of battle, but to live for it through long years of imprisonment in order that they might bring it back whole to the State that gave it into their hands to honor and defend.

In battle, there is no position more dangerous than that of color bearer, and at the same time there is none that is more earnestly coveted. The colors must be kept waving and it is one of the objects of the enemy to shoot down the bearer of the flag, hoping thereby to dishearten the men following it. In 1900, at the battle



COLOR BEARERS AND COLOR GUARD, U. S. CORPS OF CADETS.

of Tientsin, China, the color sergeant was shot through the thigh and seriously wounded. When he fell, General Liscum, who was in command of the American forces in China at that time, snatched the colors from the ground where they had fallen and himself held them aloft, a target for all the Chinese soldiers on the wall, until he too fell, pierced through the body and mortally wounded by a Chinese rifle ball. Such instances are so numerous that history is full of them, proving that there is no limit to the devotion of a soldier to his flag.

One of the last important orders issued by President Lincoln was that dated March 27, 1865, directing Major General Anderson to "raise and plant upon the ruins of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, the same United States flag which floated over the battlements of that fort during the rebel assault and which was lowered and saluted by him and the small force of his command when the works were evacuated on the 14th day of April, 1861."

"The flag, when raised," the order goes on to say, "will be saluted by one hundred guns from Fort Sumter and by a National Salute from every fort and battery that fired upon Fort Sumter."

The flag which was again to be raised over Fort Sumter had been carefully guarded through the years since it had been lowered in honorable defeat, with the time in view when it should again float in the breezes over Charleston harbor as a result of the success of the Union Army. But when that time did come, to whom were the honors paid, the salutes fired? There were present on this occasion Major General Anderson, who had commanded the fort when fired upon in 1861, and Major General William T. Sherman, whose military operations, after his famous "march to the sea," compelled the evacuation of Charleston; and yet it was the *flag* which

received homage, not they who had defended it at such great cost. They were merely present to show their allegiance and to join in the general thanksgiving for its restoration.

And this salute of one hundred guns in honor to the flag is more than has ever been fired in the United States to any living person, of whatever rank. The President, when visiting a military post receives as a salute only twenty-one guns.

Nor do we alone do honor to our flag. War vessels of foreign nations on entering one of our harbors or on passing near a fortification, display the flag of the United States at the main and salute it by firing twenty-one guns. As soon as this salute is fired the fort flying the flag acknowledges it by firing an equal number of guns. No matter what may be the rank of the officer commanding the fort, the Army Regulations specifically state that it is the flag which shall be saluted, and also that salutes to the flag are the only ones that shall be returned. The commanding officer is only an individual after all, while the flag represents the nation.

Our flag is beautiful at all times, but perhaps it is most beautiful when one suddenly comes upon it in a foreign country, proudly waving from the flag-staff of some one of our embassies, legations, or consulates.

All who have experienced this sensation will agree that there is something delightfully reassuring in the sight, something which produces a feeling of security and protection, sometimes even of homesickness, which nothing else can give.

In war, no captures are more highly prized than flags, and none will tempt soldiers to greater extremes of attack and defense. There is nothing a soldier will not do in the way of risking his life to prevent the capture or to accomplish the recapture of his flag.



OUR FLAG'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT

BY H. A. OGDEN

How many of our boys of to-day know where and when the star-spangled banner was first raised, and that the honor belongs to New York State? How it was made, and under what circumstances, Tom Fosdick, a drummer boy of old

have a banner to fight under. I have, in a copy of the "Philadelphia Gazette," a full description of the new standard for the United States as ordered by the Congress last June; so hunt around and do your best to find something—anything,



"I FINALLY SECURED AN OLD RED PETTICOAT FROM THE WIFE OF ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS."

Fort Stanwix, which stood near the site of the city of Rome, N. Y., tells us.

"ON August 3, 1777, the first day we were besieged, the need of a flag to fly from our bastions caused Colonel Gansevoort, our commander, to call me to him, saying, 'Tom, my boy, we must

red, white and blue—that can be sewn together, and we 'll show the enemy a banner that will tell them we are a new nation, with colors of our own; a banner that we won't haul down, my lad, while there 's one of us left to defend it.'

"With this command, I rushed around, ransacking the barracks and store-rooms, finally se-

curing a couple of white ammunition shirts, and an old red cloth petticoat from the wife of one of our soldiers; but nothing blue could I find. Running back with my store of materials, I showed them to the colonel, telling him that I lacked the blue. Captain Swartout, standing near-by, said, 'I can furnish that,' and going to his quarters quickly returned with a cloak of the right color, which he had captured at Peekskill. At once the stripes and field were cut, a paper-pattern made for the stars, and in a short time our patchwork flag was put together. What mattered it if the red was somewhat faded in places, or that the seams were rough and uneven, the 'Stars and Stripes' were there, and by sunset we were ready to unfurl our home-made standard to encourage us in our defense.

"Ezra James, my fellow drummer, and I, beat the long roll, and at the word of command the sergeant pulled the halyards, while, saluted by the officers, and cheered by the garrison, up went our flag to the top of the staff. Ezra and I put our whole hearts into the beats we gave our drums, and never will I forget the delight I felt at seeing how brave and beautiful that 'first edition' of our Nation's flag looked as the breeze caught its folds, whipping it out in graceful curves like a thing alive.

"Since early spring we had been hard at work trying to get the old fort, now called Fort Schuyler instead of Stanwix, into condition to withstand the enemy who were assembling at Montreal, and planning to capture us, and then join General Burgoyne and his army at Albany. In July, Colonel Willett and his regiment had arrived as a reinforcement, so that now we mustered 750, our commander being Colonel Peter Gansevoort of the 'New York Line Continentals.' Our scouts, and some friendly Oneida Indians, brought tidings of the approach of Colonel St. Leger with a force more than double our own, of regulars, Tories and Indians—these last under the command of Brandt, the famous Chief of the Six Nations, lately made a captain in the British Army. Just before this foe arrived, a further reinforcement of two hundred men under Lieutenant-Colonel Mellon, and two big flatboats laden with provisions and ammunition, reached us, narrowly escaping the enemy's advance guard. Indeed, they cut off the captain in command and took him prisoner.

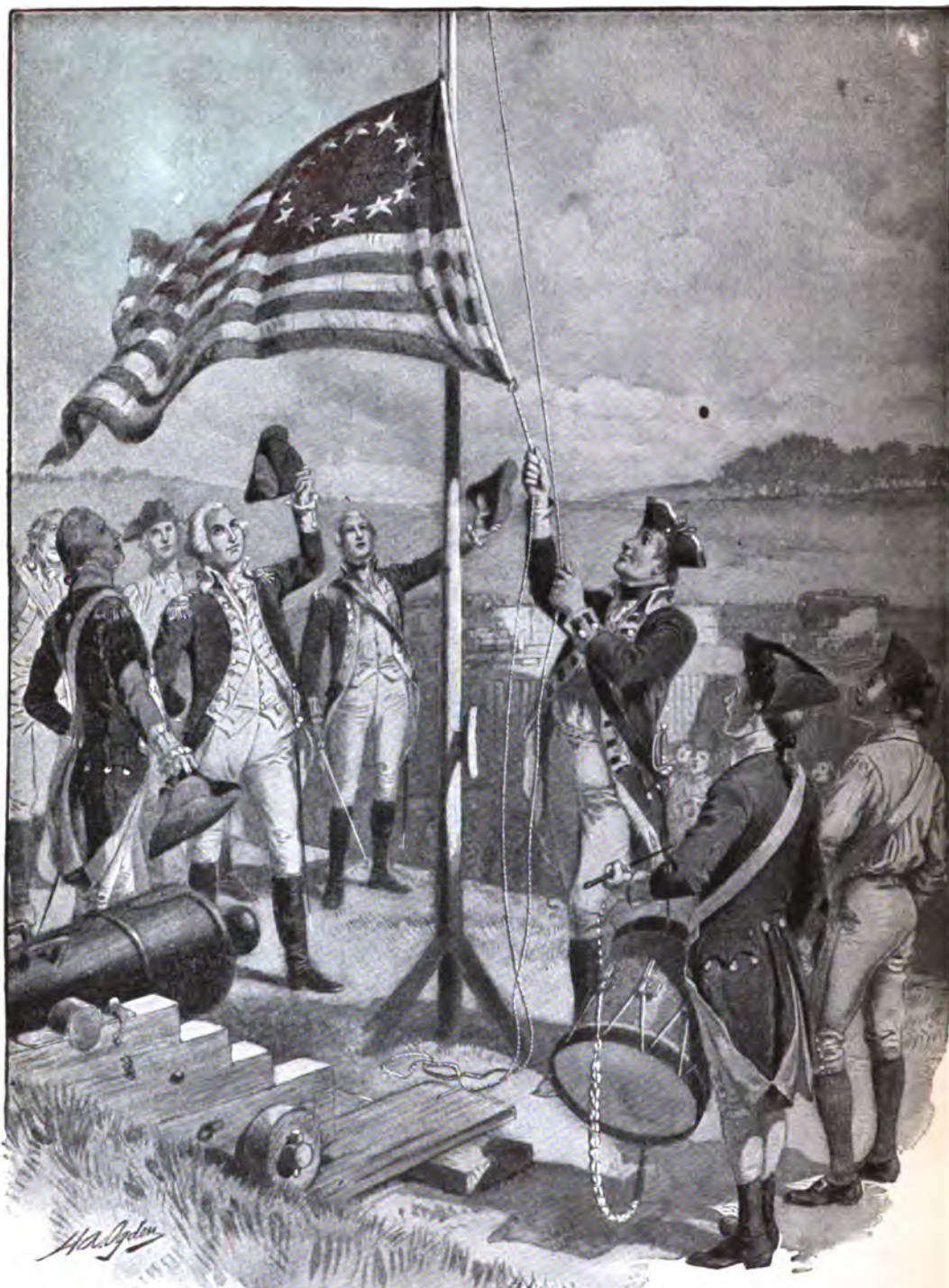
"The morning after our new flag was raised, there came a summons to surrender, which, of course, our commander promptly refused; and then the siege began in earnest. On the morning of August 8th, messengers made their way to the fort from General Herkimer, who with 800 men

was coming to our relief, three guns being a signal to him that they had reached the fort; but St. Leger, hearing also of our coming succor, detached a division of his Tories and Indians, to intercept Herkimer. This pause in the siege gave us a chance for the sortie that was part of General Herkimer's plan, which was to get the enemy between two fires. Our Colonel Willett now did a daring and courageous thing, for, with 250 men and one three-pounder cannon, he sallied out and furiously attacked the Tories' camp. Their commander did not even stop to put on his coat—they fled so quickly. The little force then stormed the Indians' quarters, and they, too, scattered into the near-by woods.

"Sending out from the fort seven wagons, three times, they brought back loads of clothing, stores, provisions, and the commander's baggage and private papers. As most of the force that had left to intercept General Herkimer returned, we knew he must have been defeated. Indeed, on the following day two officers, under a flag of truce, were sent to our sally-port, and being blindfolded, were taken to Colonel Gansevoort's quarters, the windows being close-shuttered and candles lighted, and another summons to surrender was delivered.

"Among several of our officers, I crowded into a corner of the room, and heard one of the British officers say that Herkimer had been defeated, and mortally wounded at Oriskany; that Burgoyne was in possession of Albany, and that if St. Leger's demands were not obeyed—well—he made quite a long speech of it, to which Colonel Willett replied by saying that Colonel Gansevoort had no idea of surrendering. So the messengers were sent back and the siege was renewed with vigor. As the days went on and ran into weeks, our food and ammunition began to get scarce. Several of our men had been able to get through the lines with messages to General Schuyler, who was fighting Burgoyne near Saratoga. Other written demands to surrender were met with positive refusals, and then, as their cannon failed to break our ramparts, they tried to dig a mine under our strongest bastion. Fearing that they might starve us out unless we were reinforced, Colonel Willett and Lieutenant Stockwell volunteered to make their way to General Schuyler; so one dark, stormy night they started out. For nearly two weeks longer the digging and firing was kept up, and then our stubborn commander assured us that unless help soon reached him, before our supplies were all gone, we would sally out at night and cut our way through their lines.

"It was late in the afternoon of the 22d that



"MY FELLOW DRUMMER AND I BEAT THE LONG ROLL, AND AT THE WORD OF
COMMAND THE SERGEANT PULLED THE HALYARDS."

while taking my turn at one of the fort guns I saw a tremendous commotion in the camp opposite my position: guns were being dragged away; men were running; tents abandoned; and I fairly yelled out to the colonel, who at

direction. At nightfall there came to the gate a ragged country boy, who, being taken at once to the colonel, told him how he had been sent out by General Arnold, who was marching to our aid, into the enemy's camp to frighten them with

tales of a big army marching to take them in the rear. This boy, who had been condemned to be hung as a Tory spy; had been promised his freedom if he carried out this stratagem, an older brother Leing held in his stead to make sure that he would keep his promise. Joined by a couple of friendly Oneidas, they so frightened St. Leger's Indian allies that they decamped at once, in spite of all efforts to prevent them; and so the siege was raised, for, on the 25th, General Arnold's 'big' army of less than one thousand men arrived, followed the next day by that daring fighter himself. Most of our garrison went out after the fleeing enemy; but few of them could be found and brought back prisoners. Knapsacks, guns, provisions, everything that could hinder flight had been thrown away; and all this had been caused by a clever ruse. Colonel Willett was left in command of the fort, and, with my regiment, I marched out with General Arnold, to join our main

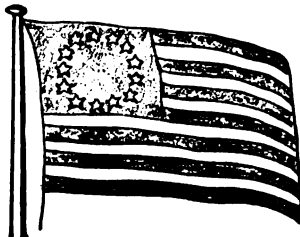
army fighting Burgoyne, who had not, by any means, reached Albany, as we had been told. Our flag was still flying at the top of the staff on the old fort as we left. It had not been lowered during its first engagement."



"THE OFFICERS WERE BLINDFOLDED AND SENT TO COLONEL GANSEVOORT'S QUARTERS."

the moment was below the rampart, 'They 're running away! They 're retreating!' What could it mean? We could see no force coming to our relief, nor hear any sounds of firing behind them, but there they were flying in every

FIRST
FLAG
OF THE
UNITED
STATES.



13 STARS
AND
13 STRIPES.
ADOPTED
1777.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL

BY JANE A. STEWART

HAROLD and Arthur Norris of Boston were visiting their Aunt Ruth in Philadelphia. One day they went to Independence Hall, where they saw the old Liberty Bell for the first time.

They asked a lot of questions about it.

"Wait till after dinner to-night, boys," said Aunt Ruth, "and ask your uncle. There's nothing about the Liberty Bell and its history that he does n't know. He's a director of the Pennsylvania Historical Society."

So, after dinner, Uncle William told the two boys the story of the Liberty Bell.

"It may seem strange to you," he began, "but the Liberty Bell is not American. It is really a British bell."

"A British bell, Uncle!" exclaimed Harold.

"The bell was originally made in England," said his uncle, smiling at the boy's eagerness. "However, it was recast twice in this country, and that gives it what might be called the American tone."

"You see, it was this way. The Provincial Council decided in October, 1750, to hang a government bell in the new Pennsylvania State House. The superintendents of the State House did not think that a bell of the size that they wanted could be made in Pennsylvania. So they wrote to the colonial agent in London, Mr. Robert Charles, to get a bell for them."

"I have a copy of the original letter," said Uncle William, "and I'll read it to you."

"November 1, 1751.

"RESPECTED FRIEND, ROBERT CHARLES: The assembly having ordered us (the superintendents of the State House) to procure a bell from England to be purchased for their use, we take the liberty to apply ourselves to thee to get us a good bell, of about two thousand pounds weight, the cost of which we presume may amount to about one hundred pounds sterling, or, perhaps, with the charges, something more. . . . We hope and rely on thy care and assistance in this affair, and that thou wilt procure and forward it by the first good opportunity. . . .

"Let the bell be cast by the best workmen, and examined carefully before it is shipped, with the following words well shaped in large letters round it, viz.:

"By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in the city of Philadelphia, 1752.

"And underneath:

"Proclaim liberty through all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. *Levit. xxv. 10.*

"As we have experienced thy readiness to serve this province on all occasions, we desire it may be our excuse for this additional trouble from thy assured friends,

"ISAAC NORRIS, THOMAS LEECH, EDWARD WARNER.

"In the postscript to this letter," said Uncle

William, "they add a line saying, 'Let the package for transportation be examined with particular care, and the full value insured there.'"

"Did anything happen to the bell, Uncle?"

"It came across the sea safely and arrived in Philadelphia at the end of August, 1752, in apparently good condition; and the polite superintendents sent Mr. Charles a letter of thanks 'for the care in procuring us so good a bell.'"

"But something *did* happen to the bell," persisted Arthur. "I remember reading about it."

"Yes," said Uncle William, "in spite of all the precautions, when the bell was hung up, it was cracked by the stroke of the clapper."

"Did they send it back to England?"

"They were going to do so. But the ship they chose could not take it on board. At this, two enterprising American workmen, Messrs. Pass & Stow, came forward. They volunteered to recast it. They broke up the metal, and found, on testing it, by first casting several little bells out of it, that the metal was too high and brittle. So they decided upon a mixture of an ounce and a half of copper to one pound of the old bell, and in this proportion it was remolded."

"The bell was hung in its place in April, 1753, but proved to be very unsatisfactory in tone. There was too much copper in it, it was said. And Pass & Stow, being teased so much about it, asked permission to cast it over again. This they did. And the bell, which was afterward to become famous as the 'Liberty Bell' was again hung in position in June, 1753."

"Was it satisfactory then?" asked Harold.

"It does not seem to have been liked by everybody. There was difference of opinion about it. The records tell us that Pass & Stow received pay for their work in September, 1753, sixty pounds, thirteen shillings, and fivepence, or about three hundred dollars."

"Next, the English bell-founder was asked to send over another bell, but its tone was found to be no better. So the first one remained in use."

"Thus the Liberty Bell which is preserved in Independence Hall to-day is really a British bell recast by Americans."

"There was no thought, perhaps, in the minds of the men who procured and hung the State House bell, of the prophecy involved in the Scripture command which they had put on the bell, twenty-four years before the Declaration of Independence. That verse is: 'Proclaim liberty

throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," said Uncle William.

"I wish I had been there to hear it ring for liberty when the Declaration of Independence was signed, on July 4, 1776!" exclaimed Arthur.

"So do I," said Harold.

"Those were exciting times for the old bell.

tower for more than half a century. Then a sad accident befell it. The bell was being tolled on July 8, 1835, for the death of United States Chief Justice Marshall, when suddenly it cracked and became mute."

"Did they ever try to mend it?" asked Arthur.

"Yes. In 1846, in order to use it upon Wash-



"CARRYING THE LIBERTY BELL TO ALLENTOWN"—AS REPRESENTED IN THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF "FOUNDERS' WEEK," PHILADELPHIA, 1908.

In 1777, you remember, boys, when the American forces were about to leave Philadelphia, the commissary took the precaution to guard the precious Liberty Bell by taking it down and transporting it to Allentown for safety. In passing through the streets of Bethlehem, the wagon containing the Liberty Bell broke down and had to be unloaded."

"Why did they take it away, Uncle?" asked Harold.

"To prevent its falling into the hands of the British, who were about to occupy the city," was the answer. "But the old bell was brought back safely, and it rang from the Independence Hall

ington's birthday of that year, the crack was drilled out. But when they tried to ring the bell, the crack immediately widened. So they gave up the attempt. And the old bell which had hung silently in the tower for over a decade was taken from its scaffolding and lowered to the first floor, where it could be seen by thousands of visitors daily.

"In 1875, when Independence Hall was restored to its original appearance, the old Liberty Bell was removed to the vestibule and placed on its original beam and scaffolding," said Uncle William, as he rose to bid the boys good night. "And that was where you saw it to-day."



AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY STATESMEN.



OUR BOYS AND OUR PRESIDENTS

Few boys escape occasional reminders that they may become Presidents of the United States if they behave themselves. Somebody outside the family wishing to say something nice and encouraging, or a fond parent speaking out a round-about sort of hope that the beloved son may become worthy of greatness, or some friend uttering a passing bit of pleasantry—any of these may say to any American lad whom he knows: "My boy, you may be President of the United States some day!"

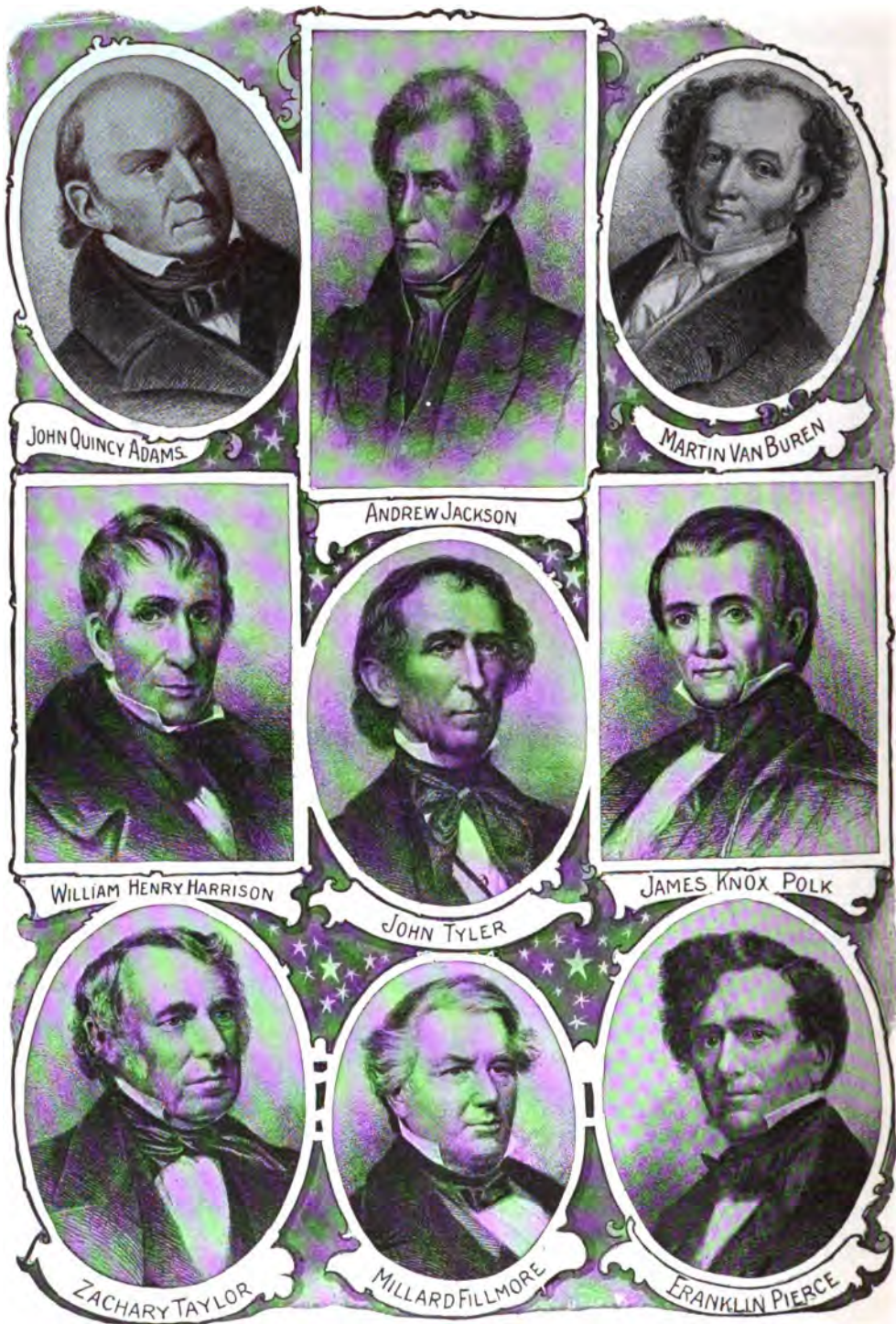
But however and by whom spoken, the remark usually makes no great impression upon the boy, whose joys and ambitions do not yet lie in the direction of the Presidency. We need no proverb to tell us that boys will be boys, and we are likely to pity the man who, in his youth, missed the happiness and advantage of having been a "real boy."

Yet the boy who lives will become a man, and all our Presidents have been boys—most of them just the kind of "real boys" that our country so abundantly rears. So there is not so great a distance between our boys and the Presidency, after all.

To tell a boy that he may be President is to put the Presidency above other earthly prizes attainable by our future men, and to imply that the route to the Presidency is a people's free highway. There is, in truth, no royal road to the White House, nor special privilege to any person or class that may have a fancy for it. What the law says as to the Presidency is simplicity itself: merely that a President shall be a native-born citizen at least thirty-five years old, with a residence of not less than fourteen years within the United States, and that he shall be elected by a majority of votes in the nation. There are millions of boys who in time will meet all these requirements but the last. The boys possess the

wide-open field, and how wide it is may be judged from the distance between Jefferson and Madison, born to wealth and high training, and Jackson and Lincoln, born to dire poverty and cast upon the world to train themselves. From Washington to John Quincy Adams, without interruption, the Presidency went to men who had been boys of so-called good family and position. From Jackson to McKinley it went chiefly to candidates who might be called "self-made men." From being men *for* the people the Presidents became men *of* the people; and, small as the difference looks, the people have clung to it ever since it began with Jackson, the first of "poor-boy" Presidents. Now that many young men of wealth and liberal education are showing a disposition toward politics, there seems a tendency to choose Presidents distinguished in private as well as in public life. In a true republic rich and poor are equal, and so they should be in popular feeling, when other qualities are alike. But the social conditions which gave us for Presidents rich and cultured planters like Jefferson and Madison, and men eminent by such distinction as that of John Adams and his son, have passed away. Inherited fortunes must be used to train men expressly for statesmanship, and to support them while giving their time and abilities to the public service, before the self-made man will lose his stronger hold upon the greatest place in our government.

If a little collection of trustworthy maxims could be published under the title, "How to Become President," it would be a help to those rare boys who begin early to think of what they would like to be, and it might set some boys to thinking of Presidential chances who now never give the matter a passing thought. But the winning of the Presidency is not one of those exact arts for which the directions can be set out like lessons in



PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.



PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

a school-book. It is difficult if not impossible to set down a course whereby a boy might become President; yet some of the reasons why the characters chosen were preferred to others may throw light on the kinds of men who reach the Presidency.

Washington was chief of the men who had carried the young nation to independence through the Revolutionary War, and when the people decided to have a President they had no room in their minds or hearts for anybody but him. He would have been a President for life if he had not insisted upon retiring when he felt that he could leave the office without injury to the country.

Presidents John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison were all illustrious statesmen of the Revolutionary period, and each was the natural and proper choice of the party that elected him in behalf of the nation.

Presidents Monroe and John Quincy Adams were both statesmen of distinguished character and service, with high claims upon the whole people, and stronger claims than any of their competitors upon the party to which they belonged.

President Jackson, coming up early from the humbler ranks of the people, had gained great fame and popularity as a military and political leader at the time of his election. He was a man of violent passions and prejudices, but, like the gentler Lincoln of after years, a man of many virtues and of a rare strength of character, and a lover of truth, honesty, and the interests of his country. Following the examples of Washington and Jefferson, he refused to serve for more than two terms, and gladly went into retirement at the zenith of his power over the government and people.

President Van Buren was a man of winning manners, and of great popularity; he was renowned as a manager of political affairs, and having been a loyal and most valuable helper to Jackson, the latter, in return, did all he could to make his friend's succession to the Presidency easy and sure.

President William Henry Harrison was much like Jackson in the great hold he had upon the masses through his military fame; but he was a well-bred man, and amiable to all men and parties. He was old when the great office came to him at last, and died only a month after his inauguration.

Presidents Polk, Pierce, and Hayes were men of esteemed private character and creditable standing in politics. Their positions in public life were too moderate to give them hopes of the Presidency, but their party leaders chose them as com-

promise candidates when unable to agree upon statesmen of greater fame.

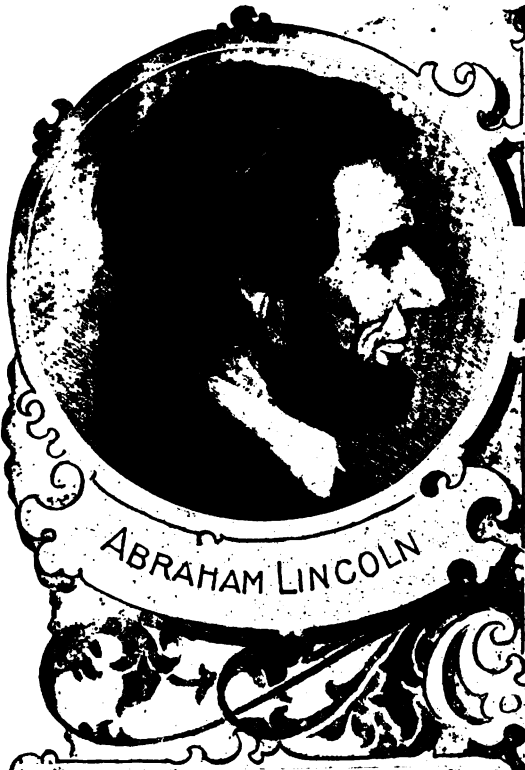
President Taylor and President Grant were military men who had become popular heroes through famous victories, for which reason they were taken into politics and made Presidential candidates, as being more likely to defeat the civilian candidates of the opposite parties.

Presidents Buchanan, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, and McKinley were public men of long and prominent service, who, without surpassing other men of their own parties, perhaps, were plainly in the front rank. They were finally preferred in the nominating conventions because well and strongly supported by their adherents, and because their prospects of success favorably impressed the members of the conventions.

Presidents Lincoln and Cleveland were public men who each made a rapid rise to national importance because he seemed to be the very man to deal with questions out of the ordinary line of politics, which much engrossed the popular mind at the time.

President Roosevelt worked up through the political ranks from the bottom, having served as assemblyman, civil service commissioner, police commissioner, assistant secretary of the navy, governor of New York, and Vice-President before he became Chief Executive. His conduct as a soldier also increased his popularity. Taft, who succeeded him, had been prominent as a jurist, and organizer of the new government in the Philippine Islands. Woodrow Wilson studied to be a lawyer, practised law for a while, continued his studies, was for many years professor of jurisprudence and political economy at Princeton University, became president of the University, and then was Governor of New Jersey.

Now let us see what our examples can teach us about how to attain the Presidency. First, we must put aside Washington, Taylor, and Grant as exceptional instances: for we shall hardly again have a creator-in-chief and founder of the nation; and only on rare occasions can some conqueror, by force of popular fervor, supersede the statesman and stride like a victor to the White House. From the examples that remain we learn that a coming President must be in political life, whether as an illustrious statesman, to whom the office comes like a natural promotion with hardly an effort, or as a suddenly risen man of fame, to whom the popular feeling decrees it. If he be neither of these, then he must be a statesman distinguished beyond the average, or one of average yet real distinction, who in either case must reach out for the coveted place, with a general feeling of the propriety of his hav-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



GEORGE WASHINGTON



THEODORE ROOSEVELT



WILLIAM H. TAFT

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

ing it. If such a one, in the course of events, has had an opportunity to successfully turn his hand to warfare, after the fashion of public men in this land of citizen soldiery, his martial popularity will count largely in his favor. Or an average statesman will have a useful lead if he possesses those personal qualities, such as tact, patience, and grace—the iron hand in the velvet glove—that enable him to manage all sorts and conditions of men, and so to make himself quietly predominant. Lastly, to be modestly but honorably in politics, with attractive personal qualities and good claims to private esteem, is to be hopefully in waiting for the day when a party, torn by the rival contentions of its principal men, shall look over into the next rank for a substitute candidate, and thus bring the honor suddenly.

To be in politics means to be active in some political party. Government in all free countries is carried on by parties, and, from the first President Adams to the present time, each President has been a party man. Even General Taylor had to be stamped as a Whig, and General Grant as a Republican, before they could be put in the way of a regular election to the place that popular admiration had already bestowed upon them.

Politics means the science of government, and because it means that it has been termed the noblest of professions, without meaning disrespect to the other learned professions, all of which depend upon it for their opportunities to flourish. Our government has been strikingly described by President Lincoln as a government of the people, by the people, for the people. If so, the people generally must take part in carrying it on honestly and intelligently, or it will not work. Those who do their duty must do it habitually through some party, or their labor will be lost. From the beginning of the government there has been one great party in favor of giving to the language of the Federal Constitution its broadest rational meaning, so as to make the national government strong and far-reaching, and to keep it large and active in overseeing the people and helping them to be prosperous. All the time there has been another great party, which aims to keep the language of the Constitution within its narrowest rational limits, leaving to the local governments all that they can fairly do, and leaving still more to the individual himself, as the best judge of his own interests and obliga-

tions. The first described party was known as the Federalist party in the beginning, and is represented to-day by the so-called Republicans; while the second party includes to-day those whom we call Democrats.

Most of our Presidents have been lawyers. To explain this we must remember that our government is one of mixed national and State authority, everywhere controlled by written constitutions, in which each power is limited and each duty defined. To understand and interpret these writings requires a legal education, because many of them mean more than can appear to the uninstructed reader. Lawyers, too, are trained speakers and orators; and to show the merits of one party and the demerits of the other, to the people, is an important part of political work. The first early step toward the Presidency, then, is to study law—not necessarily to become a lawyer, but to become a qualified statesman of the American kind. The next is to join one of the political parties, to be active in it, to preserve a good character, and to learn from the abundant records of the past as much as possible about the United States and its history.

In the White House, the President is the agent of his party, to carry out its principles and execute its policies, in harmony with the Constitution and the laws. He has much to do with the making of the laws, much more with their execution, and most of our national and foreign relations may be said almost to lie in the hollow of his hand. But he has so much to say, to hear, and to do that in general he must consult or advise or direct or depend upon many others, and he could not become an autocrat if he tried.

To win the Presidency as most of our Presidents have won it is a great thing; but it is a greater thing to part with it at the end of four or eight fruitful and mainly successful years. A President moving to an honored retirement is a witness to the noble possibilities of politics as a career, if followed with wisdom, justice, and a faithful devotion to duty. It is just such an inspiring ideal of an American citizen that the kindly speaker has in mind who pats on the head some manly and attractive urchin of the streets or the fields, and utters into politely attentive but uncharmed ears the suggestion that he may one day be President of the United States



WASHINGTON'S TEN NARROW ESCAPES

BY H. A. OGDEN

In speaking of Washington's first journey to the French forts on the Ohio, Edward Everett, the great orator, said: "He seemed to spring at once into public life, considerate, wary, and fearless; and that Providence, which destined him for other and higher duties, manifestly extended a protecting shield over his beloved head." As one reads the many different accounts of the strenuous life of our great national hero, this remark comes to mind again, for during his active youth on the frontier and leadership during the years of the Revolutionary War, he was never even wounded. That he was in dire peril many times, was brave at times even to rashness, are well-known facts. Taking these occasions in their order of occurrence, his earliest actual escape from death was in his twenty-first year, or in January, 1753, when he was a major in the Colonial forces of Virginia.

I. A TREACHEROUS GUIDE

AFTER a hard journey over the mountains to the French fort where Pittsburgh now is, he started



"HE SUDDENLY TURNED AND FIRED AT THE YOUNG MAJOR."

on foot to return to Virginia, with but one companion, Christopher Gist. They were shortly joined by an Indian guide, who proved to be on

the side of the French, for, finding they were determined to go straight ahead and not be lured out of their way, he suddenly turned and fired his musket directly at the young major. Luckily the shot missed Washington. He and Gist disarmed their treacherous guide, and, although Gist wanted to despatch him then and there, at nightfall they allowed him to go free, and hastened on their journey.

II. A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

ON this same expedition another peril awaited the young officer, for, the very next day, while crossing the Allegheny on a raft, which it had



THROWN FROM THE RAFT INTO THE RIVER.

taken them all day to construct with their one poor hatchet, the ice in the river so jammed their frail support that Washington was thrown overboard. As he said in his journal, "I was thrown with such violence against the pole that it jerked me over into ten feet of water." Catching hold of one of the raft logs, he was fortunately saved. The freezing-cold night was spent in intense suffering on a near-by island, Mr. Gist having both hands and feet frozen. As the ice was firm, they were able to cross to the mainland in the morning,

and before night they reached a safe shelter in a trading-house on the Monongahela.

III. AN UNFOUGHT DUEL

It is narrated that on one occasion in his early manhood Washington came very near the settlement of a dispute, so common in those days, by



A MANLY APOLOGY.

fighting a duel. But as he was the one who should have issued the challenge, he had the still greater courage to apologize and admit that he was in the wrong. It was in the town of Alexandria, where the young Virginia colonel was quartered with his troops, that an election dispute occurred, and, in the heat of the party excitement, Washington told a Mr. Payne that he lied. That gentleman at once replied with a blow that knocked the young colonel down. Word having reached the barracks that their beloved commander had been killed, his soldiers rushed to the city to avenge him. He met them, however, quieted them, and they returned to their quarters. Mr. Payne, on receiving a note from Washington the next morning asking him to call at his lodgings, supposed it was, of course, to give the colonel opportunity to demand "satisfaction" for the blow he had received the day before. Imagine his surprise when, instead of finding pistols or swords ready for a duel, Washington greeted him with outstretched hand, saying, "I believe I was wrong yesterday. You have already had

some satisfaction, and, if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand; let us be friends!"

IV. PROTECTED BY THE INDIANS' "GREAT SPIRIT"

OF all of Washington's escapes perhaps the most marvelous (indeed, none more wonderful is told in history) was when he was acting as an aide of General Braddock, and that officer was defeated and his army put to rout at the Monongahela River, July 9, 1755. The story has often been told how the over-confident British general, heedless of all advice, with his two regiments of regulars and a few provincials, marched directly into the ambush laid for them by the French and their Indian allies. Hemmed in on every side by foes they could not see, the close ranks of the regulars were almost annihilated. Every officer except Washington was either killed or wounded. Brad-



IN BRADDOCK'S FIGHT.

dock, vainly trying to keep his men in line, was wounded mortally. The whole duty of giving the general's orders had fallen upon Washington early in the engagement, and he rode everywhere in the thickest of the fight. Four bullets passed through his uniform, and two horses were killed under him, but, to the wonderment of all, he was unhurt. An Indian chief singled him out and shot at him many times and ordered his warriors to fire at him also, but, finding that their bullets took no effect, concluded that he was under the

protection of Manitou, the Great Spirit, and finally stopped firing at him. Washington afterward wrote home, saying, "Death was leveling my companions on every side of me; but, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected."

Out of this disastrous defeat, Washington saved all that was not lost. His conduct became known

several conspiracies against his life, and one of these he happily frustrated himself.

Upon overhearing in the enemy's camp a plot to poison the American commander-in-chief by the hand of one of his body-guard, a young woman quickly related to a friend of the patriot cause what she had learned. This friend, a man named Francis, hastened to headquarters at Rich-



WASHINGTON AND THE POACHER.

throughout the colonies, and for immediate reward he was made commander-in-chief of all the military forces of Virginia, and given a present of three hundred pounds in money.

V. THREATENED BY A POACHER

As an example of Washington's fearlessness, Sparks, the historian, tells of an occasion when Washington was aroused to quick action upon discovering a poacher on his grounds. Hearing the discharge of a gun, he mounted his horse, and, riding in the direction of the sound, soon found the intruder, who quickly jumped into his canoe and paddled out into the river. Washington rode instantly into the water in spite of the poacher's threatening him with his fowling-piece; and seizing the boat, he drew it to the shore, disarmed the poacher, and gave him a sound thrashing then and there.

VI. A FRUSTRATED PLOT

In the early days of our Revolutionary War, when the patriot army commanded by General Washington was stationed in New York, there were

mond Hill and imparted the story to Washington. Being thanked for his timely warning, he was cautioned to return home and keep the matter secret, as it might endanger his life if it became known.

Sending for one of the guard, of proved fidelity, a strict watch was ordered to be kept when dinner was being prepared the next day. This was done, and one of his own guards, who had all been picked men and were thought to be trusted, was seen to steal in and sprinkle a powder over the pease as they were cooking, and then, with a hurried departure, rejoin his comrades.

When assembled at the table for dinner, with Generals Gates and Wooster on either side, Washington solemnly said: "Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments," and then ordered his body-guard to enter the room. As they lined up at one end of the apartment, Washington, putting a spoonful of pease on his plate, looked sternly at the culprit and said: "Shall I eat of this vegetable?" Turning pale and showing great agitation, the wretched man said faintly: "I—don't—know." "Shall I eat of these?" Washington again asked, and then

the traitor started forward as if to prevent him, and so confessed himself the guilty man.

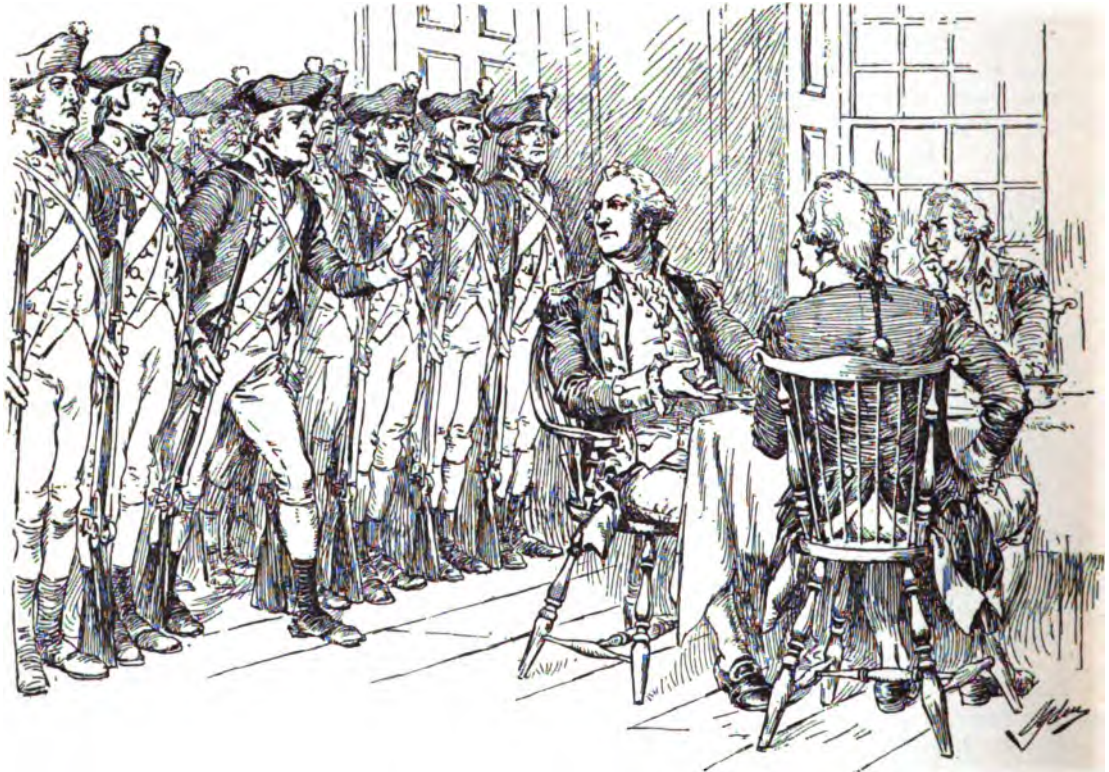
VII. IN PERIL AT KIP'S BAY

AFTER the memorable retreat from Brooklyn, the American army had been quartered in various parts of the city of New York, mostly along the banks of the East and Harlem rivers. At length on Sunday, the 15th of September, the British decided to advance and, crossing the river from Newtown Creek, landed at Kip's Bay, now the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street. The Ameri-

he doubtless would have been captured, had not one of his aides, seeing the danger, seized his horse's bridle and forcibly hurried him back.

VIII. CLOSE TO THE ENEMY AT PRINCETON

THE march to Princeton on the night of the 2d of January, 1777, had been a hard but swift one through the woods and over frozen roads, and it was shortly after dawn when the redcoats came in sight. They had just started their march to join Cornwallis at Trenton, which was what Washington meant to prevent. Pushing his



“SHALL I EAT OF THIS VEGETABLE?”

cans had thrown up light intrenchments, but when the enemy's ships started a furious cannonade, in order that their troops might land, they were abandoned, and the patriot militia made a speedy retreat.

The sound of the firing reached Washington some miles away, and galloping furiously with his aides, he soon reached the flying troops. Try as he would, he could not turn them back, and at length his indignation was so great that, snapping his pistols, and flinging his hat on the ground in anger, he exclaimed: “Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?” Turning in wrath and disgust toward the approaching enemy,

troops rapidly forward, they were soon actively engaged, and the fighting became hot. In order to inspire his men, Washington rode directly in front to within thirty yards of the enemy. For some time he was in the thickest of the battle, waving his hat and calling on his men to keep their ground. As one historian says: “The presence and bearing of Washington were the inspiration of the courage of his troops.”

Between two fires, it seemed that escape from death was impossible, and his principal aide, Colonel Fitzgerald, so feared to see him fall that he dropped his horse's reins and drew his hat down over his face with a shudder of dread.



CLOSE TO THE ENEMY, AT PRINCETON.

In a letter written a few days later about the battle, one of the American officers said: "Our army love their general very much, but they have one thing against him, which is, the little care he takes of himself in any action. His personal bravery and the desire he has of animating his troops by example make him fearless of danger. This occasions us much uneasiness. But Heaven, which has hitherto been his shield, I hope will continue to guard so valuable a life!"

IX. THE TREACHEROUS HOST

AMONG the many anecdotes told of Washington is one of how he escaped capture at the hands of



AT KIP'S BAY. "ONE OF HIS AIDES SEIZED HIS HORSE'S BRIDLE."

a treacherous host, whom he afterward pardoned at the earnest pleading of the culprit's family.

The American army was encamped near West Point, when one day their commander was invited to visit a near-by mansion and dine with an old gentleman at precisely two o'clock. Having been accustomed to visit the family, he had at first trusted this old man, but whispers got about questioning his fidelity to the patriot cause, which at last Washington resolved to put to a test. The host had been insistent as to the hour for dinner and intimated that a guard would not be necessary. This somewhat aroused Washington's sus-

picion, so he decided to arrive at least an hour earlier than the appointed time. The host suggested a walk on the piazza, and by his nervousness soon made it evident to his guest that something was wrong. Washington brought the conversation around to the subject of traitors, and he wondered at the lack of principle that would cause native-born Americans to join the enemy for a little glittering gold. His fixed look, as he made these remarks, made the traitor quail; but now the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and up rode a company of dragoons in scarlet coats.

"What cavalry are these?" exclaimed Washington. "What does this mean?"

"A party of British light horse sent for my protection," answered his host.

"British horse—to protect you while I am your guest,—what does this mean, sir?"

The troops, now dismounting, came toward the piazza, and the old man, getting close to his guest, said: "General, you are my prisoner!"

"I believe not," said Washington, "but, sir, I know that you are mine! Arrest this traitor, officer!"

Not knowing what to make of this turn of affairs, the hypocrite looked from Washington to the troopers, and then saw that they were American cavalymen whom Washington had disguised in British uniforms, and who arrived promptly at a quarter before two, in order to protect their general and aid him to test the truth or falseness of his host.

Being conducted, a prisoner, to the camp, the false friend

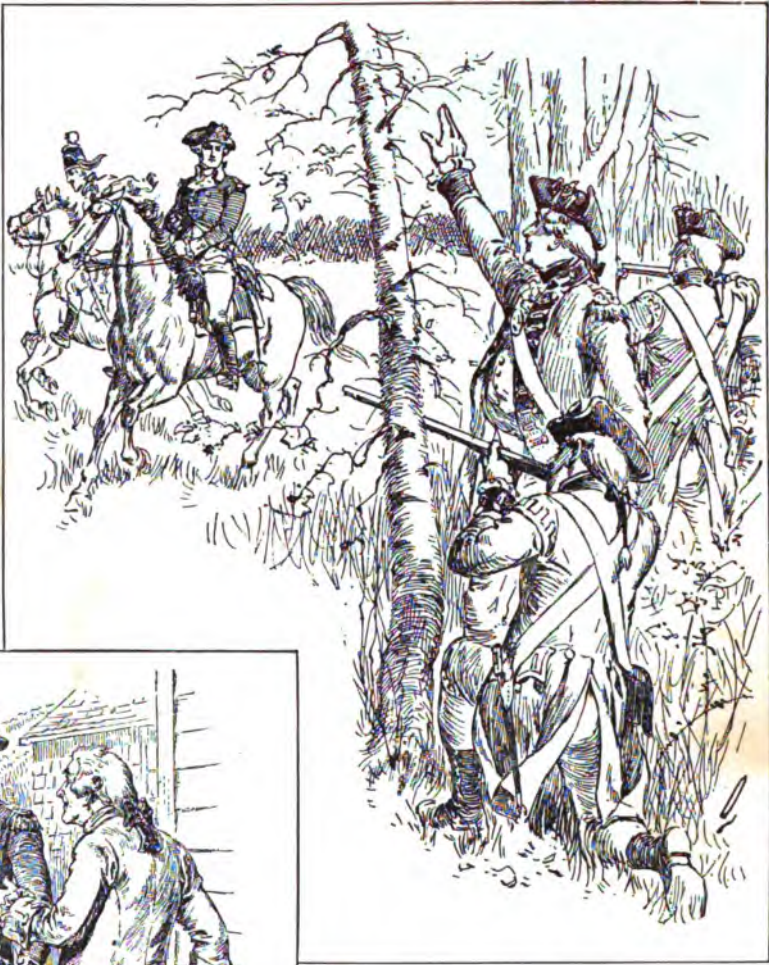
afterward confessed that he had been bribed to deliver Washington to a squadron of the enemy at two o'clock on the day when the American commander was his visitor.

X. A GENEROUS ENEMY

A BRITISH officer, Major Ferguson, of the "43d Foot," tells of an incident in which Washington had a narrow escape just before the battle of Brandywine. It seems that, when on advance duty with his men, two mounted officers on the American side approached very near the British line to reconnoiter. One wore a very high cocked

hat; the other was in French hussar uniform. Ferguson ordered three good marksmen to creep near and fire at them, but, as he says, "the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order." As they came closer, the major advanced from the woods and called upon them to stop; they then slowly cantered off. He goes on to say that "by quick firing we could have killed them easily, but, as it was not pleasant to fire at their backs, I let it alone."

Being told the next day by a wounded captured American officer that it was General Washington, attended by a French hussar officer only, who had been so near his line, Ferguson magnani-



MAJOR FERGUSON SPARES WASHINGTON'S LIFE.



"'WHAT CAVALRY ARE THESE?' EXCLAIMED WASHINGTON."

mously said: "I am not sorry that I did not know who it was at the time."

At the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, Washington was frequently under fire in the trenches. In fact, it was his hand that fired the first shot of the bom-

years in quiet. These proved to be but a brief period, for he passed away peacefully, as the century, in which he had been America's greatest hero, came to its close. And ever since, he has been truly "First in the Hearts of his Countrymen."





THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY MARY V. WORSTELL



OW many boys and girls who read this volume can tell, without a moment's hesitation, the number of men who signed the Declaration of Independence? There are doubtless many who can answer correctly, fifty-six.

But how much do we know about the lives and personalities of these men? and have we ever stopped to think what it meant to them to put their names to the most famous document in the history of our country? Now and then we meet people who can say that they are descendants of some "signer," and very proud they seem to be of that fact. They may well be proud, for consider for a moment what it meant to sign the Great Document. It meant that the signer publicly proclaimed himself an enemy to a great and powerful king—became a rebel, in fact; and we all know the fate that commonly overtakes rebels. To-day we seldom think of the trials and misfortunes that followed the signing; we think only of the glory.

Although George III paid little attention to the many protests that had been presented to him by the colonies, he yet kept a close watch on these restless subjects, and his representatives well knew all that was going on.

To the Second Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia in 1776, were sent, from the thirteen original colonies, delegates whose loyalty was undoubted. Patriotism was not profitable in those far-away days. Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, sacrificed a large fortune in his country's behalf; Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, also lost a large fortune by the war; while the immortal Samuel Adams, who dedicated his life to the service of his beloved country, lived and died a poor man.

But let me present to you, very briefly, these fifty-six men; and possibly, after this introduction, you may wish to know more of their lives and achievements.

GEORGIA

GEORGIA sent three delegates, and of these (1) George Walton was the youngest. He was an ambitious boy who was apprenticed to a carpenter so niggardly that he would not allow the lad a candle by which to study. Luckily, wood was

plentiful, and by the light of a burning torch Walton studied hard and in time became a lawyer. (2) Lyman Hall came from New England. Before he was twenty-one he had married and settled in Georgia, to which place he was accompanied by about forty families. The patriotism of these settlers has left a permanent impress on the State, for its counties were named after such British statesmen as showed themselves friends to the American colonies. Look them up on the map and see if this is not so. You will find also a county named after this signer. (3) Button Gwinnett was an Englishman who came to this country when he was thirty-eight years old. He took up the cause of the oppressed colonies with much enthusiasm—too much, in fact, for he became involved in a quarrel, and in the duel which followed he lost his life.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SOUTH CAROLINA furnished four delegates, among them (1) Edward Rutledge, who was the youngest man to sign the Declaration, for he was only twenty-seven at the time. All of the South Carolina signers—Rutledge, (2) Arthur Middleton, (3) Thomas Heyward, Jr., and (4) Thomas Lynch, Jr.—came of wealthy families, and the three former had received the benefit of a foreign education. Three years after signing the Declaration, Thomas Lynch, then in poor health, sailed for France, and his ship never was heard of again. While Arthur Middleton was in Philadelphia, a delegate to the Second Continental Congress, he and John Hancock, with their families, occupied the same house. Both men were wealthy and hospitable, and they drew around them a choice circle of friends. Lynch was the only signer from South Carolina who did not suffer imprisonment for his efforts in his country's behalf.

NORTH CAROLINA

NORTH CAROLINA sent three delegates. (1) Joseph Hewes was born a Quaker; he was a man of intense patriotism, and in time he became the first Secretary of the Navy, with almost unlimited powers; and though to him the war meant great financial loss, he never swerved in his devotion to his country. (2) William Hooper was a Boston man who was partly educated by his father,

who was pastor of Trinity Church. Having studied law, he settled in North Carolina; but his life in the new country proved a hard one, for the only way of traveling was on horseback, and some of the courts were two hundred miles from his home. (3) John Penn was a bright boy whose early education was neglected, but this loss was speedily made good when his relative, the distinguished Edmund Pendleton, placed his fine library at the lad's disposal. John Penn filled many offices, and on the return of peace he withdrew to private life, not enriched, but impoverished, by the offices he had held.

MARYLAND

MARYLAND sent four delegates. (1) William Paca was a man of graceful address and polished manners and came of a fine old family, while (2) Thomas Stone was a younger son with no prospects at all. But he was eager for an education, and he secured it by daily attendance at a school ten miles from his home. It would be easy to predict success for a boy of such pluck; and indeed he achieved success, for five times he was elected to Congress. (3) Samuel Chase was called the "Demosthenes of Maryland." He was a fine orator and a kindly man as well. One time, on a visit to Baltimore, he met a young man in whom he became much interested. He not only placed his library at his disposal; he invited him to make his home with him. Chase lived to see his generosity justified, for the young man was no other than William Pinckney, one of the most distinguished lawyers our country has ever produced. (4) Charles Carroll of Carrollton (and why he signed his name in that way you may have read about in your school histories) was one of the wealthiest of the signers. He was the signer destined to outlive all of the others.

DELAWARE

DELAWARE sent three representatives. (1) George Read was a man of cool and deliberate judgment in spite of Irish descent; and an interesting phase of his character is shown in the fact that his first act as a lawyer was to give up all rights to his father's estate, declaring that his education represented his proper share. (2) Thomas McKean was a truly remarkable man. For fifty years he was in public life, and he filled many prominent and honorable offices. For many years he was Governor of Pennsylvania. The third delegate, (3) Cæsar Rodney, chanced to be in Delaware when the Declaration was ready for signing. Read was slow to favor independence, while McKean was eager for it. The vote of Rodney, therefore, would turn the scales for Delaware, so

McKean sent a special messenger to Rodney, urging his immediate return to Philadelphia. The result was a hurried ride on horseback of eighty miles; a historic ride, that has been told in spirited verse for children who like to recite "pieces." Rodney reached Philadelphia just in the nick of time, and an old record says that "he voted with his boots on."

RHODE ISLAND

RHODE ISLAND furnished two delegates, (1) Stephen Hopkins and (2) William Ellery. Next to Benjamin Franklin, Hopkins was the oldest man to sign the Declaration. Though his education was meager, he was ambitious to learn, and by hard study he became a fine mathematician and surveyor. William Ellery paid dearly for his connection with the Continental Congress, for the British burned his home, and other property of his was seriously damaged.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

OF New Hampshire's three delegates, two were physicians. When (1) Dr. Matthew Thornton was only thirty-one he took part in the famous capture of Louisbourg by Pepperel and Warren, assuming, with success, the medical care of the New Hampshire division. (2) Dr. Josiah Bartlett was an energetic man whose profession could not keep him out of political life. During the sixty-six years of his life he did the work of a dozen men. (3) William Whipple began his life under unfavorable circumstances, for he was a sailor, and before he was twenty-one he was in charge of a vessel engaged in importing slaves. But this life was soon given up, and he rendered fine service in Congress, where his knowledge of naval affairs proved valuable on various committees.

CONNECTICUT

CONNECTICUT furnished four delegates. (1) Oliver Wolcott came of a famous Connecticut family and was destined for the medical profession. But he soon abandoned medicine for politics and military life, and quickly rose to distinction. (2) William Williams was a nephew of Colonel Ephraim Williams, who founded Williamstown and Williams College. With this uncle, William Williams, while still a young man, made a journey to Lake George, and the glimpse of military life under British officers that this afforded served to strengthen his wish for independence.

Connecticut may well be proud of (3) Samuel Huntington and (4) Roger Sherman, for the first was a farmer's son, yet so eager was he for an education that he not only acquired it, but he held

high offices. In 1780 this farmer's son was President of Congress and later Governor of Connecticut, while Roger Sherman spent the first twenty-two years of his life at the cobbler's bench. But a book was always close at hand, so that every spare moment might be put to good use. He not only filled many public offices; he was one of the five appointed to draw up the Declaration—a great honor, only to be bestowed on one of ripe judgment. John Adams said that "Roger Sherman had a clear head and a steady heart, and was one of the soundest and strongest pillars of the Revolution."

NEW YORK

NEW YORK sent four representatives. (1) Both Francis Lewis and (2) William Floyd were of Welsh descent, and both were made to suffer greatly for signing the Declaration, for their homes were plundered and destroyed by the British. (3) Lewis Morris, still another New York signer, was made to suffer also, for he was a rich man with a great estate. A British force was stationed near his home; nevertheless, he pluckily put his name to the document. In revenge, the British burned his home and more than a thousand acres of woodland. But the patriotism of Lewis Morris never wavered, and in time his three sons took up arms in behalf of their country. The name of Livingston has long been an honored one in the annals of New York City. In 1746 there were but few in the whole colony who had received a college education, and of these (4) Philip Livingston was one. After graduating from Yale College he engaged in commerce and soon laid the foundation of an ample fortune. At the age of forty-six his health failed, but, being a member of Congress, he would not abandon the duties of his office. He died while in office, deeply lamented by the young nation he had served so faithfully.

NEW JERSEY

OF the five delegates sent to Philadelphia by New Jersey, two were farmers, (1) John Hart and (2) Abraham Clark. When the British invaded New Jersey, Hart's home and farm were laid waste, and Hart himself, then a man of seventy-one, was hunted from place to place. Tradition says that at one time he was so sorely beset that he was obliged to hide in a dog-kennel. It is pleasant to know that he lived to repair the damage done by his enemies. Abraham Clark was one of those who were eager for independence, and he did all in his power to secure it for his country. (3) Francis Hopkinson was a fine student and a member of the first class that the University of Pennsylvania ever graduated. No noisy fun for him,

for, as Dr. Benjamin Rush quaintly says of him, "his wit was mild and elegant and infused cheerfulness and a species of delicate joy into the hearts of all who heard it." (4) Richard Stockton was a man of wealth, position, and culture. He was born in the town of Princeton, New Jersey, and he conferred a great favor on the college there when he induced to come to this country (5) Dr. John Witherspoon, a learned Scottish divine. Dr. Witherspoon was the only clergyman to sign the Declaration. He was the sixth president of Princeton College, and devoted himself not only to the college, but to the country of his adoption, for it is said that he became an American and an ardent patriot as soon as he reached our shores.

PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA sent more delegates than any other colony—nine. (1) Benjamin Franklin was the oldest of all the signers. We may be sure that this truly great man was a prominent figure in that remarkable gathering. Almost as notable was (2) Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution. Though he was slow at first to favor independence, later he showed the truest patriotism, for his financial aid tided the young country over serious difficulties. "The Americans," says one historian, "owe as much acknowledgment to the financial operations of Robert Morris as to the negotiations of Benjamin Franklin, or even to the arms of Washington." (3) Dr. Benjamin Rush may well be honored, for he was a physician of high standing; and in 1793, when Philadelphia was visited by yellow fever, and more than 4500 fell victims in three months, Dr. Rush was one of three physicians who nobly remained at their posts. (4) James Wilson was a young Scotchman who came to this country when he was twenty-one. By the time he was only twenty-six he was the acknowledged head of the Philadelphia bar. The name of this signer has recently been brought into notice. He died while at Edenton, North Carolina, but in 1906 his remains were brought to Philadelphia, where they were interred in the graveyard of Christ's Church. There were appropriate ceremonies in which many legal and patriotic societies took part, as well as representatives of the national government. (5) George Clymer was another delegate of sturdy patriotism, and so was (6) James Smith. The latter was a man of genial disposition, keen sense of humor, and great benevolence. (7) George Taylor was an Irishman, and came to this country to avoid studying medicine. He worked in a foundry, and after some years he became its proprietor. (8) John Morton was a boy who had but three

months' schooling, but this was followed by such wide reading and study, under the supervision of his stepfather, that in time he became one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania (9) George Ross, still another of the Pennsylvania signers, must have been a model delegate, for his conduct in Congress was so highly approved by his constituents that they voted him more than six hundred dollars with which to pur-

careers of (3) John Adams and his kinsman, (4) Samuel Adams, cannot be summed up in a few words. John Adams was a man of marvelous industry, serving in Congress on no less than ninety different committees. He was twice Vice-President before filling the Presidential chair for one term; and the closing years of his busy and useful life were brightened by watching the career of his son, John Quincy Adams, who, in



"SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE." PAINTED BY JOHN TRUMBULL.
John Hancock is seated at the table on which rests the Declaration. Near him, standing, are Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston.

chase a piece of silver. But Ross was as modest as he was loyal, and he refused the gift.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE five delegates from Massachusetts Bay formed a famous group. (1) Elbridge Gerry was in public life many years. From the time when he first took his seat in the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, at the age of twenty-nine, till, as Vice-President of the United States, under Madison, he died, at the age of seventy, the story of his life is the story of devotion to country. (2) Robert Treat Paine was born, so the chroniclers tell us, "of pious and respectable parents." He entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, and on graduating he taught school for a time in order to earn enough money to study law, and in time he won distinction as an able lawyer. The

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time, also became President—a wonderful record only equaled by the Harrisons of Virginia. John Adams was said to have "the clearest head and the firmest heart of any man in Congress." Samuel Adams embarked for a time in commerce, but this proved as disastrous as his political life was brilliant. He made no secret of his wish for independence, and this so irritated Governor Gage that he issued his celebrated proclamation in which he promised pardon to all who would lay down their arms, "excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock." He held many honorable offices in the young State of Massachusetts, and in time he succeeded John Hancock as Governor. He died in his eighty-second year, a very poor man. In fact, he has been called "the poor gentleman." But now his country glories in his illustrious





name and record. (5) John Hancock was a born leader, and at the age of thirty-nine he was elected President of the immortal Second Continental Congress. Though a rich man, he was a sincere patriot, for when it was proposed to bombard Boston, he gave a prompt and hearty assent, though it would have caused his financial ruin. He loyally declared that his private fortune should on no occasion oppose an obstacle to the liberties of his country. Of all the signatures on the Declaration, we recall Hancock's first; for he said, when he wrote his name,—he wrote with unusual distinctness,—that "George III might read it without spectacles." Hancock was Governor of Massachusetts for many years.

VIRGINIA

THE Virginia signers all came of prominent families. (1) Carter Braxton was educated at William and Mary College, and this was followed by a three years' sojourn abroad. On his return he was drawn into local politics, and for many years he was a notable figure in the history of his colony. (2) Benjamin Harrison entered public life while he was still a young man. Great Britain recognized his influence and sought to conciliate him, but his patriotism was sturdy and he was not to be bought over. In time he became Governor of Virginia, and a popular one he proved. (3) Thomas Nelson, Jr., was one of the richest men in Virginia, in those far-away days. Like Carter Braxton, he was born to wealth, and his education was completed in England. One incident of his life shows us how true a patriot he was, for when he was in command of the State militia at Yorktown it was thought that a decided advantage might be gained by bombarding his home. He at once directed the gunners to attack it, saying, "Spare no particle of my property so long as it affords comfort or shelter to the enemies of my country." In this he followed Hancock's unselfish example. The name of Lee has been an honored one in Virginia for many years. (4) Francis Lightfoot Lee was a close personal friend of Washington, and though he cared little for public life, he did not shirk its duties. For seven years he was a member of the House of Burgesses, and for four years a member of the Continental Congress. In his own home he was always the charming host, the bright and witty companion, the self-forgetting friend. His more brilliant brother, (5) Richard Henry Lee, was so gifted an orator that he was called "the Cicero of America." He was always eager for complete independence, and so it is not to be wondered at that it was this ardent patriot who was the first to propose that "these united colo-

nies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." This was immediately seconded by that other ardent lover of liberty, John Adams. Jefferson alludes to Lee as "eloquent, bold, and ever watchful at his post." (6) Chancellor George Wythe was a famous figure in the early history of Virginia. He was born to wealth, he was finely educated, and in time he won high distinction at the bar. But to-day he is recalled as the wise teacher of Thomas Jefferson. Both master and pupil signed the Great Document.

In thinking of the Declaration, one name always stands out like a great mountain peak, towering above all others—the name of (7) Thomas Jefferson; for it was this gifted man who drew up the document, and he did it with such skill that hardly a word of it was changed. As Richard Henry Lee was the first to make a motion suggesting independence, it would have been the usual and courteous thing to make him chairman of the committee to draw up the document. But Lee was suddenly recalled to his Virginia home, and so it seemed only fair to assign the delicate task to some other delegate from the same colony. Jefferson was no orator, but he had already earned an enviable reputation as a writer of important state documents. So to him was assigned the delicate but momentous task. How well he performed we may know from the fact that his four associates could suggest only a very few changes.

Many of the signers reached high offices in the young republic. Many became governors of the new States, and two were elevated to the Presidency, Jefferson and John Adams. One truly remarkable fact may be recalled in connection with these two, namely, that both men died on the same day; and, what was still more remarkable, they died just fifty years to a day after the united colonies were declared independent, namely, on July 4, 1826. And when they passed away there was but one signer living, the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who survived Jefferson and Adams for six years, for he lived to be ninety-six years old.

And who shall describe the actual signing of the Great Document! We can imagine these fine and courtly gentlemen going, one by one, to the broad table which may be seen to-day in Independence Hall. William Ellery, one of the Rhode Island delegates, afterward declared: "I placed myself beside the Secretary and eyed each closely as he affixed his name to the document. Undaunted resolution was displayed in every countenance." It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the lives of these fearless men who, believing in the righteousness of their cause, hazarded lives and fortunes in the great name of Liberty.



From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer of the painting by Velasquez, in The Hague.

DON CARLOS BALTHAZAR, INFANTE OF SPAIN.

SOME FAMOUS BOYS OF HISTORY

THREE BOYS IN ARMOR

BY TUDOR JENKS

UNTIL two years after Queen Victoria was crowned there never had been a photograph of the human face. In 1839 the first such photograph was taken by Professor John W. Draper, of New York City.

Before that date and until after 1750, those who wished portraits must pay an artist for a painting or drawing, and only a few could afford such a luxury. About 1759, silhouettes were in fashion; and some of you may not know that these black profiles were named after a French minister of finance. Because he was said to be stingy, it was considered a good joke to speak of cheap things as being *à la Silhouette*; and these black-paper portraits being cheap, they received the minister's name.

Since great artists charged very high prices, only the great and rich could be painted by the masters; and as their pictures were carefully preserved, the fine portraits of other days usually represent only the nobles and wealthy, such as kings, queens, princes, generals, and great statesmen.

It is natural, then, that the children whose faces have been made known to us by the distinguished painters should be little folks of high degree—or the sons and daughters of the artists, whose pictures were painted for nothing! These old-time boys and girls are dressed in garments like those their parents wore, for special fashions for children's wear came at a later time.

With this article are shown engravings made from three celebrated paintings, representing three boys, one English, one Dutch, and the other Spanish. They all lived at about the same period. Their names are Charles Stuart, who became Charles II, King of England—the “Merry Monarch”; William of Nassau, son of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange; and Carlos Balthazar,

son of Philip IV, King of Spain. They were princes, all three, and the nations to which they belonged were rivals for supremacy upon the sea. First Spain's navy was the strongest, then the Dutch came to the fore, and finally England took the lead—and the British navy holds the supremacy to-day.

The Spanish Infante, or Prince, was painted by Velasquez; the English and Dutch boys by Van Dyck. These artists may fairly be ranked with the greatest portrait-painters of the world, so we should feel satisfied that the likenesses are good.

It will increase our interest in the pictures to see what history records about these little nobles. Two of them died comparatively young; the third, Charles Stuart, was king of England for quarter of a century; and many historians consider that it might have been better if he had not outlived the other two.

Let us first speak of the young Spaniard. Except for Velasquez's brush we should know little of this prince, who died in his seventeenth year. But Velasquez seemed to delight in picturing Carlos Balthazar, for, from the time of the first portrait, showing the royal baby at the age of two, until the prince's death, there is a series of canvases showing the bright-eyed boy in many poses. He is sometimes in hunting costume, again in armor, now with his dogs, and several times on horseback. One large picture, showing the young cavalier charging at a gallop, is thought by a number of critics to be as wonderful a piece of painting as Velasquez ever accomplished.

There may have been other reasons why Velasquez painted Prince Carlos so often, besides fondness for the work. King Philip dearly loved the boy, and may have commanded the paintings. Or, when the question of finding a suitable bride

for the prince was under consideration, a number of portraits may have been made to send to foreign courts—for such was the custom of the

portrait of him in his baby-days he is attended by a baby-page hardly older than himself. At six years, a painting shows him in hunting-dress



From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co. of the portrait by Van Dyck, in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

WILLIAM II OF ORANGE.

times, as any attentive student of fairy-tales would know; though, so far as I remember, school-books tell us nothing on the subject.

Carlos was born in 1629; and in Velasquez's
VII—7

with a gun and dogs; next we see him learning to ride, under the instruction of Duke Olivares, the most celebrated horseman in Spain.

The portrait given here was painted about



From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co. of the portrait by Van Dyck, in the Royal Gallery, Windsor Castle.

PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND, AFTERWARD KING CHARLES II.

1638, when Carlos was nine. He holds in his hand a baton or staff such as generals and marshals used to carry on the battlefield as a sign of military authority. But this is a plaything,—like his armor,—for the Infante Don Carlos Balthazar never went to war; and, in fact, we are told by one authority that he was “a fat, jolly boy, not intelligent.”

But this does not seem just, for certainly the portrait shows a boy who is neither fat nor stupid; and we know that his father had both affection for his son and pride in his accomplishments, especially in his riding. To Don Fernando, an uncle, the king often wrote in praise of the prince's daring and skill; whereupon the admiring uncle would send presents of armor, dogs,

and other things that boys, even when princes, find useful.

Once the gift was a pony, described by Don Fernando as a little demon, but he added that the horse would "go like a little dog" after a few cuts with the whip.

In 1645 Don Carlos made a journey to Aragon and Navarre with his father, on business; and we know this because the boy appears in a royal group forming part of the picture "A View of Saragossa," painted by Mazo.

It is odd that artists during their lives are distinguished for painting great personages, but that after a few years these same personages are often remembered solely because they live in the masterpieces of the great artists.

In June, 1646, Don Carlos was betrothed to a daughter of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria; but this proposed marriage must have been only a political alliance, for the little prince died in the same year, and Mariana, the same Austrian princess, afterward married the King of Spain himself.

Philip must have grieved sincerely over the loss of his son, for soon after the prince's death he wrote thus to one of his generals, the Marquis of Legañas:

MARQUIS—We must all of us yield to God's will, and I more than others. It has pleased him to take my son from me about an hour ago. Mine is such grief as you can conceive at such a loss, but also full of resignation in the hand of God.

Yet had Prince Carlos lived to ascend the throne he must have reigned in troublous times. Soon after his death Spain was compelled to give up her sovereignty over Portugal, and saw the Netherlands become foremost in power upon the seas. These were proud Spain's dark days, and the Infante Carlos missed little happiness by failing to wear the crown.

Prince William of Nassau, or Orange, was a more attractive young noble—as, indeed, we may judge from Van Dyck's painting; he was brave, energetic, and able, as befitted a kinsman of "William the Silent," whom the Dutch have not shrunk from comparing even with George Washington.

The young Dutch prince, born in 1626, inherited some of the best qualities of his distinguished family. He was attractive in person and manners, and his mind was bright. He no doubt often heard the wonderful story of the struggles of the gallant Dutch nation to win independence, and learned of the building and maintenance of the wonderful "dikes and ditches," of their value in peace and war, their importance, and the terrible

desolation that would follow even a small defect in their structure. What fascinating stories were his inheritance!—stories to which he must have listened with all a clever boy's interest in adventure and excitement—incidents from the life of "good Father William," as the people fondly called William the Silent, tales of heroism that have never been surpassed.

When about sixteen, Prince William visited England; for his parents had arranged for his marriage with the Princess Mary, daughter of King Charles the First of England, and sister of Charles Stuart. The prince found a warm and kindly welcome at the English court, and while there he made many sincere friends.

He was acquainted with several languages, and was mature beyond his years. The duties which his position demanded he performed with ability and grace.

Some one who lived at that time and heard him speak, wrote: "He has pronounced his little speeches with the best grace, and with so much good will that he has acquired the love of every one who heard him. I will not say more, but that is not half the truth."

Prince William and Princess Mary were betrothed soon after the prince arrived.

The marriage ceremony at The Hague was performed several years afterward, and Princess Mary became Princess of Orange. The young couple passed some happy years together, and were evidently devoted to each other. When the Prince was stricken with smallpox, although he knew he was dying, he refused the comfort of his young wife's presence lest she also might take the disease.

Before she was twenty, the Princess was a widow; but a son was born to her, and this son of Prince William became king of England, and reigned for years as William III, with his wife Mary, niece of Charles the Second—that is, of the little prince whose portrait is the last of the engravings.

Van Dyck lived many years in England as court painter to Charles I, and the great artist died in London in 1641. He painted the portrait of Prince William before the boy's visit to England—which was before the prince was sixteen years old. The portrait of Charles Stuart, also by Van Dyck, must have been painted after the coming of the Prince of Orange to England, since Charles was a baby at that time, and the picture shows the prince to be at least seven or eight years old.

Prince Charles was born in 1630, and his later life as Charles II need not concern us in considering the charming picture Van Dyck painted of

him in his boyhood. It will be enough to admit that his reign was one of those that Englishmen would willingly spare from their history. In comparing him with his brother, James II, it has been wittily said, "Charles could see things if he would, and James would if he could." The history of the Restoration may be left by younger readers for later study.

Of Charles's boyhood certain leading facts will enable us to judge. When eight years old he was recognized as Prince of Wales, and provided with an establishment and attendants of his own; two years later he was allowed to take a seat in the House of Lords to learn to govern his future subjects—which, though he began so young, he never learned to do. At twelve we find him in command of part of the royal forces that were striving to put down the revolution. He narrowly escaped capture by the Roundheads at Edgehill, and besides undergoing the regular hardships of the campaign, had to undergo an attack from the measles during his retreat to Oxford.

When he was fourteen there were negotiations concerning his future marriage; but these came to nothing, as might have been expected, considering the state of things in England and the dis-

mal prospects of the royal cause. His proposed bride was a sister of Prince William of Orange. Two years later, Prince Charles escaped from England, and by way of the Scilly Isles and Jersey made his way to France and Holland.

When Charles the First was beheaded, the young Prince, who was nineteen, was proclaimed king in Ireland and in Edinburgh; but, largely because of Oliver Cromwell and his friends, he did not ascend the throne for eleven years.

In the careers of these "Three Boys in Armor" there is much to pity, little to envy; all lived in times of trouble, anxiety, and distress. They were little else than puppets that danced when statesmen pulled the strings as the fortunes of Spain, Holland, and England seemed to require. One has a feeling of sympathy for these boys as he gazes into their frank young faces. Don Carlos has the happiest face—and, though not stupid, shows least signs of intellect.

It was pleasant to be painted into a masterpiece by Velasquez or Van Dyck: but, after all, one must admit that there are certain advantages in the obscurity of being one citizen of a great republic—even if you must depend on the home camera for immortality.

BOYS OF MANY LANDS AND TIMES

I

WILLIAM OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM became Duke of Normandy, when he was eight years old, on the death of his father, Robert, in 1035. He had many enemies, but he was brave and strong, and loved fighting. He was very young when he retook the castle of Falaise from the rebel lord Thurstan, when he won the castle of Arques from his own uncle, and when, with the help of the King of France, he defeated the Norman rebels at Val ès dunes. It was nearly twenty years after, in 1066, that he invaded England, and won his victory over Harold. Here we tell the story of his boyhood and early manhood.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, went to the Holy Land, and died on his way back. His young son William succeeded not only to all the honors of the duchy, but also to the war between the duke and his overlord, Henry, King of France. The soldiers of France were round the walls of one of William's castles, and in Henry's name they were demanding that the castle should be given

up. William's men, on the other hand, said they would not yield until they had no more strength to fight.

There were angry words on both sides. Loud threats arose from the French, and matters looked very serious, when suddenly William came upon the scene. The boy was handsome, brave, and strong. "Let me have my way now," he said to the Normans. "You are my faithful men, but I do not quite agree with you. Henry is my overlord, and I am bound to be true to him."

King Henry seemed pleased with the boy, and as a reward he made him one of the Knights of St. Michael and St. George. William was a very young knight, but he was proud of the honor, and went home feeling that he was quite a man.

William had been obliged to give up that castle to King Henry; but he soon found that the King kept taking more and more land from his duchy. In spite of his fine promises, Henry even helped the young duke's men to rebel; for there were some people in Normandy who would have liked some one else to rule over them.

Chief among these was one named Thurstan, who was bold enough to say he would no longer

obey Duke William. He took the castle of Falaise, which was William's favorite home, and sent rude messages to the duke. William at once called his men together, and ordered the big standard of Normandy to be brought out. The young duke was quick in action, and he seemed to do things in haste. The brave Normans loved him for this, and without a word they set themselves behind their young leader.

Thurstan looked at the steep cliffs and the strong walls, and said: "They will never take Falaise from me. I am safe enough in this fine old place." But he forgot that the people of the town loved William. Even while he thought he was so safe within the castle, a little girl had run in to tell the people that William was coming.

Now there was joy and stir in Falaise; for all the gates were flung wide open, and the Normans came marching in to attack the castle on its weakest side. When Thurstan saw that his walls were broken, he began to feel a little afraid of the duke. "This lad of thirteen is like a man," he said. "He can do just what he wishes." All day long the fight went steadily on, and when Thurstan saw that he was beaten he asked pardon from the duke. Now, although William was but a boy, he showed older people how to be just and kind even to one's foe.

"I give you your life, Thurstan," he said to the kneeling soldier, "but you have to leave my country. You must go far away from Normandy, and never come back; for you have broken your word, and made war upon your home land."

William's enemies were those of his own family. The Norman barons lived in strong castles, and they were very lawless. They made war upon each other, and did many cruel things. One night some men broke into the young duke's rooms and killed his tutor, who slept near him. They also killed his old and trusted friend Count Osborn.

The next great trouble came through his uncle, who said that he ought to be duke instead of William. He was besieged in his castle of Arques by William's men, when all at once they found out that Henry, King of France, was sending in food to the castle. They knew that if this went on it was useless for them to wait patiently for the castle to yield.

At this time William was at his hunting-lodge far off, but as soon as he heard the news he called for his horse to be saddled, and turning to those around him, he shouted, "Let him who loves me, follow me!" He rode day and night until he came into the camp at Arques and greeted his men. "I shall not leave you until this castle is in our hands," he said, and he kept his word.

A little while later his cousin Guy formed a

plot against him, by which William was to be seized and Guy made duke instead. Guy and his friends dined together very merrily, and then called in a poor man named Gillos to amuse them. Without thinking, some of the men began to talk about the plot. Now the young duke had always been kind to this poor man, and as soon as he heard what had been said, Gillos ran off to William's hunting-lodge, where he arrived when every one had gone to rest. But Gillos knew that no moment was to be lost; so he began to batter on the door with a thick stick.

William came to see what was the matter, and though he hardly believed the story told by Gillos, yet he thought it wise to see for himself how much truth there was in it. He threw a short cloak round his shoulders, saddled his own horse, and rode away. He had not gone very far before some of Guy's men raced by, and William felt thankful that he had escaped them. As he passed a little village close to the shore, his horse became weary, and he was just wondering what he should do, when the gate of a manor-house opened, and a fine old Norman gentleman came out to breathe the fresh morning air. He stared when he saw Duke William's mud-covered horse.

"My lord," cried he, "what brings you abroad in this condition? Is there trouble on the way?"

"You know me well," said William, stopping for a moment, "but who are you?"

"My name is Hubert," said the old man, "and I hold the village under you. I have never been false; so tell me how I can help you now."

Then William told his story, and Hubert, without a word, let him in and gave him food and drink. Then he bade his three sons harness and mount, while he himself brought a fresh horse for William.

"Behold, your lord rides in hard stress," said old Hubert to his sons. "Ride after him for your lives, and leave him not until you place him safely in Falaise."

As they went out of sight, old Hubert still stood at his gate, when Guy's men came up. But he was careful not to tell them the way William had gone, and they took a wrong road that led over the hills. Thus William reached Falaise in safety, and he was so thankful that he caused a raised bank of earth to be made all along the way he had traveled.

"Methinks my enemies are too many for me to deal with alone," said young William. "Now I will go to my lord, the King of France, for support."

Henry smiled as he saw the young duke ride into the gates of his palace. "Cousin of Normandy, you are wise to come to me," said the

King. "Send out your war-cry and call your soldiers. Together we shall overthrow these enemies of Normandy and France."

William's troops were quickly raised. His big banners waved over a large army of men. With him at their head, they met the King, and fought the rebels at a place known as the Valley of the Sand-hills. The battle was a long one, and loudly were the war-cries of France and Normandy shouted from the ranks of the warriors. It has been called the battle of the knights, for so many of them took part in it.

Twice King Henry was thrown down, but he soon got up again. William, with his good sword in his hand, led on his own men. When night fell over the field, most of the rebels were flying for dear life, but many prisoners were taken and led back in triumph.

William's power was now firmly settled, and no one was likely to take his duchy of Normandy from him.

It is pleasing to know that, while William was so brave a boy, he always dealt kindly with his foes; although it is said that he sometimes sent them rude messages, after the fashion of those times. It was such a message that he sent to the Count of Anjou, whom he offered to meet before the gates of his town. "Tell him," said the duke, "that he will find me mounted on a bay horse, and carrying a red shield. And that he may know me better, I shall have at the point of my lance a streamer of taffety, to wipe his face with." It was a time of war, when such speeches were made and passed from either side. But it was not a proper speech for so great a soldier as the hero of Normandy.

In after days the pages of history were filled with his doings; and his great victory over Harold at Hastings was to make him known and remembered as the Conqueror. But we must now leave him in his early days, as a fine and manly youth, who, though he had many faults, and was easily moved to anger, yet was ready to do a kindly action even to his enemies.

II

THE STORY OF EDGAR

It did not take long after the battle of Hastings for the news to fly abroad that William the Norman was now William the Conqueror.

Though there were many who dared not oppose him, yet there was still a small band of English who would not yield quietly to his rule.

These men remembered that in the city of London lived a little fair-haired child, the son of that Edward who had always been called the Stranger.

This child, Edgar, had been taken as his heir by King Edward, who died early in 1066. The boy was but six years old, and had been left undisturbed in his play, and at his lessons, by the events that had shaken England. Harold had not troubled about him, and many people had quite forgotten the young prince. But after the death of Harold, those who lived in London thought of little Edgar, and hastened to proclaim him King of England. They were rather late in doing this, and William came up and sent messages to them, promising life and liberty if they would submit to him.

It was quite clear that London could not hope to hold out against William. So the chief men appeared before him, carrying the keys of the gates, and leading the boy, whom they had been ready to own as their king but a short time before.

William had a kinder heart than many men thought, and when he saw the fair hair and blue eyes of young Edgar, he greeted him very pleasantly, and promised to be his friend. After this, Edgar lived at William's court, where he was treated with kindness.

But the English were not happy under William's rule, and in two years they began to rebel. Then Edgar and his two sisters left to go to their mother's friends in Hungary; but the stormy weather blew their ship to Scotland, where Malcolm was King. Now Malcolm had been a friend of Edward the Stranger, and he was sorry for his children; so he received them kindly, and promised to get the crown of England for Edgar. But this was easier said than done. When at last the armies of England and Scotland met, Malcolm and William made a treaty of peace. While Malcolm did the best he could for himself and his country, he did not forget to plead for Edgar's safety.

At the same time Edgar himself, who was now a boy of fourteen, came forward and said he would never give any trouble to King William. For his part, William was pleased with the boy; and he readily gave him an estate in England, and a sum of money which would keep him in comfort.

Edgar's young sister Margaret became the wife of Malcolm of Scotland. She was a girl of gentle nature, and other young girls, in her new home, learned from her to be gentle also. It is said that Margaret was not content with being the highest lady in Scotland. She tried to set a good example to those around her, and had a class of

Scottish children, who were taught and brought up under her care.

III

BALDWIN, KING OF JERUSALEM

You know what we mean when we say of something that it happened in the time of the Crusades, those religious wars that brought men from every part of Europe to fight against the Turks.

From the cold countries of the North, and from the sunny lands of the South, large armies came to free Jerusalem from the power of the great Saladin, who claimed to be ruler of the Holy Land.

King Louis of France was at Antioch, with seven thousand left of his seventy thousand fighting men; for times had gone badly with the Crusaders, and the story of this, the second Holy War, is one of quarrels and failure. The great Conrad, Emperor of Germany, waited in sadness before the walls of Acre with his six thousand weary men.

On Mount Moriah stood young Baldwin, the third of that name to be called King of Jerusalem. He was a mere boy of fourteen years. He had an army of lazy soldiers, who would rather sit in the warm sun, and enjoy the shelter of their young King's house, than be near the noise of battle. Then there came a day which was never to be forgotten, when the great Conrad himself stood among them, with his tall soldiers around him. He told Baldwin how they had marched across continents, and forded rivers, braving disease and death, so that they might at last come to his help.

When Conrad said this, loud shouts went up: "Strike for the cross, and God defend the right!" Then the idle men of Baldwin's army polished their swords afresh, and looked to their shields, and thus made ready to face the foe.

The three armies met round the walls of Damascus, and never had that beautiful city looked so fair. The men of the Crusade spread their tents in the green plains, and thought with delight of the spoil that would be theirs, when the city was won. Nor had they long to wait. King Baldwin had some members of his family with him, and one of them, his fair young cousin, the Lady Isabel, thought she would like to gather some beautiful flowers from the beautiful gardens on the bank of the river. No sooner was she busy with this task than a band of Turks pounced upon her, and carried her off to their tower.

Happily for Isabel, her danger had been seen

by a boy who was near; and he ran as hard as he could to King Baldwin, crying as he went, that the Lady Isabel had been stolen.

Great was the anger of the Crusaders when they heard that the Lady Isabel was a prisoner. Every man slipped on his coat of mail, and every knight seized his sword; while war-cries filled the air. It did not take long to get back the lady; but the whole thing was like putting a match to a fire, and in a short while they were in the midst of a great battle. "Allah!" cried the Turks, as they poured out of the city in crowds; and "A Baldwin to the rescue!" shouted the Crusaders as they rushed after their young King.

A little later Saladin fell under the tall Emperor's sword; and when the Turks saw he was dead their ranks broke up and they flew back to the city. But now the Crusaders behaved very foolishly; for they at once began to quarrel about the city which they had taken.

"It shall be mine," said Baldwin. "I am its rightful king."

"It shall be mine," said Conrad, "for I slew its owner, Saladin."

"It shall be ours," said the Knights Templars, "because we have vowed to protect the Holy Land."

News of the quarrel reached the ears of the Turks. Within the walls of the city was a very clever prince, named Anar; and he called to him a boy whom his men had brought in. "I will give you your life and liberty," said Anar, "if you will find Bernard, Grand Master of the Knights Templars, and give him this note. Can I trust you to do this?" The boy said "Yes," with a joyful heart, for he longed to be free again. When he reached the camp he went straight to the tent of Bernard, who took the letter, and smiled as he read the offers which Anar made to him.

Now Bernard wanted to be ruler of Damascus, but Anar offered him another city, and some small presents, if he would but lead his friends away from Damascus; and, to his shame, he agreed to do this. So cleverly did he manage it that the armies quietly took up their tents and went to the other side of the city, where, as they speedily found out, they were not likely to do any harm. From the parts they had left, fresh help poured in for the Turks, and thus Damascus was delivered from the men of King Baldwin.

Sad and bitter were the young King's thoughts as he rode away from the city. His reign ended very soon; he had his great title and little else. He was a King but without a kingdom. Still, we must think kindly of him as a noble and brave youth, who tried to be the most high-minded of the kings of Jerusalem.

IV

PRINCE ARTHUR, THE BOY WHO
WOULD BE A KING

THE Norman king of England, a descendant of William the Conqueror, having died without leaving any children, his brother John made himself king.

John was a very bad ruler; and he was both mean and cowardly. Although he was King of England and Duke of Normandy he was never happy or at rest, for he knew that his nephew Arthur, the son of his elder brother, had a better right than himself to the crown.

At the time when John made himself king, young Arthur, who was born in 1187, was only twelve years old, and he was living safely in his own dukedom of Brittany, in France. His father having died when Arthur was only a baby, the young prince had been Duke of Brittany all his life.

King Philip of France was an enemy of John. One day he said to the young prince: "Arthur, you know your rights, and that your uncle John is not the true King of England. Would you not like to be a king?"

"Truly," said Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king."

"Then win back your inheritance," said the King of France. "I will give you two hundred of my knights, and you shall come with me and make war upon your uncle in Normandy, which is yours by right. Once we have taken Normandy from the usurper, it will be easy to drive him from England."

Arthur soon had an army of five thousand, and he felt sure that he would soon win back England and Normandy.

The King of England came himself to fight against his nephew. One night a number of King John's soldiers stole into Arthur's camp, made prisoners of some of his knights, and stabbed others in the dark.

Prince Arthur was sleeping in his tent when he was rudely awakened by some armed men, who seized him by the wrists, and bade him come with them and not make any noise. His captors hurried the lad away, and presently they reached a lighted hall. There Arthur saw before him his uncle.

"Do you know me, boy?" said King John.

"Yes," replied Arthur, "you are my uncle, the usurping King of England. I command you to restore to me my rightful inheritance, and to set my knights instantly at liberty."

"To Falaise with him!" said the King. "Take

him away; and in the dungeon there he will learn to rebel against his uncle and lawful King!"

Arthur was not frightened yet. King Philip of France had promised to make him King of England; and he saw nothing to be afraid of in the mean, cowardly face of the man before him. The King of France, he felt sure, would rescue him.

King John made a sign, and the boy was hurried away, still defying his uncle. A horse was waiting for him, and he was made to ride, strongly guarded, all the long distance to the castle of Falaise, which was reached early one fine sunny morning.

The drawbridge was lowered, the iron grating raised which guarded the entrance; and the party clattered under the entrance tower and into the courtyard. Arthur descended from his horse and was led along a passage and down a stone staircase to a great iron door which one of his guides opened with a large key.

Arthur's spirits sank when he saw before him a dreary stone dungeon lighted only by a window high up in the wall, and furnished with a narrow bed, a stool, and a heap of straw. Still, he said to himself, it was only for a few days. To-morrow, or the next day, or the day after that, the King of France was sure to come. But weeks passed, and the King of France had not arrived to rescue the prince.

Sometimes Arthur would sit for hours, gazing upward at the tiny square of light, his heart swelling with impatience as he thought of the spring pastimes that he was losing; and he wondered when the King of France would come and set him free.

One day the bolts were withdrawn at an unusual hour. Here, then, was his friend King Philip at last!

Arthur turned quickly, and in the archway of the door he saw the white face of his uncle.

"Arthur," said King John, trying to meet his nephew's eyes, "will you not trust to your loving uncle?"

"I will trust my loving uncle," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come and ask me that question."

The King looked at his nephew, turned away without a word, and left the prison.

After this King John took counsel with his advisers. "What shall I do with this boy," he said. "Behead him," said one. "Have him poisoned," said another. "Put his eyes out," suggested a third; "the people will not want a blind man for their king."

"Put out his eyes," mused the King; "put out

his eyes; those eyes which look with unseemly boldness at his uncle and true sovereign."

John sent to the prison a man called Hubert de Burgh, whom he believed to be devoted to himself; and gave him charge of Prince Arthur. Hubert had a stern face but a kind heart, and he soon grew so much attached to the bright boy who was his prisoner, that he felt toward him almost as a father. He took the prince out of the dungeon, and gave him bright sunny rooms in another part of the castle.

What was Hubert's dismay when one day he received a letter from the King, commanding that his prisoner's eyes should be burned out with hot irons. Not only that, but he had sent two executioners to see that it was done.

Hubert entered Arthur's room that morning with so sad a face that the prince asked what ailed him.

"May one not be sad at times, Prince?" said Hubert, whose sorrow made him gruff.

"Indeed there may be many things that make people sad," replied Prince Arthur, "although I was nearly forgetting that any one could be unhappy who is out of prison. Indeed, Hubert, I am beginning to think that if only I were free and kept sheep I could be as merry as the day is long. I wish I were your son, Hubert; and then I should not have to spend my time in prison."

Poor Hubert! He moved uneasily about the room, and looked so gloomy that Arthur felt sure that something was the matter.

"Here, Prince, read this letter," said Hubert abruptly at last.

Arthur read the letter; and then he became deadly pale.

"Hubert, is this true?" he asked.

"Prince, these are your uncle's orders!" said Hubert with a shaking voice.

"Have you the heart to do it?" said Arthur piteously. "Will you indeed burn out my eyes?"

"I must," said Hubert; "your uncle has sent two men to see that it is done."

"O Hubert!" was all that Arthur could say.

Hubert called the executioners, who had been waiting outside the door.

"Send these men away, Hubert!" cried the boy. "I will stay quite still, Hubert, I will not move if you will do it yourself; but I cannot bear the sight of these men."

"You may go," said Hubert to the executioners; "I will call when I am ready for you."

"Indeed," said one of the men, who had pitied the boy, "I am best pleased to be away from such a deed."

"I cannot do it," said Hubert more to himself than to the prince, "and I will not; I shall have to

take the consequences." He opened the door and called in the two men. They came in unwilling, each hoping that he would not have to do the deed.

"I have not burned out the prince's eyes," said Hubert abruptly. "What is more, I am not going to allow you to do so. You can tell the King if you like." "Indeed, sir," said one of the men, "we won't tell his Majesty anything at all."

The men shuffled out of the room, but Arthur's troubles were not over yet. King John suggested to a knight named William de Bray that he should stab the prince in prison.

"I am a gentleman and not an executioner," replied William de Bray; and he turned from the King in disdain.

Then John hired an assassin for a large sum of money, and sent him to the castle to kill the prince.

"Upon what errand dost thou come?" asked Hubert de Burgh, as the fellow presented himself at the castle gates.

"To despatch Prince Arthur," said the man.

"Go back to him that sent thee," said Hubert, "and say that I will do it."

King John, knowing very well that Hubert was trying to save his prisoner, separated Arthur from his kind jailer, and had him imprisoned in the strong castle of Rouen, which is washed on one side by the river Seine. Then he came himself in a boat by night and waited outside the castle walls.

Arthur was awakened by his jailer and made to follow him to a small door by the riverside. When the door was unfastened, the jailer threw down his torch and trod upon it to put it out, and Arthur was only able to distinguish two dark forms in the boat. From the voice he could tell that one of them was his uncle.

Poor Arthur's heart beat wildly with fear. He knew that his cruel uncle had come himself to see that his murderous design was carried out.

Arthur was dragged on board the boat, imploring the King to have mercy upon him; and what happened after that has never been told. Some say that John stunned his nephew with a large stone and flung his body into the Seine; at all events, neither the prince, nor his dead body, was ever seen again.

If John thought that his nephew's murder would make him undisputed King of England he was much mistaken. The cruel deed aroused the greatest indignation throughout England and France. Through it the dukedom of Normandy was lost to the English crown, and some years later John died a ruined man, with his subjects in open rebellion against him.

V

YOUNG MARCO POLO

In the city of Venice, about 1240, lived two brothers named Polo. They were merchants, who were known as quiet, steady men; and all the Crusades, wars, and troubles of those times did not take their mind away from their own business. The two brothers left Europe to go far away to the East, where they could buy such things as would do for their shops when times were more quiet. They also liked to see new lands, and when the ministers of a ruler, called the "Great Khan, the Lord of all the Tartars," asked them to go to their country, the two men from Venice agreed quite cheerfully.

They found the journey long and the way hard. But when they arrived, and made friends with that mighty person, the "Lord of all the Tartars," he proved to be a very gentle sort of prince. He was delighted to receive visitors, and was much pleased with the two brothers, who had come such a long way to see him.

He begged them to find some teachers for his people, who were very ignorant; and he asked for one hundred and twenty missionaries to win over the Tartars from their religion to Christianity, which seemed to him to be so much better. He then parted from his new friends. But it took the brothers a long time to get back from the Khan's court, and they thought it would be well to pay a visit to their own families before going to Rome to ask for missionaries and teachers. One of the brothers had left his wife and her little baby in Venice, and he wanted to see them. Alas! he found his wife was dead. Though this was a great sorrow, it was almost driven from his mind by seeing that the baby, Marco, was now a fine big boy, of whom he might well be proud. He was so delighted that he wished to stay some time at home with Marco.

But the brothers remembered the promises made to their friend the Khan; and felt sure he was wondering why they were so long coming back. So they set off once more, taking young Marco with them, and the boy was delighted to go.

They reached Rome safely, and saw the Pope; but they soon found that he had not a hundred missionaries to send with them. All he could let them have were two priests, who were very great preachers. These, he hoped, would do their best both in teaching and preaching to the wild Tartar tribes.

The two priests were not very brave; and when they heard that they had to pass through a coun-

try where much fighting was going on, they returned in haste to their own land, leaving the brothers and young Marco to go on by themselves. The Polos were not so easily frightened, and they once more made their way across the unknown lands of Asia. What strange sights they must have seen, and what a new and wonderful world must have opened before young Marco's eyes!

They arrived safely at the palace of the Khan, and were received even more kindly than before. The great chief was delighted to see them again after so many years. With young Marco he was greatly pleased, as he was such a fine lad, and so brave and full of life. The Polos were in no hurry to return home, and soon Venice almost forgot all about them.

One evening there seemed to be great doings at the Polo house in Venice. Three men, dressed very strangely, had passed along the streets of the city and had entered the big house that looked so like a palace. All Venice gathered to hear who they were and whence they had come. The Polo family had made money and lived in comfort; they were known as men of worth and honor. People could not understand what these strangers wanted at such a house. At the same time, the family could not believe that these three persons were the relations who had gone away so many years ago.

The three men smiled to themselves when they saw the people look at the coats of rough cloth and sheepskin which they wore. They knew that their story was not believed, and so they invited the Polo family, with many others, to a dinner. When the guests came they found the travelers dressed in splendid robes of crimson satin, which touched the ground.

During the feast the hosts changed their costumes several times, first to damask, then to velvet, then to cloth, but always the costumes were of the same rich color. As each set of garments came off, it was given to the servants, to be divided among them. Then Marco Polo arose. He was the youngest of the travelers, and it was his duty to wait upon the others. Going out of the room, he brought back the three coats of rough cloth and sheepskin which they had worn when first they came home. In silence each man took his coat and ripped up its seams with a sharp knife. As he did so, such a stream of beautiful jewels poured out upon the white table-cloth, that it startled the guests. For the travelers had always taken care to change their money into such stones as could be more easily carried.

Now the family sprang up to honor them, and the city itself soon became quite proud of them. All the young men crowded round Marco to hear



Arms and Armor of the Middle Ages.—You will notice in looking at this picture of arms and armor how strange and fantastic and grotesque much of it is, how many heavy trappings and how many meaningless ornaments there are. If you will contrast this page with the pages that show the arms and armor of Greece or Rome, you will see the difference, not only between good and bad taste, but between efficiency and inefficiency. You will see in this picture a suit of complete armor. These were very heavy and a very great burden to the men who had to wear them; and in the case of cavalry, to the horses as well. The first figure on the left of the top row shows a Swiss soldier in the French service, 1515-47; the two middle figures are French knights of the 12th century. On the bottom row you will see first a knight-banneret of the late 13th and early 14th centuries, and then two foot-soldiers, who are on either side of a man-at-arms in full armor.

the wonderful stories he had to tell them; and in later life he wrote a very truthful account of all he had seen.

VI

A KNIGHT OF FRANCE

IN a castle in Brittany lived a noble knight, of an ancient family, whose children were growing up sweet and gentle, like their beautiful mother, the Lady Joan.

Of these children, one boy alone, born about 1320, was a strange sort of child. He was ugly of face, and clumsy in his manners, and he could not be taught to read, or spell, or learn many things which all good boys should know.

Before he was seven this boy, Bertrand, whose full name histories give us as Bertrand du Gueschin, ran about the village, like a peasant's son, and fought with all the other children, until they were afraid of him. As his father was often away at the wars, there was no one at home to look after the boy but his mother.

In the village lived a clever and holy lady, who felt very sorry for Bertrand. She always spoke kindly to him, and used to tell him that if he chose he could become one of the finest men in France by and by. The brown face of the boy would light up with pleasure as she spoke. But his father and mother shook their heads. In their eyes he was a dull, bad boy, and would never be anything else; so they had nothing but cold looks for Bertrand.

It pained the lady to notice that, while the other children had nice clothes to wear, Bertrand's garments were coarse and shabby; and she often tried to think how she could change this. She said something to the boy's mother which caused her to see that Bertrand was at least better clad.

Bertrand now had a pony of his own, and he was often riding on it to tournaments, in which skilful knights took part. As he was very strong, he began to wish the day would come when he also could "break a lance" with somebody. These tournaments were the great sports of those days; and the winners not only gained prizes, but their names were known far and wide.

One day young Bertrand went with his father to one of these great meetings, but when he wished to enter for the sports, all the people laughed, because his horse was so poor. Seeing his cousin standing near, he went to him and begged that he would lend him his armor and his horse. These were given to him; and now indeed Bertrand was proud of himself. He rode up to

join the others, and so well did he show his skill, that every one asked who he was. When it was seen that the strange young knight had even won the prize, they all cheered him. His father stood in wonder, but he took the boy in his arms with much joy. As they carried home the prize which Bertrand had won, he told the boy that, in future, horses and arms enough should belong to him.

It was the time of the great war between France and England, in which that English Edward called the Black Prince became very famous. Bertrand was the sturdy enemy of the English, and fought so well against them that he was made Constable of France. He was now, after the King, the highest person in the country. He had chief command of the army, and before he died he had won back from England nearly all the land which had been taken from France.

VII

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

WHEN Edward IV, King of England, died he left two sons, one of whom was twelve and the other nine years old. Their mother and her family had not many friends in the Council.

No sooner was Edward dead than the Queen demanded a strong escort to take her son, now young Edward V, to London. Her manner seemed to show some fear that the young King was not safe. On his way to London young Edward got into the hands of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who was the brother of the late King. With him the Queen was not on good terms, and as soon as she heard what had happened she ran to Westminster, taking her five little girls and her other son, the small Duke of York, with her. But all London went to meet Richard, the Lord Mayor in fine robes of scarlet, and the citizens in grand clothing.

At St. Paul's, the bishops, the Council, and other great people came to do homage to Edward; after which he remained at the Tower, waiting for the day of his coronation. As Edward was so young, the Duke of Gloucester was made Protector of England. The Queen, who did not believe in Richard, still refused to leave Westminster. She stayed at the abbot's house, and would not allow her younger children to go out of the buildings.

Richard knew that, before many years were over, the young King would be able to do as he liked, and to surround himself with his mother's friends. Before this time came, he wanted to get rid of the boy, and one or two friends promised

to help Richard. But others said they intended to stand by the young King. Things would have gone on thus for some time if Richard had not suddenly made up his mind to act for himself.

At the next Council there were angry words and deeds. When Richard came in he was very pleasant, but later his manner changed. He said he had found that some one wished to harm the young King and himself, and he put the blame on the Queen, who had, so he stated, made his own arm wither through her witchcraft. In those days people were very much afraid of witches and witchcraft; but somehow Richard's withered arm did not cause so much feeling as he thought it would.

"If she has done this," said Hastings, "she should be punished, but—"

"Do you reply with 'ifs' and 'buts'?" cried Richard angrily, as he thumped the great oak table with his fist. "I declare your head shall suffer for that speech."

At these words a crowd of Richard's men poured in, shouting "Treason! Treason!" and a scene of wild disorder followed. A bishop was carried off to prison, poor Hastings's head was struck off, and other men fell before Richard's servants; while Richard himself sent out the strange story of a plot he had discovered, in which Hastings and his followers sought to do harm to young Edward and the Protector.

Then the Protector sent a message to the Queen, who was in the abbey at Westminster, asking for her younger son, the Duke of York. He knew that even if he killed the young King his brother would take his place, and his plan was to get both boys in his own hands. To the Queen he said that the little King was dull, and wanted his brother, with whom he could play quite happily. But Elizabeth did not believe his words. She was really afraid of the Protector.

"The Duke of York is ill," said the poor Queen, when Richard's men came before her at Westminster. "He needs a mother's care and attention. Therefore I cannot let him go to the Duke of Gloucester."

"You were ready to let the King go, madam," said the archbishop, who brought the message to her. "Why not, then, send his brother? The boy is sad without a playfellow."

"The King was well, and this boy is ill," said the Queen, angrily.

More words followed on both sides. In the end the Queen yielded, and she gave the boy to the archbishop, begging him to watch over the child and protect him. "Of you I shall require my sons before God and man," she said, with tears.

We are told that the little boy cried bitterly on

leaving his mother; but when he reached the Protector, Richard met him very kindly. He kissed the boy, and bade him welcome. Then the little boy went to his brother's rooms, and they played happily together, and were so merry that everybody thought how foolish the Queen had been.

So matters remained for a few days, until Richard had time to make his own plans. He was always working to an end, and that was to be King of England. He did not wish to seem in a hurry, but there were those two little boys in the Tower who stood in his way.

One Sunday, before a great crowd of people at St. Paul's Cross, a sermon was preached by Dr. Shaw, in which he took care to speak against the late King and his Queen, and declared that their children had no right to the throne.

No doubt Richard had arranged just what had to be said by Shaw, but he seemed much shocked by the sermon, and even displeased at it. Next day one of Richard's friends made a great speech to the people at the Guildhall. When he ended, some of them threw up their caps, and a few shouted "Long live King Richard!"

A short while after this some others went to Baynard's Castle, where Richard lived, and gathered round the walls. When he appeared they told him it was their wish that he should be king. Richard thanked his friends, but did not seem at all eager to be king. In the end he owned that he ought to obey the will of the people, and if they wished him to reign, he would consent. Now, at last, he had gained his aim, and the crown was his, offered, so he seemed to think, by the voice of the people.

Richard was then crowned at Westminster. When Queen Elizabeth heard the stir, from the quiet room where she still was in hiding, she asked what was happening; and no sooner was she told that Richard was being crowned, than her thoughts flew to her boys. "Where is my son, then?" she asked, "and where, also, is the little one whom they have taken from me?" Alas! No one could tell her.

In the country strange tales were being told and believed. It was said that the two little boys had been sent out into the deep, dark forest; and that they had wandered, hand in hand, for days. Up and down the long pathless forest they had gone, these poor little royal waifs, with no one to care for them or show them the way. Then, worn out with walking, tired, hungry, and cold, they had fallen asleep at the foot of a tree; and the little birds, who were, in their way, so much kinder than the cruel uncle of these poor boys, had come softly, and covered them with the falling leaves. Beneath this covering their souls



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.
FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL DELAROCHE.

passed away to a land where hunger, cold, and cruelty do not exist.

This story passed from one to the other. It was made into a song, called "The Babes in the Wood"; and the people sang it sadly, in memory of the poor little children. But many years later, another story came out. According to this, Richard had told the constable of the Tower to do away with the boys. When he refused, some men in Richard's pay went to the Tower and killed the boys in their sleep. The bodies were buried at the foot of a staircase in the Tower, and then removed to another part.

Two hundred years after, when some digging was going on under what is called the White Tower, an oak chest was found. This was opened, and the bodies of two children were inside. By the command of Charles II, who was then King of England, these were taken to Westminster, and buried among the other kings and queens of the country.

VIII

THE YOUNG DAYS OF JOHN MILTON

A YOUNG Oxford scholar named Milton was turned out of his home by his father because he did not like his son's religion. Having a kind friend in London, the lad went to him and told him his sad story. His friend helped him to get work, and young Milton began to earn his living as a scrivener. A scrivener did some of the work which a lawyer now does; and Milton was so attentive to his duties that he soon got on well. He took a shop, in which he carried on his work, and he lived in the rooms above the shop.

The scrivener liked things to be comfortable about him. He was a good man, and began each day with reading the Bible and prayer. He was also fond of books and music. He even wrote a number of songs, and some hymn-tunes that are still in use. His home above the scrivener's shop was a very happy one.

In this cheerful, pleasant home, John Milton was born in the year 1608, and named after his father. As the boy grew, he was taught to read. By the time he was ten he was already a poet and wrote verses which were the delight of his family. Young Milton was rather a pretty child, too; and his father had his portrait painted by a young Dutch painter, named Jansen, who was making quite a name for himself. This picture of little John Milton may still be seen. He wears a black braided dress and a lace frill; and his fair hair is closely cut all round his head, in the fash-

ion then worn by the Puritans. Most other boys, and men too, in those days, kept their hair long, like girls at the present time.

The boy's face looks quite serious, and indeed the little Milton seems to have been a very thoughtful child. Some lines in one of John Milton's poems are said to refer to his own childhood:

"When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good."

The elder Milton saw that his child received good and careful teaching. When John was ten years of age he was under a Puritan schoolmaster, who taught him how to write English and Latin poetry. One of the best schools in London at that time was St. Paul's School, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and here John Milton went when he was twelve. He thus became what was called "A pigeon of St. Paul's," a nickname given to the boys on account of the number of pigeons that lived on the roof of the cathedral.

On the glass of every window of St. Paul's School were the words, "Either teach, or learn, or leave the place." John Milton stayed at this school until his sixteenth year, being helped in his studies at home by a tutor, who came in the evenings. John was so much in earnest over his lessons that he sat up very late to learn them.

When John was sixteen his father resolved that he should go to college, and he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge. He rode there in Hobson's cart. Hobson was the great carrier of that day, and had a stable of forty good horses always ready and fit for traveling. When any scholar came for a horse, he was obliged to take the one that chanced to stand next the stable door. Hence arose the well-known proverb, "Hobson's choice; this or nothing." Hobson used to tell the scholars that they would come in good time to London, if they did not ride too fast.

When at Cambridge, Milton rose every day to be in the college chapel at five o'clock for the morning service, and he worked very hard at his studies. Because his manners were so gentle and pleasing, he was called the "Lady of Christ's College."

While John was at college the plague broke out at Cambridge. Old Hobson, the carrier, was forbidden to go to London, for fear of spreading the disease in other places, but though he was over eighty-six years of age, he did not like to remain idle. Falling ill, the old man died soon after, and John Milton wrote some verses about his death, one of which began:

"Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move."

While at college, Milton had a great wish to become a writer of books. His mind was filled with beautiful thoughts; and before long he was planning his great poems, the best known of which is "Paradise Lost." Like his father, he was very fond of music, and whenever he went to London he loved to hear sweet and beautiful singing. Music and poetry went together in his thoughts. His father lived long enough to rejoice in his clever son, and to be assured that he was one of England's greatest poets.

IX

KING LOUIS XIV OF FRANCE

It is safe to say that never had the French royal palace seen a stranger sight than that which was seen on a cold night in February, 1651. Outside, it was dark and gloomy; yet all Paris seemed awake and alive. Hoarse shouts rang through the darkness. The roll of drums fell on the ears of those who listened; and round the gates of the palace were gathered large crowds of men and women. They were angry men and women, too; for they believed that some great person in power was going to carry away their King. And just then, the people of Paris wanted to keep their King.

Louis XIV, the little monarch of twelve, was a handsome, merry boy. The people were going to take care of him, for they did not much trust his mother, the proud Queen Anne. Loud cries of "The King! the King!" startled the palace, and soldiers, courtiers, and servants rushed into the wide hall. Anne, the boy's mother, was brave. "What do the people want?" she asked.

The hundreds of rough men and women outside wanted to see the King. They must see him with their own eyes, and loud knocks upon the palace doors showed that they meant to have their way.

"Open the gates," cried Anne. "Let every one come in." When her courtiers went to do as she ordered, she ran to tell Louis of the danger they were in. "Be a brave boy," she whispered. "Shut your eyes, and pretend to be asleep. The people are coming to see for themselves that you are still here." The boy was angry. "This is my house," he said, "and why should they force their way here? Why are they not turned out at once?"

"You must be quiet," said his mother to him. "Do your part, and all will be well."

The boy saw the danger, and laid his head on the pillow, with his eyes closed. Then his mother

stood at the door, as the mob came up the grand staircase, and crowded into the King's room.

"Come softly," said the Queen gently. "The King is asleep. You can see him as he lies in bed, but please do not awaken him, for you know he is only a boy." She moved aside, and they came in very quietly. They stood a moment by the bed, looked at the boy, and then, without noise, moved on.

When the march ended, after the long tramp upon the marble stairs, the people walked out of the palace gates in order; and standing in the courtyard, they raised loud shouts of "Long live the King!"

When Louis was thirteen he was proclaimed of age, that is, old enough to rule. On this day, with a great following of lords and ladies, he rode through Paris to the Palace of Justice. Here he met the nobles who had governed the kingdom during the thirteen years of his young life. All the people present rose as the young King walked to the throne; and they waited quietly until he spoke.

In the eyes of many who stood there it was a great day in the history of their country; for the boy before them was still so young. Yet when he spoke his words were like those of a King. "Henceforth I rule my own kingdom," he said loudly. And then every knee was bent, every head bowed before him, as the nobles promised to be loyal and faithful.

When the meeting was over Louis drove back to the royal palace. As he passed, the people shouted "Long live our King! Long live King Louis!" By their manner they showed that the boy was greatly liked by them. But the young King's pride soon began to show itself. When he was sixteen some trouble arose in the land. Louis was in need of money, and he asked the Parliament to get it for him. But, to his surprise, he found that they were not willing to do so. They asked for time to think about the matter. When Louis received their answer, he was very angry. Attended by all his nobles, he walked into the great council-chamber and faced the astonished members of his Parliament.

"I hear that you, gentlemen, are thinking of refusing my demands," he said. "Let me tell you that it is not your place to do that. And if it ever happens again, I, your King, will come down, and make you obey me." So bold did he show himself that the Parliament found the money without delay.

Louis ruled for many years, but it cannot be said that he was a happy king. When he became an old man, he said to the little boy who was his heir: "My child, do not be like me. Keep peace

with your neighbors, love and serve God, and try to ease the burdens of your people." For he knew that the bright promise of his own boyhood had faded so soon.

X

KING CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN

IN 1697 a young prince in Sweden, named Charles, who was but fifteen when his father died, was crowned King of that country. Charles had a fine kingdom; for in those days Sweden took in a large part of North Germany, and even a portion of Western Russia, as well as the long piece of land which is still known as Sweden.

So much power, perhaps, was not good for the young King. It made him think he could do just as he liked, and it is said that he did some very unkingly things, although it must be owned that they were rather boyish tricks. With his brother-in-law to help him, he broke the windows of the quiet folk who lived in his city of Stockholm. He also chased hares through the council-chamber, a thing which greatly shocked the grave old senators. He spent so much money in foolish pleasures that the good people of Sweden became at last very angry with their King.

On a certain Sunday morning three clergymen preached from the same text: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." This alarmed the young King, and he began to think how foolish he had been. He now tried to set a good example to his people, and every day he spent many hours in exercises with the young men who formed his body-guard.

One day he was surprised to receive a message from his Council, telling him that his old enemy, the King of Denmark, had invaded some part of his land and laid it waste. He had robbed the people and burned their houses. This news made Charles very angry. He dashed off to Stockholm, and entered the council-chamber just as he was, covered with mud from his journey. His people forgot his condition when they saw his earnest young face.

"I will never begin an unjust war," said Charles, as he stood before the Council, "but I shall never finish an unjust one, save with the defeat of my foes. I will attack the first of them who declares war on Sweden; and when I have dealt with him, I shall look after the rest."

It was a bold speech for one so young to make. The Council knew that a number of kings had united to crush Charles, in the hope of sharing his lands between them. The King of Denmark,

Peter the Great of Russia, and the King of Poland were mighty monarchs for a boy to meet in battle.

Happily for Sweden, Charles was a clever as well as a brave youth. He had kept on friendly terms with England and Holland, and with their help he hoped to conquer. He armed his troops, said good-by to his sisters, and with a small, but bold and trusty band of followers, he sailed away.

The big boats steered for the nearest place in Denmark. As they drew close to the land the young king leaped into the shallow water, crying out, "All ye who are for Denmark, follow me." The Danes were not expecting an attack from this side, and Charles startled them by his quickness. Thus the first battle was won quite easily.

In two days the Swedish force had marched to the capital of Denmark, and a little later the King of that country was ready to sign a treaty of peace. At the same time the King of Poland thought it wise to withdraw his army, seeing that Denmark had been so well beaten. There now remained but one enemy for the young King to settle; but this was no small task, for Peter of Russia had an army of forty thousand men. And yet, Charles was daring enough to lead against him his small band of Swedish soldiers.

So bravely did the Swedes fight at Narva, that the Russians fled before them. Many were drowned in trying to cross the river, and all those who remained were made prisoners. It was a great victory for so young a king.

In spite of his success, Charles still kept his simple tastes, and shared his food with the common soldiers serving under him. It has been said of him that before he tried to conquer others he conquered himself, and this is the secret of all true power and greatness.

XI

THE BOYHOOD OF NAPOLEON

IN the year 1769, on a bright August day, a boy was born in the island of Corsica whose name was to be famous throughout the world—the name Napoleon Bonaparte. The boy owed much to his mother, who was a woman of rare mind. She was quick, keen, and clever, and had a firm will. This was a good thing for her children; for Charles, their father, although fond of books and reading, was rather an idle man.

The brightest thing in Napoleon's young days was his great love for his mother. He always treated her with respect, and asked her advice in moments of difficulty; and he never forgot the lessons she taught him in his early life.



NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.
FROM THE PAINTING BY M. REALIER-DUMAS.

At that time the little island of Corsica, which had been seized by the French, was passing through evil days. "I was born," said Napoleon, "when our country was perishing. The cries of the dying, and the groans of the poor, were around my cradle from my birth." While he loved Corsica, he learned from childhood to dislike the French. And yet, strange to say, this boy was to make himself the Emperor of the French.

His parents were poor and could not afford to spend much on their children; and so Napoleon was sent to a public school. When he was ten years old a place was obtained for him in the military school of Brienne, and here he remained for about five years. He could not have been very happy at this school, for his manners and speech made him an object of amusement to the French boys. Among them he had only one real friend, to whom he often used to say that he would do these French all the mischief in his power, if he ever got the chance.

His masters were satisfied with the progress he made, and noted the pleasure with which he studied history. The books he read were those that told of war, and the stories of heroes were always a delight to him. He tried very earnestly to speak and write French correctly. He never seemed tired of learning.

But while he was known to work hard, Napoleon's teachers were not pleased with his manners. He was said to think highly of himself, and wanted to get on quickly. He was haughty and proud, and sharp in his way of speaking. On this account he was not a favorite with his teachers, or with his schoolfellows.

Though life was hard for the boy just then, he took pleasure in long walks. He sometimes liked games, and during one winter he spent the play-hours in helping the other boys to build forts of snow. In these Napoleon, who took the command, placed an army, whose duty it was to defend the forts against the other boys. Into this game Napoleon threw himself with great delight, and it was kept up with much spirit for fifteen days. Indeed, it only stopped when some of the boys began to mix stones and gravel with the snow, and throw them at their enemies.

From this school Napoleon went to the Military College of Paris. He was there only for one year, but that was long enough for him to find out how difficult it was for a boy to live where the cost of living was very dear. Napoleon, who had been brought up to be very thrifty, wrote to the head of the school about this matter. It was a bold step to take, but the boy never lacked courage. "Poor men," said Napoleon, "could not

stand such expenses." Nor did he think the course of training such as would fit them to be soldiers, who must get used to a hard life. "Temperance and sobriety," wrote this boy of sixteen, "will make us strong, and help us to bear the toils of war."

Napoleon's later life had much to do with war. He wanted to conquer all Europe, but, although he came near doing so, it was not to be. England was his chief enemy; and in the end, after the great battle of Waterloo, he was sent to end his days in the lonely island of St. Helena.

XII

THE STORY OF GARIBALDI'S BOYHOOD

To the people of Italy there is no name better known, and few more highly to be honored, than that of Giuseppe Garibaldi, who was born at Nice, in the southeast of France, in 1807. He was the son of a sailor, and came from a race of men who loved the sea. He himself tells us that his father placed him in the best school which the city of Nice had for boys like him.

In his childish days the boy was more fond of play than of study. One day, as he was playing, he caught a grasshopper and took it into the house, but in doing so broke its leg. He was only a very small child; yet knowing that he had hurt the little insect, he became so sad that he wept bitterly for some hours. He was a very kind-hearted boy, and could not bear to give pain to any one.

Another day, as he was walking in the fields, he came near a pool, where a woman was washing clothes. Suddenly she fell into the water, and was in danger of being drowned. There was no one else near enough to help her; so, although he was quite young and small, the boy jumped after her, and saved her life.

He was still so fond of play that when the family were in Genoa, a city in Italy, he grew tired of going daily to school. Finding a number of other boys of like mind, he agreed with them to run away from home. The foolish boys got hold of a boat, into which each of them put a little food, and with nets and lines for fishing, they started for the East, as they thought. They had not gone very far before a bigger vessel came in search of them, with Garibaldi's father at its helm. He made the boys turn back, and with their boat in tow they were taken home.

When the boy was old enough he went to sea. He was full of delight at the ship in which he was

to sail; and even when he was an old man he looked back with pleasure on the happy hour when he became one of her crew. His second voyage was to Rome, in a ship of his father's. He had read and dreamt of that fine old city all his young life. It was very dear to him, and now he saw Rome for the first time with feelings of great joy. The lad stuck to the sea until he rose to be captain of a trading ship. But the great work of his life was done in another way.

In those days there were many rulers in Italy, and the Austrians and some other nations had armies in the country. Garibaldi had been fond of Italy from his childhood, and he wanted to make its people free and great once more. Above all things, he was a patriot, one who loves his own country. To-day Italy is one nation, under one king, whose capital is Rome, and the man who did most to bring this about was Garibaldi.

XIII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE greatest names in American history are those of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. These two men are great in the true sense of the word; they are great because they loved their country, purely and passionately, better than themselves, and gave their lives to its service. They thought nothing of their own honor and glory: to the last they were simple and true. Americans may well be proud of two such patriots; and from them every one may be glad to learn what real greatness means.

In the American Revolution Abraham Lincoln's great-grandfather, John Lincoln, served as a soldier. The Americans were led by George Washington. After the war was over, bands of explorers set out to fight the Indians and to find new homes for themselves. And Abraham Lincoln's grandfather, after whom he was named, was one of the first of these explorers. He sold his little piece of land in Virginia, and tramped through the forests till he found a place to build a new home, carrying his youngest son Thomas on one shoulder, and with his loaded rifle in his hand ready to shoot any Indian who should attack him. In Kentucky some white men had already settled and built a small fort; near it Lincoln cut down trees and built a hut for himself and his wife and his three sons to live in.

When Abraham was a small boy he used to listen to the stories which his father, Thomas, told of their life there in the constant fear of Indian attack. There was one story which Thomas told very often, the story of his father's death.

He was at work cutting down the trees, so as to clear an open space near the house which he could plow and then sow with seed.

One morning he set out as usual with his three boys. They were talking together as they walked, and none of them saw that behind one of the trees an Indian was hiding, his dark skin strangely painted with arrows and circles in white and scarlet, and on his head a tuft of black feathers standing upright and waving as he moved. In his hand he had a gun.

As soon as the father had passed, the Indian came out from behind the tree, moving without making any sound. He shot at Abraham from behind, and the bullet passed right through his heart. The father fell down dead before the eyes of his sons. They were terrified. The two eldest ran off, one to the house and the other to the fort, to bring help.

Thomas, the youngest, was only six. He could not run so fast as his brothers, and he was too much frightened to try. He stood still beside his father's body, not understanding what had happened. His eldest brother, Mordecai, made all speed to the house. As soon as he reached it he took down a gun, loaded it, and jumped up to the window so that he might shoot at the Indian out of it. As he looked out he saw the Indian walk up to the place where the dead body lay, look at it for a moment, then pick up little Thomas, put him under his arm, and turn to walk away with him.

Mordecai felt his heart stand still with fear; but he was a brave boy, and his father had taught him how to shoot at a long distance. He aimed straight at the white star painted on the Indian's naked chest. There was an awful moment. Then the Indian fell back dead upon the ground, dropping the child from his arms. Thomas ran to the house as fast as his legs would carry him, screaming with fear, for now several other Indians began to appear from the wood. Mordecai fired again and again at them from the house; and people came from the fort, brought by his brother, and drove the Indians away.

Thomas Lincoln was neither so strong nor so clever as his brother. He became a carpenter, but he was never a very good carpenter. He was not very good at anything but sitting by the fire telling stories. He did that very well indeed, and people generally were fond of him; but he was not a successful person. He had none of his son's wonderful power of work; he always wanted to do something else, not the thing before him, and live somewhere else, not settle down to work where he was.

He built himself a log-cabin at Elizabethtown,

Kentucky, on the edge of the forest, and when he was twenty-eight he got married and took his wife to live there.

It is said that all great men have had great mothers. Nancy Hanks had much more character than her husband, and her son was much more like her. She had a very sweet, unselfish nature, and every one loved her. She had had more education than her husband, and could read and write: she taught him to sign his name.

After their first child came—a daughter called Sarah—Thomas Lincoln, who always thought he could make a fortune somewhere else, moved farther west to a place on Nolin Creek, in Kentucky. The place was not at all attractive, but it was cheap. The soil was hard; it was rocky and barren, and nothing but weeds seemed to grow in it. Only a very energetic man could have made much out of it, and Thomas was not very energetic. They were very poor.

It was here, in an uncomfortable cabin, that his son Abraham was born, on the 12th of February, 1809; and here he lived until he was seven.

The cabin had only one room. It was very roughly built. Stout logs had been laid on top of one another, then bound together with twigs, and the holes filled up with clay and grass and handfuls of dead leaves. There was no ceiling, only the log roof.

The two children climbed up a shaky ladder to a loft, where they slept on a bed of dry leaves, covered with an old deerskin, lying close together to keep themselves warm. As they lay there, they could count the stars that looked in through the spaces between the logs that made the roof. The windows had no glass; the door was only an opening over which a deerskin was hung as a curtain. It winter it was terrible. The wind blew in, icy cold; there was nothing to keep it out, except when sometimes the entrance was blocked up with snow, and no one could go out or come in until a pathway had been dug.

In the autumn the cabin used to be full of dead leaves that whirled about in the middle of the room. The only comfort was the huge fire. The fireplace filled up nearly the whole of one side, and in front of it was a great bearskin rug. On this the two children spent the days in winter, playing together, or leaning against their mother's knee while she told them stories—fairy tales, or true stories about Indians and old American history, or parables from the Bible. In the winter you could not keep warm anywhere else; and in the autumn there were damp fogs that made it unwholesome outside, or heavy rains that came through the roof, the only thing to do was to get as near the fire as possible.

Above the fireplace were ranged all the household pots and pans; the meat, a haunch of venison, or a couple of rabbits, hung from the roof. Cooking was very simple, for there was no choice of food: it consisted of game shot in the forest, or fish caught in the streams, roots and berries from the wood; bread was made of flour ground from Indian corn, which was the only thing that grew in the rough fields. Until he was a grown man Abraham never tasted any other sort of bread.

The life was uncomfortable, often dangerous—for an Indian attack was possible at any time—and always the same. No visitors came to see the Lincolns; there were few friends for them to go and see, only the scattered settlers living in cabins like their own.

Abraham very soon learned to make himself useful. He would cut and bring home wood for the fire; help his mother in the house, or his father out of doors. In summer he spent long hours roaming about the woods. He soon learned to use a rifle, for it was not safe to go far unarmed, and he became a good shot. He remembered very little about this time when he grew older. One day he had been out fishing, and at the end of it he caught a single fish. With this he was walking home to supper, when he met a soldier. His mother had taught him that he must always be good to soldiers who fought for their country, and therefore the little boy gave the soldier his fish.

His father always thought that he should be better off somewhere else. He heard that across the Ohio River there was rich land which any one could have who chose to go and take it: so when Abraham was seven, and his sister nine, they moved. The father built a raft, and put his family and all the goods he had, after selling his house, on to it, and they sailed down the river, getting food on the way by shooting and fishing, till they came to a place they liked near Pigeon Creek, in Indiana. It was simply an opening in the forest.

Here for a year they lived in a roughly built shelter, without a floor or doors or windows, while the father and his son built a better cabin, and cut down trees and shrubs to clear a place for planting corn. When it was finished, Abraham's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, and two cousins, John and Dennis Hanks, came to live with them. The three boys were great friends, and they worked together on the farm until they all grew up.

Abe, as they called him, was a very tall boy for his age; his long legs were always in his way, and they seemed to get longer every day. He

never wore stockings until he was a young man, but moccasins, such as the Indians wear—shoes of leather, with a fringe round the top—and long deerskin leggings; a deerskin shirt which his mother had made him, and a cap which was seldom on his head, it being covered enough by his thick black hair. His hair was never tidy; always in his eyes, and having to be pushed back. Abe was clever with his axe, and a good workman; his mother had taught him to spell, but there was little chance of learning in that region.

For a year the little family lived there very happily; then a mysterious sickness broke out in the place, no one knew why or how to cure it. They called it the milk sickness; many people fell ill of it, and hardly any one recovered. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow both died of it in the autumn, and a few days afterward Mrs. Lincoln sickened and died too. To her children this was a terrible grief. Abraham, though a boy when she died, never forgot his mother: she had taught him his first lessons, and from her came that sweetness of nature, that power of thinking first of others, that made every one who knew him love him. It was at the time of his mother's death that the sadness which never left him came upon him. In later life, people who really knew him said that, in spite of his fun and power of making other people laugh, he was the saddest man they ever knew.

A dreary winter followed. At the end of it Thomas Lincoln brought home a new wife to his little cabin—Sally (Bush) Johnson, a widow, with three children. She was a good and kind woman, and Abe really loved her and she him. She said afterward that he had never all his life given her a cross word or look, or refused to do anything she asked him; that he was the best boy she had ever seen. He was indeed the sunshine of the house; but in many ways he was very lonely. He was hungry for knowledge, for books and teaching. All the schooling he ever had was a month now and then with some traveling teacher; but none of these teachers knew much beyond the three R's. One who knew Latin was regarded as a sort of magician. In all, Abe had not so much as one year at school, taught by five different teachers.

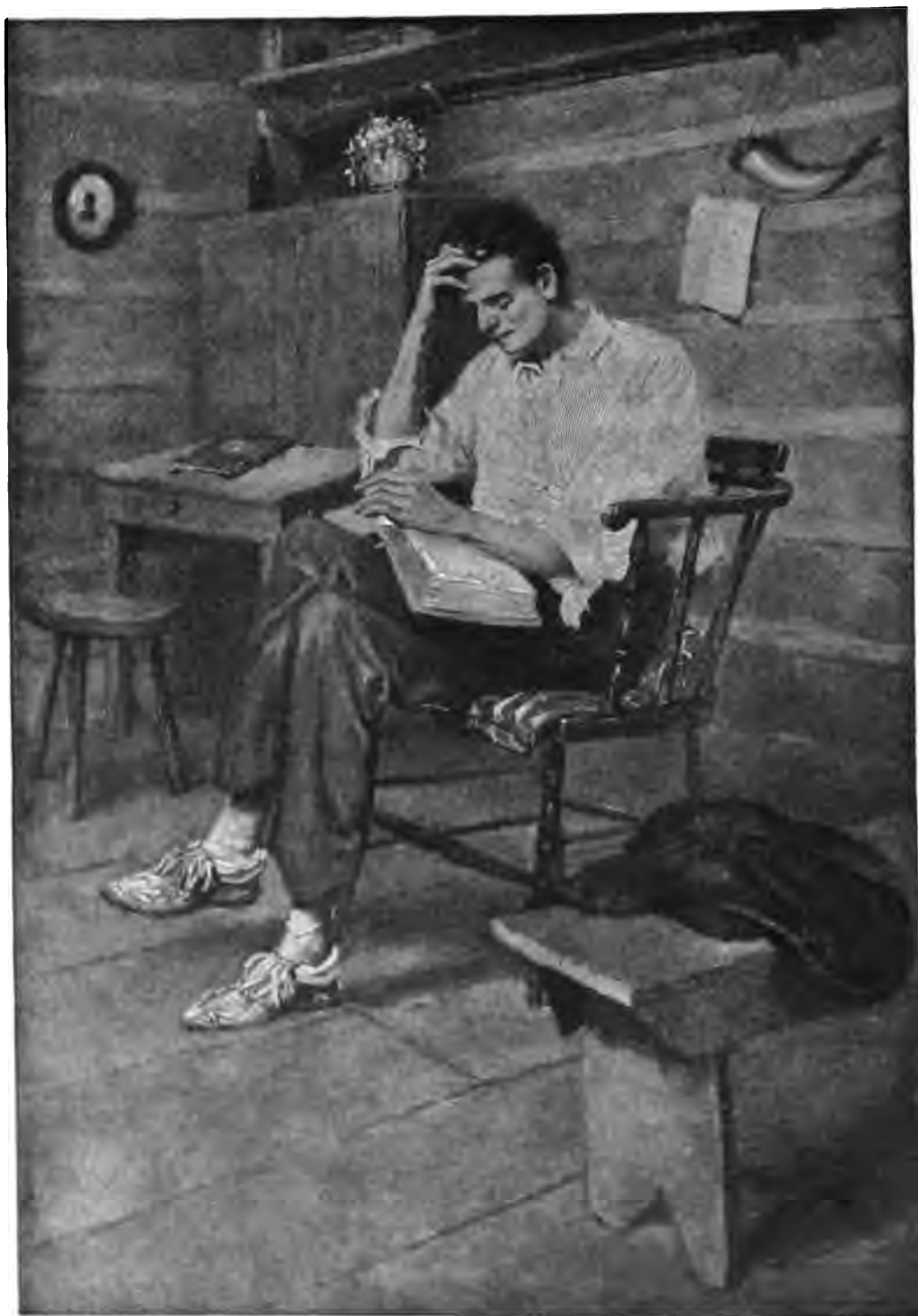
But Abe was not the sort of boy to learn nothing because there was nobody to teach him. He had a few books that had been his mother's, and he read them again and again until he knew everything that was in them. John Hanks says of him: "When Abe and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down, cock his legs as high as his head, and read." The Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress," "Æsop's Fables,"

and "Robinson Crusoe," these were his books; he knew them by heart. In the intervals of work he used to tell them to his companions. He thought over every word until he understood it. In this way he learned more from a few books than many people do from whole libraries, because he learned to think. He questioned everything, and asked himself if he thought so too, and why he thought so.

One day he borrowed the "Life of George Washington" from a farmer who lived near; as he lay in the loft he read it with eagerness. In the middle he was called away to work, and in the meantime the rain came in and greatly injured the book. Abraham went in despair to the farmer and told him what had happened. "Never mind," said the farmer. "You do three days' work for me for nothing and you may keep the book; I don't want it." To his joy he thus became possessed of a new treasure to be studied again and again. This book more than any other made him a patriot: he longed to get out into the great big world where he could serve his country. In the evenings he used to sit silent for hours, thinking. Sometimes he did sums of all sorts on the wooden shovel; making figures on it with a piece of charcoal. When it was quite full he shaved off the top with his knife so as to have a clean slate in the morning.

All his companions liked Abe and admired him. He worked very hard, but farm work did not interest him; he liked dinner and play better; and sometimes he used to stop work and climb on to a gate or a dead tree-stump, and make absurd speeches or comic sermons to his companions, or recite passages from his favorite books.

They thought him a quaint fellow, with some strange ideas. One of these strange ideas was his tenderness to animals. He never cared much for sport, because it seemed to him cruel. He showed his tenderness to animals when quite a small boy. One day he was playing in the woods with a boy called John Davis. In their game they ran a hedgehog into a crevice between two rocks, and it got caught fast. For two hours they tried every sort of plan to get it out, but without any success. They were not able to pull it out, and it could not move itself. Abraham could not bear to leave the poor thing to die in pain. He ran off to the blacksmith's shop, quite a quarter of a mile away, and borrowed a pole with an iron hook fastened to the end; with this they were able to set the little animal free. This care for animals was only one sign of Abraham's tenderness of heart. All little children and old people trusted him and his word. He was very soon known as "Honest Abe."



"HE HAD A FEW BOOKS, AND HE READ THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN
UNTIL HE KNEW EVERYTHING THAT WAS IN THEM."

Until he was nineteen Abraham Lincoln had not left home at all; but then one day a rich landowner who lived near came to him. He wanted some one to help his son to take a raft loaded with different kinds of goods down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, selling the goods at the different places they passed. Abraham had struck this Mr. Gentry as being an honest and capable lad; he therefore asked him to undertake the voyage, and Abraham consented at once, glad of any chance of seeing something of life outside the settlement.

The voyage ended successfully, and Abraham returned home for two more years. At the end of that time his father again moved. John Hanks had gone west to Illinois; he wrote to his uncle, praising the new country, and urging him to come there too. Thomas Lincoln was always ready to try something new: he sold his farm and his land to a neighbor. All the goods of the household were packed in a wagon drawn by oxen; the family walked beside it. They tramped for more than a week until they came to the new State; the journey was not easy. It was February. The forest roads were ankle-deep in mud; the prairie a mere swamp, very difficult for walking. They had to cross streams that were swollen into rivers by the rains.

At last they arrived. John Hanks had chosen a plantation for them, and got logs ready for building the house. Abraham worked very hard, and helped his father and John Hanks to make a cabin; then, with his own hands, he plowed fifteen acres of ground. When that was done he cut down walnut-trees, split them, and built a high and solid fence which went right round his father's property.

Abraham lived in Illinois until he was made President of the United States. In 1860 he was present at a convention there, and John Hanks marched in amid the shouts and applause of the crowd, carrying on his shoulder two rails that Abraham had made thirty years before.

How little could Abraham Lincoln himself or any one who knew him at this time, have dreamed that this rail-splitter was to be the greatest man in America!

The winter that followed was one of the most severe ever known in Illinois; it is always referred to as the winter of deep snow. When spring came at last, Abraham said good-by to his father and mother, and went out into the world to make a livelihood for himself. His boyish days were over. He was now twenty-one, and very tall and strong for his age. About six feet four inches in height, he seldom met a man taller than himself. He is certainly an exception to the say-

ing that all great men have been small—for example, Hannibal, Cæsar, Shakespeare, Napoleon. Abraham was very well-built; it was not till he stood up among other men that you realized that he was head and shoulders taller than most of them.

In the ordinary sense of the word, Lincoln had had no education. He knew no language but his own, and that not very well at this time. When asked if he could write, he replied, "Well, I guess I could make a few rabbit-tracks." He had taught himself all the arithmetic he knew. But he knew two things that are the most important that can be got from any training: how to think, and how to work. When he made clear to himself what it was right to do, he did it without talking about it, all his life.

Lincoln's experience in taking Mr. Gentry's cargo down to New Orleans induced a merchant named Offutt to give him another job of the same kind. Offutt was an adventurous sort of dealer, who did all kinds of business. He wanted some one to help him who had a head on his shoulders, and he soon saw that Lincoln had plenty of sense. He therefore engaged him, and Lincoln took his cousin, John Hanks, to help him. They did not make much money by the voyage, but Lincoln showed great skill in managing the raft.

Offutt was quite satisfied with the way in which the young backwoodsman had conducted the trip. After his return, Offutt gave Lincoln a position in his grocery store at New Salem. He had a kind of half store, half office, with a mill behind it; here he sold everything that any one could want to buy—grocery, drapery, stationery, miscellaneous goods of all kinds. Lincoln was clerk, superintendent of the mill, and general assistant.

Offutt soon began to admire his assistant immensely. He declared that Lincoln was the cleverest fellow he knew—he could read, and talk like a book; he was so strong and active that he could beat any one at running, jumping, or wrestling. Lincoln did not know any one in New Salem, and this "wooling and pulling," as he called it, of Offutt's annoyed him a good deal; as he knew, it was not at all likely to make people like him. The young fellows of the place did not mind his supposed cleverness; they knew nothing about that, and cared nothing; but they did resent the idea that he was stronger than they were.

At first they did nothing: he looked rather a dangerous person to attack, and not at all likely to take things meekly. Offutt's loud and continual praise, however, was more than they could stand. As Lincoln was on his way home one evening a group of the strongest fellows in New Salem, the "boys of Clary's Grove," attacked him.

Jock Armstrong, the biggest and burliest of them all, challenged him to a "wrestle." Jock was not as tall as Lincoln, but he was much more solidly built, with huge shoulders like an ox and immensely strong arms: no one in New Salem had ever been able to throw him, and he expected an easy victory over this strange clerk.

But Abe was as strong and as skilful as Jock: though he was thin his muscles were made of iron; his huge arms closed round the burly fellow like a vice. Even when his companions came to the champion's rescue Abe was a match for them. Armstrong was a sportsman and not ashamed to take a beating: he admired a man who was able to throw him. After this Lincoln had no stancher friend, and he soon grew to be a person of importance in New Salem. His strength and his honesty made him respected.

Of his honesty there are numberless stories. One evening he was making up his accounts for the day. While doing so he found that he had charged a woman, who had come in in the morning to buy a great number of little things, 6¼ cents too much. Until it was time to shut up the shop the money seemed to burn in his pocket. It was late when the time for locking up came, but he could not wait. He started at once for the woman's house, though it was several miles off, and walked there and back in the darkness so as to pay her the 6¼ cents before he went to bed. He knew he could not sleep until he had done so.

People trusted him. Those who were in trouble soon found out how wise and gentle he was, and they went to him for advice and help. He had a wonderful way of quite forgetting himself, and only thinking of making other people happy. Generally silent, he could tell stories so that every one laughed. But though he enjoyed talking and going to see people, he always worked very hard.

And he not only did work in the shop; he was always eager to learn more. After the day's task was done, he would walk miles to get hold of some book that he wanted, and read it on the way home. When his cousin, a lazy fellow, wrote to ask his advice, he replied: "What is wrong with you is your habit of needlessly wasting time: go to work; that is the only cure for your difficulty."

When he came to New Salem he met people who had been well educated, and he was at once struck by the difference between their way of speaking and his. He resolved to learn to speak correctly. One evening he walked to Kirkham and back—it was twelve miles away—and bought a grammar there. For the next few weeks he spent all his spare time in studying it: he used to sit with his feet on the mantelpiece and work for hours without moving. In this way he soon knew

all there was to know about grammar. When you read his speeches you will find that they are written in English as beautiful and simple as that of the Bible, which was the book he knew best of all.

He only remained with Offutt for a year. Offutt was too fond of talking to make his business a success, and he had to give up the store. It was Lincoln's first attempt at earning his living, and learning a trade did not seem very successful. Instead of at once looking for some new work of the same sort he enlisted as a soldier. The State of Illinois was thrown into a state of wild excitement by an attack made at this time by a powerful Indian tribe. Black Hawk crossed the Mississippi at the head of an army of red warriors. To drive them back, the government called for volunteers, and Abraham, who was one of the first to offer himself, was made a captain. The men entered for three months, during which they did a great deal of skirmishing and marching about, but took part in no regular battles. At the end of the time most of them went back to work. Abraham enlisted again; this time as a private in a battalion of scouts. He was not present at any battle, but he learned something of war and a good deal of soldiers; it was hard work and not much glory. By the autumn Black Hawk was captured, and the war was at an end. Lincoln's horse had been stolen, and he had to walk back to New Salem, a three days' tramp. His campaigning had not been a great success.

When he returned, the elections for members of the Illinois legislature were going on, and he offered himself as a candidate; spending the ten days between his return from the war and the time of election in making speeches. In New Salem he was popular, but he was not yet well known even there; he was young, and had had no experience. He was not elected, but he made good friends at the election time, and he began to be a capital speaker.

Meetings were not very formal in those days. One day when Lincoln was addressing a large hall full of people, in the middle of his speech he saw that a ruffian in the crowd was attacking a friend of his; they were struggling together, and his friend seemed to be having the worst of it. Lincoln jumped down from the platform where he stood, and marched to the middle of the room. He picked up the ruffian in his mighty arms and threw him some ten feet, so that he fell right outside the hall. There he lay, and did not attempt to return. Lincoln came back on to the platform and went on with his speech, just as if nothing had happened.

After the election he thought of becoming a



"THE GOVERNMENT CALLED FOR VOLUNTEERS, AND ABRAHAM, WHO WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO OFFER HIMSELF, WAS MADE A CAPTAIN."

blacksmith. Instead of this, he joined with a man called Berry in buying a store. Berry was a stupid and not very honest man. He got into debt; then he took to drinking, and soon afterward died, leaving Lincoln with the business ruined and a lot of debts to pay.

After this he did not try storekeeping again: he was made postmaster of New Salem. This meant very little work; few people wrote letters there; he could carry the whole post in his hat, and he read every newspaper that came. He now had plenty of time for reading, and he read ceaselessly. Most of all, he read American history. The "Life of Washington" had been his earliest treasure; and as a boy he had pored over an old copy of the statutes of Indiana. This was, perhaps, the beginning of his interest in law. Now he was in a town, though a small one, and it was possible to get hold of books. He used to lie on his back under a tree, with his feet high up against

the trunk, only moving so as to keep in the shade, and laying down the book now and then to think over what he had read and make sure that he understood it.

He studied surveying in this way for six weeks, and John Calhoun, the surveyor of the county, was so much astonished by his knowledge that he made him his assistant. His reading in law and history deepened his interest in politics: nothing interested him so much. He was resolved sooner or later to get into the legislature. One failure could not make him despair. There was a great world outside, and the door into the legislature was the door into that world.

When the next election came, Lincoln was elected to the legislature. Years afterward he was sent to Congress, and when, in 1860, he was elected to the presidency, his political experience combined with his genius and character to make him the greatest statesman of his time.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN LIVED WHEN
HE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT.



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, A BOYHOOD HOME OF KING GEORGE V.

THE BOYHOOD OF A KING

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

GEORGE V, who in June, 1911, was crowned King of England in the grand old abbey of Westminster, had rather strange school-days. From the time he was twelve years old, his school was a ship, and many of his teachers were naval officers. Sometimes his school-room rolled so much that it was impossible to read or write, to sit or stand comfortably, and this was "very trying to the temper." But whether the weather was windy or rainy, calm or rough, "school" went on "like clock-work," and the prince soon learned to adapt himself to changes.

Perhaps you will wonder why a prince should have had to do his lessons under such awkward conditions, but, if I go back to the beginning of the story, I think you will understand.

His father, afterward King Edward VII, was then Prince of Wales. His mother was the lovely and gentle Danish Princess Alexandra, who had come, "a sea-king's daughter from over the sea," to win all English hearts. Prince George was born at Marlborough House in London, on June 3, 1865. He was the second son, and it did not then seem likely that he would ever be king; but bells were rung and guns fired to give him a royal welcome. Before he was five years old, three little sisters had come into the family; and for

several years the royal children led a happy, merry life, all together, in the pleasant nurseries and wide grounds of their two homes, the one in London, and the other, Sandringham House, on the breezy coast of Norfolk.

Their parents loved them all dearly, and their mother, though she had about a hundred servants in her household, liked nothing better than to care for her children herself. Sometimes, at their bedtime, she slipped quietly away from the grand people in her great drawing-rooms, to tuck up her two little boys in their little white beds.

Like all true mothers, Alexandra wanted her children to be both good and happy, but the Prince of Wales was sadly afraid that foolish people would flatter the little princes and teach them to think too much of themselves. He did his utmost to prevent this, however, telling his servants to call the boys "Prince Eddy" and "Prince George," and not "Your Royal Highness." He always insisted, too, that the little people should be respectful and obedient to those in charge of them, and he did not allow them many or very costly toys.

But, if they had fewer toys than some children, the little princes and princesses had a delightful play-place in the great park at Sandringham. It has no lack of pleasant shady nooks for summer

days, and in winter, whenever the frost was keen, there was fine skating on its gleaming lakes, which was all the gayer because the prince invited his tenants and neighbors to share in the fun.

Near the house were stables for fifty or sixty horses, built round a courtyard. The children had their own small ponies, and sometimes they and their mother used to ride races on the springy turf of the park. One pony, a tiny, sure-footed little creature from India, was named "Nawab." He had a brilliant red saddle and bridle, adorned with gold, and was a great pet. Sometimes mischievous Prince George or his little sister Maud played strange pranks with Nawab. Once they even rode him up the great staircase of the house into their mother's pretty sitting-room.

But Nawab was only one among an almost bewildering number of pets. There were dogs of all sorts and sizes, brought from Scotland and Denmark, from China and Japan, from France and Newfoundland, and when they joined together in one glad chorus of welcome to their little masters or mistresses, the barking and baying and yelping must have been overpowering. In those days there was a regular little menagerie at Sandringham, where lived a baby elephant, some young tigers, a few bears, a multitude of birds, and a few chattering monkeys. Later most of these creatures were sent to the big "Zoo," in London, where other children could see them.

In the gardens of the princes' London home, wild birds made their nests, but there was not room for many pets. The house itself, though some of its hundred rooms were furnished simply, contained many rich and curious things. The staircase walls were adorned with paintings of the victories of the first Duke of Marlborough, for whom the house had been built, and the Indian Room, where the royal family often dined, was a perfect museum of wonderful swords and shields, carved ivories, gold and silver vases, and even a crown blazing with jewels. Moreover wise and learned men often visited the prince, and I think all these things—the pictures, the curiosities, and the clever talk they heard—must have taught the little boys a great deal. But they had plenty of the ordinary kind of lessons, too, with masters who came to them at home.

Their father was not satisfied with this plan for long, however. He thought that if his sons had everything made easy for them, and never mixed with other boys nor saw anything of the lives of those who toil, there would be little hope of their growing up strong and sensible, straightforward and manly, and of their realizing that, though they happened to be princes, there were many people quite as good and wise and clever as

themselves. He was anxious, too, that they should "learn to use their hands," so at last he decided to send them for a few years to be trained in the royal navy.

Their first ship-school was the old man-of-war *Britannia*, lying in harbor at the little Devonshire seaport of Dartmouth. There the princes lived exactly like the other "naval cadets," as the boys training for officers are called. They studied and they drilled. They learned to handle ropes, shift sails, and use carpenters' tools. They darned their own socks and mended their own clothes. If they got into a quarrel (which, I fancy, was not very



From a photograph, copyright by W. and D. Downey, London.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

often), they were left to fight it out themselves. In cricket and other sports they learned to "play the game," and to take a beating manfully. They worked hard enough to find a real zest in holidays, and lived so plainly that when they went on shore they often spent some of their pocket-money, like the other boys, on tarts and cakes.

In 1879, after two years on the stay-at-home old *Britannia*, they were promoted to the cruiser *Bacchante*, and for the next three years, hard work and some "roughing it" was sweetened by plenty of fun and change. Their two long voyages in the *Bacchante*, taken together, made a journey of over fifty-four thousand miles, during

which they landed in many different countries and saw many strange sights.

Their special home on the *Bacchante* was "the gun-room," a cabin eight feet wide by fourteen long, which they shared with eleven other midshipmen and cadets. They were as eager for the honor of their ship, and as ready for mischief and "skylarking," as any of the rest. When they left England, Prince Eddy was a tall boy of sixteen, while Prince George was a sturdy, rollicking lad of fourteen, and the pair soon gained the nicknames of "Herring" and "Sprat."

In addition to sharing drill and school with their comrades, the princes had to read books to prepare them to take an intelligent interest in the places they expected to visit. Moreover, however tired or excited they were, they had to write up their diaries before they turned in at night, and from these diaries and from the letters they wrote home a very full account of their travels has been prepared by the Rev. John N. Dalton, their "governor in charge." From this it appears that it fell most often to the lot of the elder brother to make the little formal speeches of thanks for the kindnesses heaped upon them wherever they landed. Otherwise it is often hard

in port. It was he who was cockswain of the officers' boat in many an exciting race. But both princes were tattooed in Japan with red and blue dragons writhing all down their arms.

During their first cruise they spent some weeks in the Mediterranean, then crossed the Atlantic to the West Indies, where the colored people were extraordinarily excited over the arrival of "Queen Victoria's piccaninnies." The princes enjoyed it all immensely, and had many a good laugh over the funny side of some attempts to do them honor. When they touched at Barbados, the *Bacchante* was immediately surrounded by a swarm of shore-boats, filled with negro washerwomen, laughing and chattering and waving handkerchiefs (instead of flags) printed with colored likenesses of them both.

Another day, a crowd of men and women with dark, shining faces, flung themselves on a carriage in which they supposed the princes to be, and touched its steps and wheels and splashboards before they discovered that none of the rollicking "mids" within were the grandsons of the queen. In their enthusiasm the kind-hearted colored folk pressed all kinds of presents on the lads; and for years Prince George wore on his



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THE OLD MAN-OF-WAR "BRITANNIA," KING GEORGE'S FIRST SHIP-SCHOOL.

to tell which of the two was the hero of any particular adventure. One fancies, however, that Prince George was more inclined than Prince Eddy to make experiments, and more often met with small mishaps. For instance, it was he who, in Australia and Ceylon, tried riding on the engine; who, in Japan, arrayed himself in a suit of ancient armor; and at Hebron, in the Holy Land, climbed Abraham's Oak to peep into an owl's nest. It was he who played oftenest in the frequent cricket matches, when the *Bacchante* was

watch-chain an ancient guinea-piece which an old woman had flung into the carriage. When they were on shore, all kinds of things were done to give them pleasure, but the moment they returned to the vessel they became again simple midshipmen.

They were just as pleased as their messmates when a little extra money came to them on payday; and they got so used to their tasks that once, when going on a passenger-vessel from one Australian port to another, they found it "a

curious sensation to get up . . . and have no regular work to do at sea." When they first crossed the equator, of course they had to be initiated by old Father Neptune, like the other inexperienced seamen, of whom there were two

of the Mikado of Japan and of an Indian Rajah, but, judging from the way they wrote, they found those free-and-easy days in the Australian bush, when they washed in a trough in the open air, as much of a treat and a pleasure as the most gor-



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THE "BACCHANTE," IN WHICH THE PRINCE TOOK TWO LONG VOYAGES.

hundred and forty on board; and they thought it fine sport. First they were blindfolded, then Father Neptune's attendants covered their faces with soap-suds and shaved them with a huge razor. Finally they were tumbled backward into a big sail filled with sea-water, and then they ran all about the deck and up into the rigging, splashing each other and turning the hose now on one, now on another.

In every land they visited there was something fresh to see or to do. In different parts of the world they fished for sharks, hunted kangaroos, and went down mines. They witnessed the great dragon procession in China, and explored the Nile in a house-boat. They tasted minced kangaroo in Australia, soup of birds' nests in China, and of sea-slugs in Japan. In the latter country they also drank cherry-blossom tea and were regaled—their eyes at least—with a large round pie, like that in the old nursery tale containing the four and twenty blackbirds, for when *this* pie was cut, there flew out of it a number of little birds very glad to get free. In Australia, they lived for a few days in a shanty in the bush, having meals in a farm-house kitchen, where the cream and the eggs and the fresh butter tasted better than any they had had since they left home. On the last day of their stay, their kindly hostess laid a wreath of rosebuds round each of their plates "for Sunday morning and in memory of England." Afterward they stayed in the palaces

geous ceremonials. The fact is the great world was just as new and interesting to them as to other boys of their ages, and they often felt that they were very lucky lads to see so much.

When they got the chance, they liked to talk to people who did not know who they were, but in this way they sometimes heard rather awkward speeches. Once, for instance, when they had taken passage on the mail steamer to go from Albany to Adelaide, in Australia, it happened to be the duty of one of the royal boys to board her as "midshipman in charge of the guard-boat." While he was on deck talking to the officers of the passenger-steamer, one of them remarked, "What a nuisance it is that the princes are going to Adelaide with us!" Rather startled, the prince answered: "Yes, I quite agree with you; it would be." A few minutes later some one introduced the astonished officer to the prince, and they had a good laugh together.

During their travels, the princes bought and received as presents a great variety of curiosities, including many living animals, which they intended to add to the Sandringham "Zoo." Among these was a white cockatoo, which lived in the stoke-hole and learned a number of "graceful tricks" from the chief engineer, such as imitating, to a nicety, all the sounds "of getting up ashes at sea." Another great pet was a young kangaroo which, at meal-times, used to go all round the ship to beg for biscuits and other dainties. Unhar-

pily it liked to sleep curled up on the anchor hung over the ship's side, and one day it was reported missing!

Of course in such a long voyage, the *Bacchante* had her share of stormy weather. Indeed, for several days, when in the latitudes which sailors call "the roaring forties," on the way from the Cape of Good Hope to Australia, the vessel was in serious peril. During a violent gale, when she had lost sight of the other ships of the squadron, some of her sails were split to ribbons, and her rudder was so twisted or broken by a great wave that the ship became unmanageable. The mishap occurred between ten and eleven at night, and "for a few seconds it was doubtful what would happen." "It was now," wrote the princes, "one of the most magnificent sights we ever gazed upon, though we hope never to be in similar circumstances or to see quite the like again. The moon above was breaking in full glory every few minutes through the densest and blackest storm-clouds, which were here and there riven by the blast; the sea beneath was literally one mass of white foam boiling and hissing beneath the gale." For hours the *Bacchante* lay at the mercy of the waves, constantly washed with heavy seas, and drifting helplessly toward the south pole. At last they contrived to get her head round, "pointing north for Australia," and so with difficulty they

land Islands and the princes were joyously anticipating seeing the Andes, and also the west coasts of North America, when orders came that the squadron must make a "demonstration" at the



KING GEORGE INSPECTING A BATTALION OF BOY SCOUTS.

cape, for it was the time of the first Boer War. Needless to say, the desires of the queen's grandsons received no more consideration than those of any other "middies." All had simply to obey orders.

When at last the voyage ended, the brothers, to their great regret, had to separate. Prince Eddy went to Cambridge to take up the studies thought necessary to fit him for his future position as King of England. But Prince George, who intended to devote himself in earnest to the life of a naval officer, became a midshipman on board the *Canada*, and so, when he was about seventeen years of age, paid his first visit to North America. He worked hard and rose, step by step, to the rank of captain. He loved his work, and some people think that, in addition to his grief



KING GEORGE IN A STATE CARRIAGE.

ran to Albany. This was their most dangerous experience during their three years' cruise.

In spite of their enjoyment of the voyage, the princes more than once were obliged to give up their long-cherished wishes. For instance, it had been planned originally that the *Bacchante* should sail round the world. She had reached the Falk-

land Islands and the princes were joyously anticipating seeing the Andes, and also the west coasts of North America, when orders came that the squadron must make a "demonstration" at the

cape, for it was the time of the first Boer War. Needless to say, the desires of the queen's grandsons received no more consideration than those of any other "middies." All had simply to obey orders.

STORIES FROM GREEK HISTORY

THE LAND AND THE ANCIENT PEOPLE OF GREECE

WHEN we turn to the map of the blue, sunshiny Mediterranean Sea, we notice that the most easterly of its three southward-pointing peninsulas is, in fact, a double peninsula. The southern one, called in ancient times the Peloponnesus, is shaped like a mulberry-leaf and hangs by its stalk—the Isthmus of Corinth—from the northern one, springing directly from the mass of the continent. Successive ramparts of mountains shut off the Peloponnesus and a strip of country the other side of the isthmus from the rest of Europe.

But this whole country of Greece, which is not quite as large as the State of Maine, lies open to the enticing sea of many islands, with its fine harbors and easy sailing. This sea was known in old days as the Ægean Sea; the lovely islands themselves are like stepping-stones between Greece and the opposite coasts of Asia Minor.

History tells with what gallantry and determination the Greeks defended their northern mountain walls during the world-struggle between the East and West in the fifth century before Christ. We know, too, at that time, how open to attack were the sea-washed coasts, and how invaluable were the fine harbors, such as Salamis. But before throwing ourselves again into those thrilling times, let us wander back through the centuries to catch a few glimpses of the earlier state of the country. We want to see the beginnings of a race that played so brave a part in the day of its tremendous trial.

A poor, blind old man, we are told, though some would have it that he never existed, wandered round the coasts of the Ægean Sea, some three or four hundred years before the time when the whole land was in a turmoil, fitting out ships and gathering soldiers to resist the Persians. This old man, Homer, like other minstrels before him, sang or recited, as he went, the grandest songs of adventure and fighting that the world has ever heard. Homer nearly three thou-

sand years ago was handing down, as he sang, the history, clothed in a poetic dress, of times perhaps three or four centuries earlier than his own.

In our schools we learn something of Homer's two great poems—the "Iliad," or the taking of Ilium, or Troy, and the "Odyssey," which tells of the wonderful wanderings of the great hero, Odysseus, who is also called Ulysses.

Once people thought that everything in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" was fairy-tale, because there is so much in them that can be nothing but beautiful make-believe. The spade of the modern explorer, however, has shown how much truth and history lie hidden in Homer's songs. We know now that brilliant memories of times gone by are enshrined in the legends. Those times of which Homer sang had been wiped out by waves of newcomers and years of disturbance and struggle in the land.

In the northwest corner of Asia Minor, near the Hellespont, scholars believe they have found the ruins of Troy, or Ilium, itself, and in Mycenæ, in the Peloponnesus, they have unearthed a palace with golden treasure, like the home of Agamemnon, the leader of the Achæans who fought against Troy. Grand indeed is it to have actual touch with those far-off stirring times, and most deeply interesting are the remains to be seen in museums of pictures cut in roller-seals or painted on plaster, as well as wonderful treasures of gold, such as ornaments and cups.

How long this civilization had lasted is not yet known, but on many Mediterranean sites have been found widespread traces of it. In the beautiful island of Crete, for instance, stood a marvelous palace, three stories high, as large as a town, belonging to times still earlier than those of Mycenæ and Troy. The story of its exploration is one of the most entrancing ever told, especially as it unravels one of the wonderful old Greek stories, that of the monster Minotaur, and



OLYMPIA RESTORED.
FROM A DRAWING BY G. REHLENDER.

the labyrinth, or palace with winding passages, in which he lived.

It was during the years when this old civilization was flourishing round the Ægean Sea that many families of people were migrating westward from their homes on the lower basin of the Euphrates, where life was so full and busy and there was constant need for more room. One of these families, known as the Phœnicians, settled, as Abraham of the same race had done long before, in Syria, the country between Asia Minor and Egypt. These Phœnicians occupied a narrow strip of land, about 200 miles long by about 20 broad, between the sea and the mountains of Syria, where grew the famous cedars of Lebanon. Energetic and clever people they were, and they became daring sailors and most successful traders. Placed midway between the East and West, they became the merchant carriers of the known world; the productions of the old empires on the Nile and the Euphrates passed through their hands, and were taken in their little ships wherever they could find a market.

Farther and farther afield they pushed their way, building forts to protect their trade, much as the Dutch, French, and British did thousands of years later. They were miners and metal-workers, too, and it was chiefly in the quest for silver that they passed the Pillars of Hercules and founded Gades, or Cadiz, facing the broad Atlantic. It was the rumor that tin was to be found in Britain that led them to pass the Bay of Biscay and land in Cornwall. The Phœnicians discovered Britain.

These people are mentioned in the "Iliad" as famous workers in metal; in the "Odyssey," they are spoken of chiefly as daring sailors and pirates.

Like the British in later days, they saw the advantages of Malta, and Cyprus, the copper island, for harbors and footholds, but their chief colony, which flourished exceedingly after the great days of Phœnicia had gone by, was Carthage, on the north coast of Africa, nearest to Sicily. So strong and rich did this colony become that it founded other colonies, such as New Carthage, in Spain, and contested long and nobly with the Greeks and Romans in later days.

And all the time that the Phœnicians were facing the waves in storm and sunshine, buying and selling everywhere, from the very old Greek cities and from Britain, and founding colonies, they were also making great wealth from a beautiful purple dye obtained from a little shell-fish gathered on their shores. It is astonishing indeed how much life and work had its home on that narrow strip of shore, especially round the two great cities Sidon and Tyre, both of which

had afterward such tragic histories. The name Tyre brings to mind its king, Hiram, who helped David and his son Solomon so much in the building of the great temple at Jerusalem, sending them cedar and bronze and cunning workmen, as we read in the Bible.

While the Phœnicians were thus at the height of their power, great waves of people had ever been rolling on from the east, round the Black Sea, pushing forward and southward the tribes in front of them. And so it happened that, some years after the fall of Troy, an uprising of the states round the northwest of the Ægean Sea took place on the arrival of new tribes seeking new homes.

In the years of fighting and trouble which followed, the old high civilization was lost, and when at last things settled down, we find Greece—or Hellas, as the people themselves called it—cut up into small states, mostly shut in by surrounding mountains, but open to the sea.

All were fiercely independent, and though the Hellenes were all of the same race, they were very different in nature. We know but little of the long struggles the newcomers had with the old inhabitants, the very early Greeks, or of the difficulties that arose as they mingled with them, and overflowed to the islands of the Ægean and the coasts of Asia Minor beyond.

The three chief tribes of the Hellenes were the Ionians, the Dorians, and the Æolians. All through the history of the rise and fall of Hellas, or Greece, these people never united under one ruler. Incessant and bitter to the very end were the quarrels and jealousies among all the states founded by them.

The chief Ionian state was Athens, with the country round called Attica, that little peninsula that stretches northeast of Corinth. The Ionians soon spread out over the middle islands of the Ægean Sea to Asia Minor, where they founded the cities afterward so famous as Smyrna and Ephesus. In the Peloponnesus was Sparta, the chief Dorian state; and it also soon formed settlements, chiefly in Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus. To the west of Attica lay Bœotia, with its capital, Thebes, settled eventually by the Æolian family, neither so clever as the Ionians nor so brilliant in war as the Dorians, but more steady and persevering than either. They expanded to the north of the Ionians.

The early settlement of the states is a long and intricate story, with many changes of government, and much fighting among themselves. Still, shut off in the peninsula by their triple rampart of mountains to the north, they had some centuries free from foreign invasion in which

to develop according to their natures and the opportunities of their country.

The brilliant period of Phœnicia did not last many centuries. Nebuchadnezzar took Tyre in the sixth century before Christ, and the Persians annexed the whole district soon after, glad enough to get the use of the great fleets of ships for their wars and commerce.

As the sea-power of the Phœnicians went down, that of the Greeks rose, till they, in their turn, became masters of the Mediterranean, trading and exploring everywhere and founding colonies on a grand scale. Besides those to the east were the important ones in the south of Italy and Sicily, which came in time to be called Greater Hellas or Greece.

It was in the same century that Homer is believed to have lived that the famous laws of Sparta were settled by Lycurgus. These iron laws arranged the lives of Spartans from birth to death as if they were parts of a machine. Baby boys were not allowed to live at all if they were not strong, and those who passed the judges

were taken from their mothers when seven years old to be brought up by the state, so as to turn out fine soldiers. They lived in barracks in the hardest and simplest way possible, and were made to endure hunger, fatigue, and even thrashing. To this day we say of any one who endures discomfort and suffering without complaining that he is a Spartan, and a proverb we often use, "Hunger is the best sauce," comes down to us from a Spartan cook who was speaking of the horrid black broth these boys had to take. We know from the story of the pass of Thermopylæ, several hundred years after Lycurgus framed his laws, what sort of soldiers this military training turned out.

The Ionian Athenians developed on very different lines. They had many difficulties and troubles to endure before their laws and arrangements settled down into one of the most perfect systems of government by the people ever known. Their great reforming lawgiver was Solon, one of the wise men of Greece, about whom we will next read.

SOLON, THE LAWGIVER

LONG, long ago, more than six hundred years before the time of Christ, the Greek city of Athens had gone to war with Megara to get possession of the island of Salamis.

The war had lasted so long that every one was tired of it; the poorer men, because they had to leave their farms for their wives and children to manage as best they could; and the richer ones, because they had to fight and endure hardships instead of amusing themselves, and living at their ease at home, as they did when there was peace. So they all agreed to let Megara have Salamis, and passed a law that no one was ever to say that Salamis should by right belong to Athens, or he would be put to death. This was a very cowardly law, but as no one wanted to be put to death, no one dared to say a word against it for some time.

But one day a great noise was heard in the market-place of Athens, and every one ran out of doors to see what was the matter. A handsome young man was shouting at the top of his voice, and waving his arms about, like one that was mad. He was wearing a cap, which none but sick men wore in those days. And many whispered, "Who is he?" And others answered, "Hush! listen to him; he has gone mad, but he is talking words of wisdom." "Ay," said another, "for he is telling us to get back Salamis. Poor

fellow, it is young Solon, the poet, whose father wasted all his money. I hope they will not punish him for this with death."

But Solon, the poor nobleman, was only pretending to be mad. He thought it a disgrace for Athens to lose Salamis, and chose this way of saying so. And the people were so moved by his words, even though they were the words of a madman (as they thought), that they decided to fight again. They chose Solon as general, and he won back Salamis for them.

And after that, though he still wrote poetry, it was more serious poetry than before, for he went about among the people, and saw many sad things happening. Poor men, who had fallen into debt, because of bad harvests, were dragged off to prison by their creditors, or to the slave-market. There they were sold as slaves, and their wives and children were taken from them, since the same masters did not often buy all of a family. And Solon asked many questions about all that he saw, and soon was wiser than almost any other Athenian. So when it was decided that something must be done to make matters better, all the citizens thought that Solon was the best man to do it.

Solon, who was born about 638 B. C., made some very wise laws. One of these forbade rich men to sell poor men into slavery because they

could not pay their debts. Another took away all the rights of a citizen from every Athenian who did not take one side or the other at a time of civil strife. This was a very important law, and it made Athenians take a great interest in politics always, so that they soon grew to be the ablest people in the world at making new laws and reforming old ones.

Solon's other laws were meant to keep the nobles from getting all the power into their own hands. If they had been obeyed, the people would all have lived happily together. But they were not obeyed; though Solon was not there to see this at first. For after bidding the Athenians keep all his laws faithfully, he went away to travel in distant lands for ten years. He wished to see how the people in other lands managed their business. He felt that it would be better to leave his own people alone for a little while until they grew accustomed to the new laws. Some writers, who were not very careful about dates, used to tell a very nice story of this part of Solon's life. I am going to tell it to you, although it never happened, because until quite lately it was thought that perhaps it was true.

There was in Lydia a king named Cræsus, who was the richest man in the world. Solon was said to have visited him. Cræsus took his famous guest all over his palace and his treasure-room to show him all the store of gold and silver and precious stones he had. And many beautiful pictures he showed too, and statues, the loveliest in the world. Solon looked at them all, and admired them, but he did not seem so full of astonishment as Cræsus would have liked. At last Cræsus said: "Tell me, Solon, if you think any man in the world is happier than I?"

He hoped that Solon would say that he was the happiest of all. And he was vexed when Solon said: "O King, Tellus the Athenian, who died fighting bravely for his country, is the happiest man I know of."

"Do I, then, come next to Tellus?" asked Cræsus.

"Nay, O King, but two noble youths, who were kind to their aged mother. And she prayed to the gods to reward them. The gods answered her prayer by taking her sons to themselves."

Cræsus was very angry at this answer. Yet he asked again: "Then do you not count me a happy man?"

But Solon answered gravely: "O King, count no man happy till he dies. For none of us know what the gods have in store for us while we yet live."

And with that he went sadly away, thinking he had angered Cræsus for no good.

Years afterward, so the story goes, Cræsus was defeated in a great battle by Cyrus, King of Persia. Cyrus made a great pile, bound Cræsus tightly, and laid him on the top. And he had set the pile on fire, so that Cræsus would soon have been burned. But he shouted, "Solon! Solon!" Cyrus asked a servant why Cræsus called for Solon. The servant told him what I have just told you. Then Cyrus, who was a much better and wiser man than Cræsus, told his soldiers to lift Cræsus off the fire. He took him home, and treated him kindly as long as he lived. So Solon was the means of saving Cræsus's life.

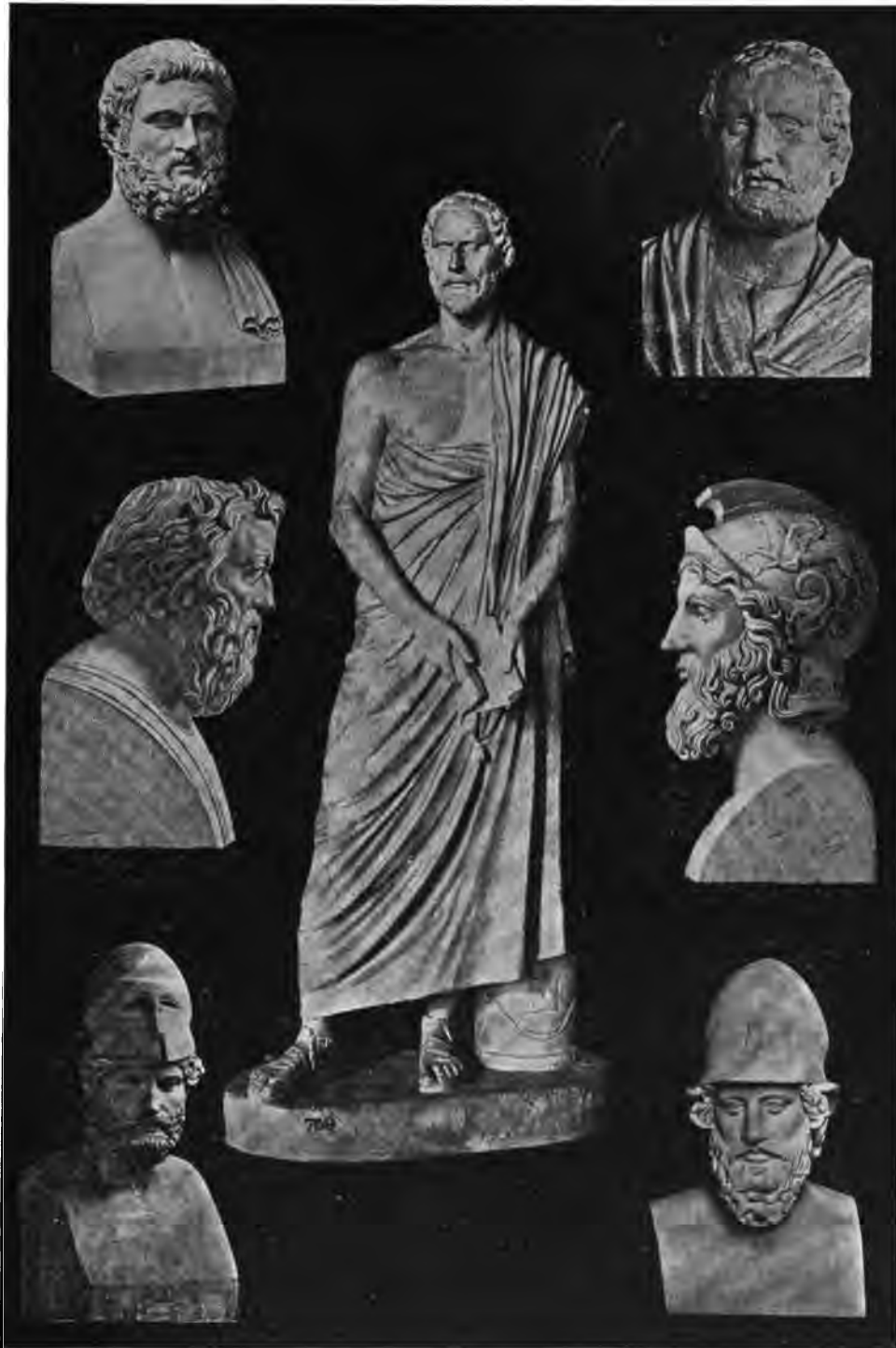
When at last he went home to Athens, Solon was much distressed to find that the only law that had been kept was that which told the citizens to take part in political life. The people had obeyed that thoroughly, and there were three political parties in the state. The "Men of the Upland" formed one; they were all poor farm-laborers. Then there were the "Men of the Plain," who were nearly all rich noblemen. Thirdly, there were the "Men of the Shore," who were merchants. Every citizen belonged to one or other of these. Solon's clever cousin, Pisistratus, led the Men of the Upland, and in the end this party had the best of it.

Poor Solon was very unhappy, even though his cousin was very kind to him, and told the people to keep Solon's laws. He often asked Solon's advice. But Solon warned the people that they were "treading in the footsteps of the fox" by helping Pisistratus.

And indeed Pisistratus behaved as slyly as a fox. One day he drove into the market-place, bleeding from dreadful wounds which he had given himself. The poor people crowded round his chariot to ask him how he had been so hurt. He pretended that some wicked men had tried to kill him because he was working for the good of the poor Men of the Upland. Unless he had some soldiers to guard him, he said, he might soon be murdered.

The Men of the Upland voted that he should have a guard of soldiers to follow him about. And then it became clear what his plan was. Soon he used the soldiers to seize for himself the chief power in the city, and made himself despot. (This was the name given to a ruler who could do whatever he liked with the people and the laws.)

The leaders of the Men of the Plain and of the Men of the Shore had to leave Athens. For a time Pisistratus had his own way in everything.



GREEK WARRIORS AND STATESMEN.

SOLON.
LYCURGUS.
THEMISTOCLES.

DEMOSTHENES.

ÆSCHINES.
MILTIADES.
PERICLES.

Solon grew more and more unhappy over this change in the way of government, and could not be comforted. He shut himself up in his house in grief because his beloved Athens was no longer a free city. Two years after Pisistratus became despot he died (558 B. C.). Every one had loved him, and all were very sorry for his death.

Pisistratus ruled wisely and kindly, and welcomed to his court many wise and clever men. He tried to make Athens famous for great literature and beautiful statues and noble buildings. Twice he was driven from his throne and city by his enemies. Yet before he died he had done his country much good, and might have satisfied even his cousin Solon had he been there to see.

THEMISTOCLES, THE SOLDIER AND STATESMAN

ABOUT forty-four years after Solon's death there was born at Athens a boy destined to be one of the most wonderful men Athens ever saw. He was not a noble, like Solon, nor was he poor; but, like Solon, he was rather an unusual sort of boy, though in a different way. He was not particularly clever at his lessons at school, nor was he fond of games. When the other boys were playing at quoits or ball, or harnessing captive beetles to a paper car, he went off by himself and made up speeches, pretending that one of his classmates was accused of a crime, and that he himself was pleading before the judge that his friend should be let off. Or else he would call his schoolfellows together and make a long speech about politics, in which at that early age he took a great interest. His schoolmaster used to say he would turn out to be some one extraordinary, and would become either a great blessing or a great curse to his country.

And when he grew up, and was studying philosophy with a tutor, he knew more about politics and the affairs of the day than he did of his studies, which was a great disappointment to his father and mother.

In fact, at that time Themistocles gave them much trouble, for he was rather inclined to be wild and extravagant, and they thought that if he would only leave politics alone, everything would be all right again. One day his father pointed out some worn-out warships that were rotting away in the docks, and told him that that was the fate in store for him if he became a statesman. "The Athenian people will work you very hard," he said, "and take all they can out of you, and then, when you can be of use to them no longer, they will leave you alone to die." But it was of no use for his father or any one else to talk like this to Themistocles, for nothing in the world interested him but politics, and just then in Athens very exciting things were happening.

When Themistocles was about fourteen years old, the Athenians had helped their kinsmen on

the Asiatic shore of the Mediterranean Sea to fight against King Darius of Persia; and though they did not win in the end, they did much harm to Darius's dominions, and burned the great city of Sardis before they returned home.

This made Darius very angry, but he was too busy just then to follow the Athenians home and avenge the insult. Yet, so that he should not forget his anger against them, he ordered one of his slaves to say to him every day at dinner, "Sire, remember the Athenians." Atossa, his wife, constantly urged him to go against the Athenians, for she wanted Greek women for her slaves, as she had heard that they were very beautiful.

But eight years passed away before Darius found time to do anything. Then at last he called to him a very clever general named Mardonius, and told him to make ready to go to war with the Athenians.

The country through which Mardonius led his soldiers after he had crossed the Hellespont was wild and barbarous. In it lived savage and warlike tribes. Mardonius had directed where his ships should meet him, but a dreadful storm arose, three hundred ships were almost all wrecked, and the twenty thousand men they carried were drowned near the rocky coast. When the barbarian tribes heard of this, they attacked Mardonius's army, and destroyed more than half of it. So poor Mardonius lost heart, and felt that it would be wiser on the whole to go back to Persia.

Back he went, and for nearly two years after Persia was full of the hurry and bustle of preparing again to make war on the Greeks. At last King Darius sent off heralds to each Greek city to ask the people for earth and water. You will think this a very strange thing for him to ask; but if the Greeks gave the earth and water, it meant that they would agree to Darius ruling them on land and sea. Many of the states were so frightened that they gave earth and water at once.

But you may be sure that Athens was not one of these. There the people caught hold of the herald and threw him into a deep hole, where, they said, he could get earth and water for himself. And they told all their soldiers to make ready for war. Just think how excited Themistocles must have felt when he came out of his philosophy class one day, and heard that in that deep hole in the quarry near by, into which he had loved to throw stones when he was a child, the enemy's herald had been thrown that morning.

You may be sure he delivered a fine speech to his fellow-students, which was so fiery that they all took sides for or against the Persian invader. Themistocles and another, Aristides (besides others whose names I need not tell you), went off to the war under Miltiades, the great Greek general, for they agreed with him that they ought to fight at once, for fear the friends of Persia in Athens would open the city gates and let the enemy march in.

Out on a hill above the plain of Marathon gathered that brave little Greek army, looking down on the great host of the Persians between them and the sea.

For four or five days they awaited the attack of the Persians, but in vain; and so Miltiades himself decided to attack. All the fighting men of the little town of Plataea had joined him (in gratitude for past kindnesses received from Athens), and his force now numbered between ten and eleven thousand. After arranging them in the best way possible for so small a force, he ordered them to start at a run down the hill toward the enemy.

The Persians either did not expect them, or thought that so small an army would never be so mad as to charge their large forces, and were far from ready to oppose them. They soon learned, however, to their cost, that if the Greeks were mad, there was method in their madness, when the line of pikes charged into them with a great force gained by the run of a mile downhill. Both sides of the Persian army broke away in disorder, and were routed; but the Greek center, which was their weakest part, would have been beaten had not the Greeks at the right and left come to the rescue. Even then there was a desperate struggle on the beach before the Persians were all driven into the sea or to their ships, and the field of Marathon was won.

"Miltiades, thy victories
Must every Persian own:
And hallow'd by thy prowess lies
The field of Marathon."

This was one of the songs they sang in Athens after the battle, when every one was so happy that even the friends of Persia were quiet, and pretended to be glad too. But some friends of Themistocles noticed that he was keeping away from the feasts that were held in honor of the victory, and that he was growing pale and looking ill. He did not attend to his studies any more, but went about alone, and would not talk to anybody.

At last a friend stopped him in the street one day, and said: "What is the matter with you, Themistocles? Are you ill? You have not been to the club nor to the philosophy class for several days, and we are quite dull without you to make us speeches." Themistocles grew very red, and after a little replied: "I cannot sleep for thinking of the trophies Miltiades has won." "Go and win some yourself," said the other; and Themistocles took his advice. From that time forward he was never absent from the public council.

Athens was at war just then with the island of Ægina, and Themistocles advised the Athenians to build a great many ships, so as to conquer Ægina the more easily, as he said. But in the back of his mind he had another plan. He felt sure that Darius, the Persian King, would come back some day soon to try to conquer the Athenians, and this time he would bring not only his army by land, but would bring a great many ships as well. And he thought if the Greeks had two or three hundred ships in readiness, they might win another glorious victory.

But his old schoolfellow, Aristides, who had gone with him to fight at Marathon, thought him quite wrong in this, and believed that the Athenians had better not waste their money in building so many ships. So whenever Themistocles spoke in the Assembly in favor of the proposal, Aristides used to oppose him. Aristides was not nearly so clever or wise as Themistocles, but he was a much better man. He had never grieved his parents, nor been wild and extravagant, and he was always so fair to every one that men called him "Aristides the Just," and trusted him a great deal. He had never done anything of which he needed to be ashamed, whereas Themistocles had often done acts that were dishonorable, and was not always as careful of the people's money as he should have been. Then he sometimes told lies, and gave people bribes to do what he wanted, whether it was right or not. But he could never bribe Aristides; and as Aristides was always against him when he tried to get a larger navy for Athens, he at last grew very angry with him, and the two quarreled so badly that every one grew tired of listening to them.

The Athenians had a plan for getting rid of people of whom they were tired, and they chose this way now. They all came into the city one day, and the clerks of the Council gave each of them an oyster-shell, on which they were to write the name of the man they wanted to send out of the city. Then they dropped their shells into a large vase that stood near for the purpose. More than six thousand of them on this day wrote the name of Aristides on their shells. After the clerks had counted the shells, Aristides was told he must leave the city.

This voting by oyster-shells was called ostracism, and Aristides was said to be ostracized. He had to leave the city for ten years, and take no share in its doings all that time. Aristides loved his country so dearly that this was a very cruel punishment to him, for he knew quite well that once he was out of the way, Themistocles would easily persuade the people to make a great navy; and this was just what happened. But in this matter Themistocles was right, and it was best for Athens, as you will see, that Aristides should be sent away just then.

For across the Mediterranean King Darius of Persia was not sleeping all this time, but was very busy indeed. Furious that a small city like Athens should have defeated his large army, he made up his mind to make ready a larger army and a bigger fleet, and to sail against Athens again. Themistocles knew of all this, and never tired of telling the people of the use of a large fleet, and that Athens must become the mistress of the seas; until the Athenians believed it so thoroughly that they thought they had always wanted this.

And when they had the best of it in the Æginean War, they felt sure that Themistocles was right, though Darius died, and so ended their fear that he would come again. But his son Xerxes continued to prepare for war against the Greeks, and at last the report came across the sea that he had left home with a very large army and fleet.

Xerxes was a foolish king, and had been so spoiled in his childhood that he often behaved like a big baby. When he could not get across the Hellespont in his bridge of boats because of a great storm, he flew into a rage, and ordered his servants to thrash the sea for being so rough. At last, however, he crossed the Hellespont, and then marched through wild country toward Greece. The Greeks on their side were preparing to fight him.

Leonidas, King of Sparta, met him in the narrow pass of Thermopylæ, where that wonderful defense was made by the Greeks which became one of the most heroic subjects of history.

Meanwhile Themistocles was fighting the Persians somewhere farther south. You must remember that the Persians came not only overland, but with many ships too. Fortunately for the Greeks, a tremendous storm, which raged for three days and three nights, did so much harm to the enemy's ships that four hundred of them were destroyed, many men drowned, and much treasure and many stores lost. The coast almost in sight of Thermopylæ was covered with the wreckage of boats, and with dead bodies.

But Themistocles knew that even after losing four hundred ships the Persian fleet would still be much larger than that of the Greeks. So he was not surprised, as the other Greeks were, when they saw on the morning after the storm a very large fleet off the north of the long island of Eubœa. They wanted to sail away at once down the coast of Eubœa to Chalcis to take shelter. Themistocles tried hard to persuade them to stay where they were and fight; and the people in the island heard this, and sent him a very large present of money, so that he should keep the Greek fleet off the north of the island. You noticed before that Themistocles was not very particular about taking money or giving it, if he could get his own way by so doing; so he thanked the islanders, and gave presents to all the other admirals, if they promised to stay there and fight.

They promised; in those days most Greeks would do anything for money (and this was the worst point in the Greek character), but they did not begin the fight till the evening. Then they fought very bravely for some time, but just when they were beginning to get the worst of it, it grew so dark that they had to stop the battle for that night.

Strange to tell, during that night too arose a great wind, which dashed the Persian ships about so much that many were wrecked altogether, and others so much damaged that they could not fight next day. By the day after the Persians had patched up their ships, and began to fight again. The battle lasted all day, till the poor Greeks were so battered that even Themistocles thought they must escape southward down the channel between the long island of Eubœa and the mainland. But he would not have been Themistocles if he had not played a trick by the way.

In the fleet of the Persians were the Ionian Greeks, who lived across the Mediterranean Sea, and were servants of the Persian King. For their benefit Themistocles wrote up in very large letters near every well all along the cliffs: "Let all the Ionians desert the Persians and help the

Greeks; or at least throw the Persian fleet out of order after the battle begins." Of course he knew that the Ionians were too weak and too much afraid of Xerxes to do anything of the kind, but he thought it would make Xerxes uneasy if he saw this writing, as he was sure to do.

But while Themistocles was writing on the cliffs, the other admirals in the Greek fleet, who were not Athenians, and did not care very much what happened to Athens, decided to sail far south to guard their own homes. Nothing that Themistocles could say made them change their minds, so he told the Athenians that they must all leave their beloved city of Athens and their homes and everything dear to them. Many of them wept and said they would not go; they would rather die than go.

Themistocles, who meant for the best, played another of his clever tricks to persuade them to go. He walked into the midst of the wailing citizens, crying out that the gods had left Athens, so it was time that men left it too. "What do you mean?" they shouted; and then he told them that Athene, the goddess who loved their city most and always lived in the temple on the hill, had gone away, taking with her her pet snake, which had been there so long that no one knew its age. Further, that a prophet in another temple had prophesied that "Athenians would find safety behind wooden walls only"; and "of course," said Themistocles, "the wooden walls are the sides of the ships, into which you had best go at once."

Perhaps Themistocles could have told you where the goddess and the snake had gone, but the unhappy Athenians did not stop to ask him that. They all hurried off and caught their little ones in their arms, and took them and their wives, and afterward as much of their furniture as they could pick up in their hurry, and went on board the ships. For two or three days the ships were busy sailing to and fro between Athens and Salamis, taking Athenian families and property across to safety in the island of Salamis. The Greek fleet promised to stay near Salamis till all the Athenians were removed. By that time Xerxes had reached Athens and set it on fire, and the Persian fleet was drawing near again, ready for another fight.

Then followed a most exciting discussion in the Greek council of war. Themistocles felt sure that if the Greeks with their small ships stayed in the narrow strait of Salamis, and provoked the Persians to attack them there, the enemy's lumbering ships would not have room to move about, and could be thrown into great disorder; whereas if the battle was fought in a wider place

the Persians would have the best of it. But no one else in the council agreed with him, and they all left, after deciding to sail away from Salamis next morning.

Themistocles was not satisfied, however, and went on board the ship of Eurybiades, the Spartan admiral, and tried to persuade him to alter the plan. But all Eurybiades would promise to do was to call another council. The other admirals were very angry at being called back again, and when Themistocles kept urging them to choose his plan, one of them cried out: "Themistocles, those who rise up at the games before their turn are whipped."

"Maybe," answered Themistocles, "but those who never rise at all never win the crown of victory."

At which words the other fell into such a passion that he raised his heavy stick to strike Themistocles. Themistocles did not flinch, but said quietly: "Strike me if you like, but listen to me."

At this the other was ashamed, and let his stick fall, and listened. But as Themistocles went on to give fresh reasons why they should stay where they were, the news came that Xerxes had taken the city of Athens, and Adimantus, the Corinthian admiral, said with a sneer that Themistocles had not even the right to speak, for he had now no city.

At this Themistocles lost his temper entirely, and in a rage he cried that if he had not a city, he had a fleet of two hundred ships, and if he took them away, as he thought of doing, he could build a splendid city for his men away in the west, where Xerxes would not trouble him.

This made the others very much afraid, and they agreed to stay and fight at Salamis. Then each went to his own ship and to rest.

Next day, however, so many of their friends came from their homes begging them to come south at once, that they said they must have another council meeting. Themistocles now saw that he would not succeed in persuading them this time, so he planned to trick them into doing what he thought best for them all. He sent a very clever and trusty servant to King Xerxes, saying that he (Themistocles) was very fond of Xerxes, and hoped that Xerxes would win. But the Greek fleet were just planning to give Xerxes the slip. So Xerxes had better come close up at once, and begin the battle.

Xerxes was much pleased, and thought kindly of Themistocles for such seemingly friendly advice, and remembered it to his credit years afterward.

Meanwhile the Greek admirals were still quar-

reeling over the plans of attack, and Themistocles listened sadly, but said nothing. Suddenly the door opened, and a servant came in and pulled gently at his sleeve, and said: "A ship-captain, who will not tell his name, wishes to speak with you, sir." Themistocles hurried out and saw—whom do you think?—his old rival, Aristides!

Sometime before, he had asked the Athenians to let Aristides come back, and they had agreed, and here he was—too full of important news, however, to remember to thank Themistocles. He begged that they should now be rivals only in doing their country good, and whispered that the Persian fleet had sailed quite close, and there was now no longer a chance of escape for the Greeks.

This was just what Themistocles was longing to hear; and remembering the patriotic spirit of Aristides in the old days, he decided to trust him with his secret. So he said: "You bring good news, Aristides, for you tell me that my plans have turned out well. I had to do this to make the Greek admirals fight here." And he told him the whole story. Aristides praised the plot, and they went into the council together. Aristides was well known by name to all the admirals, and much respected by them; and at another time they would have given him a warm welcome; but just then they had hardly patience enough to hear what he had to say. They would not believe him until the captain of another ship came in and told the same tale.

When they woke next morning, they did not doubt any longer, for there lay the Persian ships in front of them, and the battle soon began. It was a terrible fight, and lasted all day, but in the end the Greeks won, losing only forty ships, while the Persians lost two hundred. And as soon as the Persian ships fled, Aristides went hastily on shore and fought against the army of the Persians, and defeated them utterly.

The Persian fleet, or rather what was left of it, fled home, with King Xerxes on board, and a great part of the army. But quite a large force was left behind, which continued the war until the next year, when the Persian general, with most of his army, was slain in the great battle of Plataea; and at last the great war was over.

The Athenians were now free to go to their own city, and Themistocles with them, covered with well-deserved glory from the war, and beloved by all his fellow-citizens. They found all their houses in ruins, but there was one thing that cheered them very much. The pet snake of the goddess Athene was back again in the spot where the temple used to stand, and in the spot near by where there had been for years an old

gnarled olive-tree, which the Persians had burned down to its roots, a fresh sprig of olive had sprung up. These things made them feel that the goddess meant to come back again herself, and wanted them to come too.

Themistocles said they must build finer temples and houses than before, and make Athens the most beautiful and the strongest city in the world. They must build many new ships, too, and a fine new harbor, and strong walls all round the city, and all round the port and harbor of Piræus, too. The Piræus was about four miles from Athens, and there most of the shipping business of Athens was carried on.

The people were delighted at the idea, and after they had built enough houses for themselves to live in, they all set to work with a will, so that the neighboring states were quite frightened to see such energy. They were jealous because the Athenians had so many ships, but now they began to say that the Athenians must mean to conquer them as well as Persia, and to make themselves masters of Hellas.

At last the Spartans heard about it, and were very angry. Up till the time of the war, they had always been thought the best and bravest of the Greeks. But now many were saying that the Athenians were better and braver than they, and that the Athenians had really been the saviors of Hellas, and the Spartans had always come too late to every battle except Thermopylae. So the Spartans sent ambassadors to Athens to ask why the people were building such strong walls.

"Surely," said they, "if the Persians come again, we shall help you, and if they get inside your walls, then it will be very difficult to drive them out again. We think there is no need to build such strong walls, but rather come and help us to pull down all the city walls throughout Hellas."

"Now," said the people to Themistocles, "what are we to do? We are not ready for a war just now, and the Spartans will make war on us if we refuse to pull down our walls."

And they spoke in very anxious tones.

"Send me as ambassador to Sparta," answered Themistocles, "and choose a few other men to follow me later on, and I will smooth away the difficulty"; and he laughed so much that the people began to laugh too, though they were not quite sure why they laughed. But they thought that Themistocles was sure to manage the matter well, as he always did. He made ready to go to Sparta, and sent word that he was coming to talk things over. Before he left, he called the people together, and said: "While I am away,

do you finish the city wall as fast as you can—all of you, men, women, and children.”

So every one of them set to work, the little children as busily as any, and the walls grew higher and higher every day.

When Themistocles reached Sparta every one was very polite to him, for they were all rather afraid of him. He was so quick-witted and clever, that he seemed to be laughing at them; for they themselves were always slow in their wits and in their speech.

He made them suspicious now, because he kept away from their Council, always saying that he could do nothing without his fellow-ambassadors; and something seemed to be delaying them on their journey. But when the news reached them that the Athenians had built the wall to a great height since Themistocles had left Athens, they asked him rather angrily for an explanation.

He answered that they were mistaken, and should send ambassadors to Athens to see for themselves. He said this because, if the Spartans, after they learned the truth, should want to do any harm to himself and his friends, who had at last arrived, they would not dare to do so for fear the Athenians should pay them out by seizing their ambassadors.

And he sent word to Athens that the people were to be very kind to the Spartan ambassadors, but were not to stop building the wall. They followed his advice, so that the Spartan ambassadors sent word to Sparta that the story was all true, and the walls round Athens were very high and very strong. Then Themistocles and his comrades went into the Spartan Council, and said boldly that the Athenians had meant all the time to have walls, so that if enemies again attacked Hellas, the Athenians would not again be homeless outcasts. The walls were now of a great height, and nothing would persuade them to pull them down. It was quite different for the people who lived in the south, and farthest away from the enemy, but Athens was, so to speak, the rampart of the Greeks on the north, from which part alone an enemy could attack the Greeks by land.

The Spartan Council was very angry when it heard this, but dared not say anything, for there was, after all, some truth in what Themistocles said. Besides, they could not afford to quarrel with Athens just now. Then Themistocles and his friends went away home.

When he found the Athenian walls so high he persuaded the Council to do more wall-building, this time all round the port and harbor of Piræus. This was agreed upon, and soon Athens had one of the largest and finest harbors in the world, in

which hundreds of ships could anchor safely. And not long after, the smaller states of Hellas made Athens head of the United Fleet, which gave great satisfaction to Themistocles; and the people felt more than ever that his policy was the right one for them. Every one soon acknowledged that Athens was the great naval power of the day.

It is very sad to have to tell you that after this Themistocles grew so boastful and proud that by the time he was forty-three years old the Athenians, heartily tired of them, ostracized him as they had done Aristides some years before the war. Only they never allowed Themistocles to come home again, for after they had sent him away the Spartans told them that he had taken part in a wicked plan to give the Greeks over into the power of Xerxes of Persia.

The Spartans had said this in the hope that the Athenians would never allow him to come home again, for they hated him, and knew that he did not believe in them. Unfortunately the Athenians believed this horrible story, and tried to capture Themistocles to put him to death. But he ran away, and hid himself in one place after another, until, after many hairbreadth escapes, he reached the realm of Artaxerxes. He sent a letter to Artaxerxes, reminding him of the kindness he had done his father at Salamis, and claiming kindness in return. And he pretended that he hated Athens so much that he would help Artaxerxes to conquer her. But he asked for a year's time in which he could learn the Persian language, so as to talk over such important matters with the King.

Artaxerxes gave him not only a year, but a province in which to live, and ordered three towns to supply him with all he needed of food and clothes, and other things, for himself and his family. After a year in this place, called Magnesia, he returned to the King, but found him too busy with other wars to be able to fight Athens just then. Themistocles was very glad at this, for he did not want to harm Athens.

For several years he lived quietly in Magnesia, and the people round about grew very fond of him. Then one day an order came from Artaxerxes that he was to lead an army against the Greeks, to punish them for all the harm they had lately done to his kingdom. Themistocles felt he would have to obey, or die. So, according to some writers, he prepared a great feast, and invited all his friends to bid them good-by; and without telling them what he was about to do, he put a strong poison in his wine, and died almost immediately. This was in the year 449 B. C.

When they told this to the King, it is said, he

admired him more than ever, because he had chosen to die rather than to do his country any harm, although it had been so ungrateful to him. And the King was ever after very kind to the family of Themistocles.

The Magnesians put up a monument in their market-place in memory of the hero, and the historian Plutarch tells us it was still standing there five hundred years later, when he visited the place.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

THIS famous person, who was remarkable even as a boy, proved indeed to be one of the most wonderful men that ever lived. In his short life of thirty-two years he did a great deal more than most others have done in seventy or eighty years. He was the son of King Philip of Macedon.

Though Alexander was a Macedonian king, he must be counted as one of the great Greek heroes, for he spread Greek habits and manners all over Asia, and so made the Greek nation one of the most widely known in the world.

At the age of twenty, Alexander became King of Macedon. The "stripling," as Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, called him mockingly, had some very hard work to do at home, and near home, for the next year and a half. He was so proud and often so cruel that he soon made people forget that he was so young.

When he started on his great march against Persia, the terror of his name had spread into many lands. The Greeks held a council at Corinth to see how many soldiers they could send with him, and a great many famous men came there to meet Alexander.

While he was waiting there to learn what the Greeks would do, he went to see a wise man named Diogenes, who thought it wrong to have many possessions, because it wasted time to take care of them. He lived in a tub, to save himself the trouble of housekeeping. When Alexander came near, with many people crowding after him, Diogenes stared at him, but said nothing. At last Alexander said, very politely, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," grunted Diogenes, "stand out of my light, so that I may get the sunshine on me." And not one word more would he say.

Alexander's attendants asked if they should not punish so insolent a fellow, but Alexander liked him so much, that he said, "If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes."

But he soon forgot all about Diogenes and his tub, in the hurry and bustle of preparing for his long march. As he said good-by to his dearly loved mother, and the palace at Pella, on that bright spring morning before his twenty-second

birthday, he knew that he was not likely to see Pella again. For he meant to conquer the whole of Persia, and to set up his throne far away from Pella, in some city which should be in the middle of the world when he had finished fighting.

By the month of April he had reached the spot where Troy had once stood, seven hundred years before. There he visited the tomb of his ancestor, Achilles, or what was thought to be his tomb.

And then with his head still full of Homer's stories of Achilles and his bravery, he went forward to do battle with the Persians at the river Granicus. The Persians were across the river on flat land, and Alexander had to make his horse swim the river before he could get at them. When he and his troops scrambled up the other bank, the Persians rushed upon them. Alexander was easily known by the white plume in his helmet, and by his splendid horse, and several Persian princes attacked him. One of them hacked the white plume off his helmet, and another was just going to stab him in the back, when he was cut down by Alexander's friend, Clitus.

After a little more hard fighting, the Persians turned and ran, and the battle was won.

But Alexander still had much fighting to do before that summer was over, and his victories were not easily gained.

In the winter he reached Gordium, in which town there was a very old chariot. About this chariot a very interesting story is told.

Long, long years before Alexander was born, the people in Phrygia were in great trouble. They asked the oracle for advice in their distress, and were told that soon an old wagon would come along the road to their city, carrying a man inside it. This man would be their king, and would save them from all their distresses.

Soon afterward a man called Gordius came among them in a wagon, and they all hailed him as their king. Gordius then consecrated his wagon to Zeus, and fastened the pole of the wagon to the yoke by a knot of bark. This was called the Gordian knot. Gordius prophesied that



DIOGENES
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

whosoever unfastened that knot should be king over all Asia.

Alexander had heard of this saying, and he went to the old temple to look at the knot. He did not see how it was to be untied, as there seemed to be no loose end of bark to pull at; so he drew his sword, and cut it through. Hardly had he done this when a storm of thunder and lightning burst upon the town. This made the people think that the gods were glad that Alexander had cut the knot, and that he would be king of all Asia.

Soon after this Alexander fell ill, and was sick unto death. None of the ordinary doctors could do anything for him. He had been feverishly hot, and, wishing to cool himself, had bathed in the river Cydnus. This made his fever worse. At last, as he was not getting better, a doctor, named Philip, promised that if he would do exactly what he was told, he would cure him. Alexander promised, and Philip went away to get ready some medicine for him. While he was away, Alexander's chief general, Parmenio, sent him a letter, telling him not to trust Philip, who meant to poison him. Alexander hid the letter under his pillow, and when Philip came back, bringing with him a cup of medicine, he took the cup. Then he felt under the pillow, drew out the letter and gave it to Philip to read.

As Philip read, Alexander drank the medicine quite calmly. But Philip's eyes flashed with anger at the cruel things said about him, and flinging himself down by the side of the bed, he begged the king to trust him and the cure he meant to work.

The medicine was so very strong that it made Alexander speechless and unconscious for three days. A story spread to the camp where the soldiers were that the king was dying, and the men would not believe anything else until Alexander was able to rise on the fourth day, and go out to the door to let them all see him. Soon after his recovery he met Darius in battle near Issus. Alexander had been busy conquering the province of Cilicia, and Darius feared that Alexander would give him the slip. So he took his army away from the large open plain, in which it would have been very easy for so large an army to crush the much smaller force of Alexander, and followed him until the two met in the narrow rocky gorges of Issus. Alexander saw at once that the conditions favored him, as there was not room for all the Persian army to be drawn up properly. In fact the lines of the Persian subject troops blocked the road for miles behind their front line. Alexander's men filled up the two miles only between the sea and the hills.

Alexander, as usual, led the cavalry on the right wing, and soon broke up the enemy's left wing by several brilliant charges. Then he made for the Persian center, where King Darius sat in his chariot. Darius was very much frightened as Alexander and his horsemen drew near, and soon leaped from his chariot, mounted a mare which was kept ready for him, and fled. He hardly rested till he reached Thapsacus, on the river Euphrates.

When the Persians saw the King's chariot was empty, they thought he was dead, and that all was lost; and the flight became general.

Alexander, who had been wounded in the thigh, but not severely, was left in possession of the Persian camp, and the harem. In the harem were the mother and queen of Darius. He was very kind to the Persian ladies, and took the greatest care of them, so that they hardly felt like prisoners.

Alexander had not lost more than four hundred and fifty of his own men. After this great victory many tribes came to make friends with him, for fear he might turn against them too.

Some conquerors would have followed Darius until he had been captured. But Alexander did not think him worth troubling about. Darius had shown himself to be such a coward that he could with safety be left alone for a time. For Alexander was very anxious to gain the submission of Syria and of Egypt. From Syria he met with little trouble except at Tyre. The people of Tyre were haughty, and accustomed to have their own way. So when Alexander demanded that they should let him enter their city to sacrifice to their chief god, they said "No." Alexander was so angry that he made up his mind to besiege the city and make the proud Tyrians admit him. It was, however, a very difficult city to besiege. It was built on a steep rock half a mile out in the sea; and the sea was very deep at the foot of the rock. But no difficulties ever discouraged Alexander from trying to do anything he thought he ought to do. At first he had no ships, so that he could not get close to the rock. So he began to build a great stone roadway, called a mole, out from the mainland. But as soon as the mole came close to the city walls, the Tyrians fired down on the workmen, and killed so many that the building could hardly go forward at all.

Alexander thought he would make his men safe while they worked by building wooden towers, under which they could shelter from the enemy's missiles as they built the mole. But as soon as these wooden towers were set up, the Tyrians sent out fire-ships to set them ablaze. And, as they were made only of wood, they were

easily burned. Then to make matters worse, while Alexander's men were flying from the flames, the Tyrians in their ship broke down a great part of the mole.

This troubled Alexander very much, but still he would not lose heart or give up the attempt. He made two neighboring cities give him their ships, and with these he kept the Tyrian ships away from the mole. At last it was finished, and then Alexander's men battered the city walls till they broke a hole through them.

Then they rushed in over the broken wall, and took possession of the city after their seven long months' hard work. Alexander held a thanksgiving service for his victory in the temple which he had wanted to visit some months before, and he consecrated to the god the war-machine by which the hole in the wall had been made, and placed it in the temple.

While the siege was still going on, Darius sent messengers to him to offer ten thousand talents of money, and his daughter as a wife, with all the land west of the river Euphrates as her dowry.

When Parmenio heard this offer, he said, "If I were you, Alexander, I should accept it."

"So would I," said Alexander, smiling, "if I were you, Parmenio."

But the answer he sent to Darius was, that all these were his (Alexander's) already, so soon as he liked to take them.

From Tyre he marched south toward Egypt, but was delayed for three months at Gaza, where Batis the Governor held out very bravely for King Darius.

In Egypt Alexander founded the city that has since been known by his name, Alexandria; for the Egyptians received him gladly, as they had no love for the Persians.

And then after leaving Darius alone for almost two years, in which he gathered another huge force together, Alexander met him once more in the plains near Arbela.

This time Darius had chosen a plain in which he could give enough room for the movements of his enormous army of a million infantry, forty thousand cavalry, two hundred scythed chariots, and fifteen elephants.

Alexander's generals noted the great size of the Persian army with much anxiety, and Parmenio came and asked him to attack the Persians at night.

"I will not steal a victory," answered the King proudly, but he took care to make himself familiar with the kind of ground on which his men had to fight, before deciding to begin the battle.

Meanwhile Darius tired his men with too much

outpost duty, for he was very nervous about the result of the battle.

The night before the battle Alexander slept so soundly and so long that Parmenio grew impatient as he waited for him to come out of his tent in the early morning. At last he went in, and stood at the King's bedside, and called him loudly. But he had to shake him before Alexander awoke.

"How is it," said Parmenio, when the King at last opened his eyes, "that you, who so often are up before all your soldiers, can sleep so soundly on such a morning as this?"

"I have followed Darius up and down through all Asia," the King answered, "and shall I not sleep now when he is given into my hand?" Soon he was standing outside his tent, glorious in shining armor, and ready for the fight.

The battle was long and fierce, but was again settled in favor of the Macedonians, because Darius seemed to believe that

"He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day";

and as at Issus, he leaped out of his chariot when he saw Alexander fighting his way. He caught a stray horse, mounted it, and rode away as fast as he could. He could not have escaped from Alexander so easily this time, however, if Parmenio had not sent a messenger asking Alexander for help. The messenger said that Parmenio was in very great danger. Some think that Parmenio lost courage in this battle, but as Alexander had stiff work to do when he went to his rescue, his danger must have been real enough.

Alexander was so full of the excitement of battle that he gave chase to Darius through the night after the battle. When at last he turned back to his own camp, with a mere handful of followers, he met a large troop of flying Persians. They recognized him at once, and charged against him.

But with bravery as great as his recklessness, he spurred first at the leader of the party, and cut him down; then at the next, whom he soon killed; and the next, until at last they thought they must be fighting "with devils, not men," and broke away, flying in terror. Alexander then went back to his own camp.

The chief result of this battle was the surrender of the two great cities of Babylon and Susa; and for many months Alexander was as busy as he could be in putting in order the mighty kingdom he had won. One of the most wonderful features in Alexander was his cleverness in governing and arranging large districts. A clever general is not often clever in this other way, but in Alexander the twofold skill was found.



MACEDONIAN KINGS.

1. ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
2. PHILIP OF MACEDON, FATHER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
3. PHILIP V.
4. FUNERAL CAR OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

There is a little sadness in the part of his story that follows. Alexander's great plans for conquering the world, and for teaching all nations the many noble lessons that the Greeks had to teach the rest of mankind, were too clever for his Macedonian soldiers and captains to understand. They were getting tired of marching ever on and on, farther away from their dear old Macedonian hills and homesteads, and they began to murmur, and to wonder when Alexander would think it time to stop and rest. But Alexander had no thought of resting yet, for his work was not nearly done.

But the grumbling spirit in his army spread, until Alexander had to pay attention to it. He was told that his old friend Parmenio, and Parmenio's son, Philotas, had made with others a plot against his life; and he gave orders for their execution.

But at last even the common soldiers, who had always been devoted to him, said they would not go any farther. They were then in the Punjab, in India, and though the King coaxed them and scolded them in turn, they would not move. "There they stood," as the old historian says, "looking hard at the ground, and with tears trickling down their cheeks" (so sorry were they to say their King "nay"). "And so the King, at last, conquered by his soldiers, made up his mind to turn toward home."

But it was a miserable march. At the beginning, Alexander was so severely wounded while besieging a town, that he nearly died. It happened in this way. Alexander's men had no more than two ladders among them when making the attack on the town walls. And they did not want to engage the enemy until more ladders should be brought to them. But Alexander grew impatient, and seized one of the two ladders. Putting it against the wall, he scrambled up, followed by two men only, while a veteran used the other ladder to reach the top of the wall at the same time as the King.

At first the townsfolk thought the King was at the head of a large troop, and they drew away from the wall; but when they saw only three behind, they rushed upon him, and others at a distance pelted him with stones. His own men, still outside the town, saw his danger, and in their hurry to go to his help, all scrambled up the two ladders at once. As you might expect, the ladders broke under such a weight. Meanwhile Alexander, with the reckless spirit which we know of old in him, jumped down from the top of the wall inside the town. There indeed he had a terrible fight, with his back to the wall, against numbers of the enemy.

His men outside grew wilder and wilder as they guessed the danger threatening their King. Still there were no more ladders to be had. At last they made a human ladder, scrambling up on each other's shoulders, and reached their King's side only just in time. A stone that had fallen heavily on his helmet had nearly stunned him; then an arrow pierced right through his armor into his lung; and he fainted and fell. The veteran had been killed already, and the two other followers were able to protect the King's body till their comrades came over the wall to their help.

For many days Alexander lay sick unto death, and when he began to gain a little strength, many a scolding he received from his friends for running such risks when his life was so important to them all.

But though Alexander must have liked to be told that people could not do without him, I think he was most pleased with a blunt old soldier who said: "Ye have played the man; for in this world those that will take no pains will get no gains neither."

As soon as he was strong enough, the march was begun again. It was full of such misery that it is too painful to describe; but even that came to an end at last; and then Alexander spent two years or more in putting the government of his vast kingdom in order.

Yet he did not mean to be done with traveling: far from it. He was busily planning a great expedition, which was to be by sea this time; and in the spring of the year 323 B. C. he went down the river Euphrates to see about the building of a new harbor, and there he caught a malarious fever. He would not take care of himself, but said that it was just a slight chill, of which he would soon be better. He did not get better, but much worse, and on the eleventh day of the fever he was so weak that it was clear that he could not live much longer.

In the afternoon all the Macedonian soldiers who were with him asked to be allowed to see him. The officers let them come in and walk one after the other quietly round his bed. When he heard them he opened his eyes and said: "After I am gone, will you ever find a king worthy of such heroes as these?"

Just before the end he drew off his finger a large signet ring, and told the officer to whom he gave it that he left his kingdom "to the best man"; then sank back and died.

With the death of this hero ends Greek history in the strict sense of the word. Alexander had spread abroad the love for things good, glorious, and beautiful; and for this every nation in the

world since his time owes him a debt greater than can ever be repaid. But after his death there was long fighting and confusion as to who should succeed to the great empire that he had built by conquest, and at length three separate kingdoms arose on its ruins. Macedonia with Greece fell to Antigonus, one of Alexander's generals.

About a hundred years later, 168 years before Christ, Macedonia was made a Roman province. Twenty years after that, Corinth, the busy trading Panama of Greece, was taken, and Greece itself was made subject to Rome. But, as one of the Roman poets has said, "Captive Greece led captive her proud conqueror."

Rome had for years been learning from the art and literature of Greece, and when the con-

quest came, celebrated by long triumphant processions in Rome, instead of the usual train of vanquished kings and queens, strange beasts, and a great show of barbaric splendor, there passed before the Roman people the grand, silent forms in marble and bronze, the beautiful art treasures of Greece, torn from shrines and temples to adorn Roman cities, and to serve as models to the whole world.

Alexander had done his share in showing Greece to Asia, but it was chiefly by means of the Roman arms that the knowledge of Greek art and Greek learning was carried beyond the narrow borders of the little peninsula. In fact, Greece then became a "country without borders," and her wonderful influence and power are felt in a hundred ways all over the world to-day.

OTHER GREAT MEN OF GREECE

Besides the great Greeks of whom we have been telling you, there were many others belonging to the same wonderful little country who are quite as famous to this day. Of these, we will speak concerning a few who represent different sides of Grecian character and various aspects of Greek history.

ATHENS UNDER THE RULE OF PERICLES

AFTER Themistocles had gone from Athens, the guidance of the affairs of the city came, before very long, into the hands of a great statesman named Pericles. Now he, like Themistocles, saw that the greatness and the power of Athens depended on the strength of her fleet; and he made it his aim to set Athens at the head of the sea-going states, so that all should be, not exactly her subjects, but united in a league of which she was the acknowledged chief.

Under his guidance Athens increased not in power only, but in wealth and beauty and knowledge. For the greatest of sculptors, Phidias, and great poets, such as Sophocles, lived at Athens, and it became the most beautiful city in the world; and the wisest of the men and women of the time were the friends of Pericles. There are many people who think that of all Greek statesmen he was the greatest, and certainly there was none who did more for the good of his own city of Athens. And yet not Pericles nor any other thought of trying to unite the Greeks into one great nation, which could act in harmony; but all the cities remained separate, so that there were endless strifes and rivalries between city and city.

RIVALRY OF ATHENS AND SPARTA

OF all these rivalries the greatest was between Athens and Sparta. For Sparta thought to set

herself over all the Greeks; but Athens, with Pericles guiding her, would not suffer Sparta to rule after this fashion, and gave aid to other cities which would not obey the Spartans, and there was war, so that in the hour of the death of Pericles, and for some while after, it seemed as though Athens might become the leader of all the Greeks. But after him there was none who could see so clearly and rule so wisely as he; and Athens was worsted, through striving to make a wider empire than she was fit for.

Thus the Spartans won the chief power, so that nearly all the states of Greece had to bow to their will, though they were not altogether subject to her. And then it was not Athens, but a neighbor state called Thebes, which set Sparta at defiance, and for a short time became the most powerful of the Greek states.

TWO WHO SAVED GREECE FROM SPARTAN TYRANNY

THIS was due mainly to two men, Pelopidas and Epaminondas, who were very dear friends; but most of all to Epaminondas. Pelopidas was a man of great wealth, very generous, a very daring soldier, and well beloved. But Epaminondas was poor.

Yet, of the two, Epaminondas did more; for, in the first place, he did not care about his own greatness at all; and, in the second place, he did not seek to make Thebes great only for the sake

of Thebes, but that his city might deserve well of all the Greeks. And he trained himself in body and mind, so that there was nothing he could not do well, whether to persuade men by speech, or to fight valiantly himself, or to train an army and lead it in war. And when the Thebans chose him, with his friend Pelopidas, to lead them, he gave defiance to Sparta, whose soldiers were thought to be invincible, and by his skill as a general he overthrew them at the battle of Leuctra, though their numbers were the greater. And the Thebans won freedom for other states from the tyranny of Sparta. But at last, when Epaminondas was warring against Sparta, there was a great battle at Martinea, and the Spartans were routed. In the hour of victory Epaminondas received a mortal wound, and, in their grief at the loss of their loved chief, his men had no care to pursue the foe; nor was any left after him to carry on his work as a statesman, or even as a soldier, so that the strifes and rivalries of the Greek states continued.

KING PHILIP OF MACEDON

WHILE the Greek states continued to waste themselves in their rivalries, there was being built up northward, in Macedon, a powerful kingdom, which was Greek, too, although it had been less civilized than the rest of Greece. The building up of the power of Macedon was for the most part the work of the crafty King Philip, and soon men began to see that Philip meant to make Macedon the head of all the Greek peoples. Moreover, to some it seemed that Philip would not be content with that, but intended really to make himself master of the whole land. Therefore, the great orator Demosthenes tried hard to make the people of Athens oppose the plans of Philip.

DEMOSTHENES, THE ORATOR

DEMOSTHENES was indeed one of the most wonderful orators in the world, so that to this day people study his speeches in order to learn how to speak so as to persuade multitudes. It is said that he made himself so good a speaker that he could speak quite distinctly with pebbles in his mouth, and could recite poetry aloud though he was running up-hill; and he studied very hard so as to learn the best possible way of expressing whatever he wished to say.

Now, Demosthenes could not make the Athenians strong enough to resist Philip; still, he spent the best part of his life in trying to encourage the Athenians and to persuade other Greek states to help them. The speeches he made against Philip are called the "Philippic Orations," and so when other people make speeches of the same kind they

are called philippics. After Philip was dead, and when his son Alexander the Great, of whom we have told you at length, was in Asia, the Regent of Macedon caused Demosthenes to be sent away from Athens; but afterward the Athenians revolted and Demosthenes came back.

The Macedonians had him driven out again, but when his enemies went in pursuit of him he knew that he would be put to death, and so he chose rather to die by taking poison himself.

SOCRATES AND PLATO, LEADERS OF THE WISE MEN OF ATHENS

BETWEEN the time of Pericles and the time of Alexander, lived three of the very wisest among all men. The first was Socrates, who was born just at the time when Pericles was becoming well known in Athens; the next was Plato, and the third was Aristotle. They were all philosophers, which means, in the first place, lovers of wisdom; and that is a name given to people who care more about knowing what is true and good than about worldly success, and who try to help other people to think, which is a much more difficult thing than some suppose.

Now, both Plato and Aristotle wrote a great many books; but Socrates wrote no books at all. However, we know a good deal about him; because, for one thing, a man named Xenophon, who admired him very much, wrote a book about him; and, for another thing, there was a great dramatist, Aristophanes, at Athens, who used to laugh at him, and bring him into his plays for other people to laugh at; and besides that, Plato has shown us still more clearly what kind of man he was, for Plato wrote a great many of his books in the form of dialogues, or conversations, in which Socrates is supposed to be talking to other persons.

And though we may be pretty sure that, when Plato wanted to teach people something, he often pretended that it was Socrates from whom he had learned it, though he had really thought of it himself, still, we know from that the kind of way in which Socrates must have been in the habit of talking, and that he was not only wise and good, but witty as well, and that his friends loved him deeply.

It was a curious thing that the Greeks, who were usually good-looking, found it difficult to believe that any one could be both wise and ugly; but Socrates was quite ugly. But he was strong and sturdy, and when he had to go to fight in the Athenian armies he was a good soldier. There was one very odd thing about him—now and then he would suddenly fall into a trance and stop quite still, unconscious of anything that was going



GREEK WRITERS AND THINKERS.

HOMER.
ÆSCHYLUS.
HERODOTUS.

SOPHOCLES.

PLATO.
SOCRATES.
THUCYDIDES.

on about him; and then the trance would come to an end, and he would go on just as if nothing had happened.

Socrates thought that the most important thing in the world to get is knowledge and the most important kind of knowledge is to know yourself, because the better you know yourself, the more you see how little you really know, and how much of what you think you know may be quite wrong. And by always asking people why they thought this or that, he set them thinking and trying to see the reason of things. But people who had no good reason for what they thought got annoyed, and when they found young men beginning to say that things were wrong which they had been in the habit of calling right, they said that Socrates was corrupting the young Athenians.

So Socrates was brought before the judges for misleading people, was condemned to death, and made to drink hemlock. His friends were allowed to see him when he took the poison. All the time he was dying he talked cheerfully to them, having no fear of death; and his talk was chiefly intended to help them to feel sure, as he was himself, that we have souls which are immortal, and do not die when our bodies die.

PLATO, PUPIL OF SOCRATES, AND ARISTOTLE, PUPIL OF PLATO

PLATO was one of the young men who were disciples of Socrates, and he went on teaching people afterward what he had learned from Socrates, and a good deal more which he saw must be true if what he had learned from Socrates were true. The books that he wrote are very wise, but are written in such a delightful way that any one who can understand them loves them—though sometimes they are very difficult indeed to understand, because the things he tried to explain still puzzle very wise people.

After Plato came Aristotle, who was a pupil of Plato's, tutor to Alexander the Great. He, too, wrote many books; but he did not look at things quite in the same way as Plato; and because people who love knowledge for its own sake are

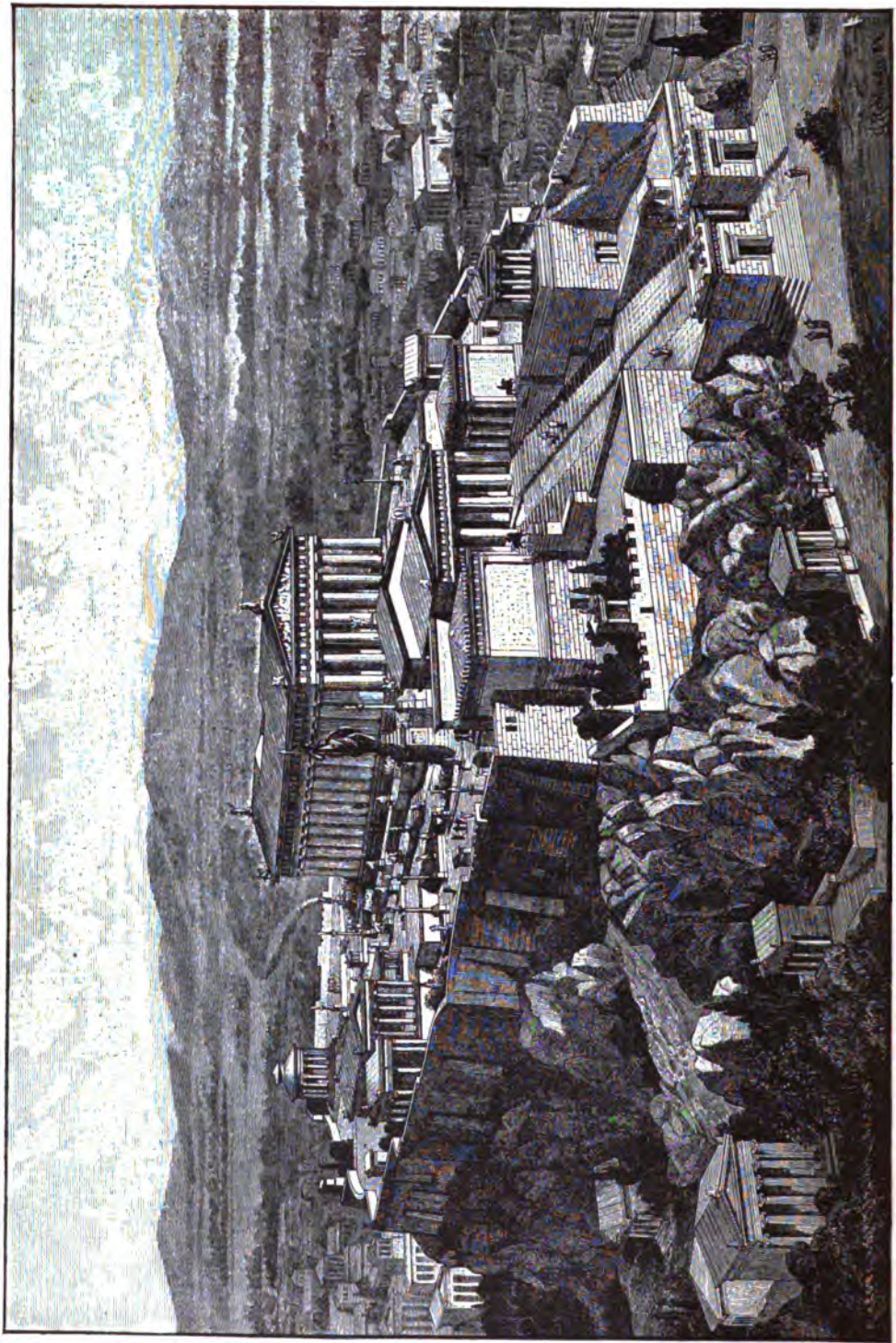
sometimes inclined to look at things in Plato's way and sometimes in Aristotle's way—but none can help doing it in the same sort of way as one or the other of them—it is sometimes said that all philosophers are either Platonists or Aristotelians, even though they may not think so themselves. For Plato thought in the way that poets think, and Aristotle thought in the way that men of science think.

It is a curious thing that Aristotle did so much to teach men how to set about finding out the way in which Nature works, that a time came—hundreds of years later—when people began to think it was really wicked to say that Aristotle could have ever made a mistake. And, on the other hand, many people have found that, though they were Christians, they understood their own religion all the better when they had studied the teachings of Plato, though he died more than three hundred years before Jesus was born.

"THE LAST OF THE GREEKS"

AFTER those days the Greek states seemed to lose their power of giving the world men of the greatest kind; they seemed to be depressed by the leadership of Macedon; and a long time afterward they were swallowed up in the great Roman Empire. But there is one man who lived not very long before that happened whose name deserves to be remembered. This was Philopœmen, who was afterward called "the last of the Greeks," which meant that he was the last of the men of importance who showed the old Greek spirit of fearless courage and high-minded patriotism. He tried to persuade the different cities of Greece that they ought to think of each other not as rivals, but as one nation.

Philopœmen was famous for daring and skilful leadership in time of war, and was honest and free from self-seeking. Once, when he arrived at an inn, the innkeeper's wife thought that he was Philopœmen's servant, and set him to lay the table and wash the dishes, until her husband came in and recognized him. In the end he was thrown from his horse, taken prisoner, cast into a dungeon underground, and poisoned; and in this way died "the last of the Greeks."



THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS, RESTORED.
FROM A DRAWING BY G. HEHLENDER.

THE GLORIES OF GREEK CIVILIZATION AND ART

THE greater part of the wonderful influence that Greece has had on the world is due to the work, the writings, and the manner of life of the little state-city of Athens during a few hundred years.

Happily, we possess a great wealth of illustration to show us what manner of men these Greeks were, especially the Athenians. Many of their thoughtful writings, histories, plays, poems, and speeches have been handed down through the centuries by scholars who have loved them and studied them. It was the work of the Greek mind and Greek hands that began nearly everything great and beautiful that later days have carried on.

From the earliest days the Greeks made fine pottery, and ornamented it with designs and pictures. The early, rather stiff work of the eighth and seventh centuries before Christ gave way to the interesting subjects chosen by the artists of the sixth and fifth centuries. First and foremost, we must notice the graceful and varied shapes of the vases, according to the use for which they were designed. Often the potter-artist signs his name on the vase, as well as the picture-artist. The subjects chosen for these are chiefly scenes from the old stories in which the religion and history of the country are so entwined, and scenes from daily life, especially in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ, when vase-painting rose to its greatest perfection. After these times it declined.

Helped by the beauty of the clear skies, wooded hills, and dancing streams of Greece, the bright imaginations of its old inhabitants put life into everything around them. The dancing waves became merry maidens—even we talk of the foam as white horses—fairies and nymphs dwelt in every shady wood, in the sparkling water. We can find pictures on the vases in museums to help us to understand a great many of the fanciful ideas in Greek religion. There is Zeus, the father of the gods, with his thunderbolts; the goddess of agriculture, Demeter, sending a messenger to spread the knowledge of wheat-growing over the earth, or standing as the sad mother saying farewell to her dearly loved daughter at the moment when the dark and gloomy Hades drives her away in his chariot to the wintry underworld.

Those illustrating daily life are equally delightful. The babies playing with carts and make-believe meals might be seen in any nursery to-day, and the little girls at their dancing-lessons, the boys with more serious work, but not nearly so attentive as the girls, seem just as real to us as to the artists who drew them.

On other vases we can see how the potter made his pots; how the girls spun the soft hanging material of which they made their pretty, simple garments; how they gossiped together as girls do now, while bringing water from the well. There are many scenes of entertainment, too, where the guests are reclining on couches.

The beautiful pictures of ships recall the blue Mediterranean and the naval glory of Greece; and the scenes of olive-gatherers remind us of the numbers of olive-trees round Athens, which gave the valuable oil so much sought after.

Some of the larger vases were prizes for sports and games, won long ago and buried with the proud winner when he died. Often, however, the prize in the games was simply a wreath of leaves; this surprised Xerxes very much. At Athens the prize was one of the vases with some of the precious olive-oil in it.

And this leads us to the city of Athens, and its hill called the Acropolis, where the Persians destroyed the sacred buildings and slew the few hundred people who stayed behind when the rest fled to the ships. There is a blackened layer to be seen to-day when digging is done to a certain depth on the Acropolis—the relics of the ruin wrought by the Persians.

Soon after this war was ended, the Athenians, helped by three of their great men, Pericles the ruler, Ictinus the architect, and Phidias the sculptor, set to work with extraordinary energy to repair the mischief done by the enemy, and by degrees temples, such as the world had never seen before, rose up on the Acropolis. The most famous of these was the Parthenon. This building for a thousand years remained a temple of the goddess Athene Parthenos, and that is how it received the name of the Parthenon. For another thousand years it was used as a Christian church, and then as a Turkish mosque. Now it is one of the grandest ruins of the world, and the sculptures are studied by all who wish to understand the most beautiful ways of expressing the human form. As we gaze in wonder and admiration at the glorious figures of the gods and goddesses, we reflect what models Phidias must have had before his eyes. How happily does one of our own poets, Ralph Waldo Emerson, express our feelings when he says:

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone."

The world's museums have relics of many other famous works of Greek masters in the arts.

GOLDEN DEEDS OF MEN AND BOYS

I. THE RACE FROM MARATHON

"REJOICE, we conquer!" Gasping out these words as joyfully as his parched tongue can utter them, a poor worn-out youth drops lifeless into the arms of those Athenians who have hurried out of their city to learn his tidings. His faint whisper goes from mouth to mouth, and is passed on throughout an anxious city, quickening the pulses of the citizens until they lose themselves in an outburst of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

The story of this victory is one of the most thrilling the world has ever known. It takes us back over two thousand years to one of the first decisive battles in the world's history. Darius, the Mede, has made himself master of Asia, and, angry at some interference on the part of some little Greek state, he assembles his picked soldiers, summons the various tribes who own his sway, and sails over the Ægean Sea to conquer and enthrall those little Greek states of whose skill in peace and great courage in war reports have reached him.

Athens is the first large city in the path of his hitherto unconquered hosts, and the Athenians feel the need of aid from the famous Spartans, whose state lay 120 miles to the south across the Isthmus of Corinth. The army of the Medes and Persians is fast approaching, and Athens will soon be invested. How are the Spartans to arrive in time? The rulers of Athens, seated in grave council on the Acropolis, send for Phidippides, their champion runner, who has won for

his state the myrtle crown at the famous Olympic games held by the Greek states every five years. They command him to run and urge Sparta to come to their aid. And for two days and two nights Phidippides runs, swimming the rivers and climbing the mountains in his path.

But the Spartans were envious and mistrustful of Athens. Though brave and fearless, they lacked intelligence; and, besides, they were a very superstitious people, and so Phidippides was sent hurrying back with the news that their army would come, but could not start until the full moon.

Phidippides races back to Athens again. The Athenians were now thrown on their own resources. The Persians had landed and the Athenians resolved to oppose them at once. The weary but dauntless Phidippides takes his long spear and his heavy shield, and marches with the 10,000 picked men to meet the foe. We read in history of the famous battle of Marathon and how these 10,000 Greeks drove back hundreds of thousands of Medes and Persians. This story is of Phidippides.

Marathon was fought and won, and the victorious Greeks called to Phidippides to take the news to the capital. He flung down his shield, and ran like fire the long twenty-six miles to Athens. Then, bursting into the city, he fell and died, gasping as he fell the two Greek words which mean "Rejoice, we conquer!"

II. THE TWO FRIENDS OF SYRACUSE

Most of the best and noblest of the Greeks held what was called the Pythagorean philosophy. The Pythagoreans were bound together in a brotherhood, the members of which had rules that are now not understood, but which linked them so as to form a sort of club, with common re-

ligious observances and pursuits of science, especially mathematics and music. And they were taught to restrain their passions, especially that of anger, and to endure with patience all kinds of suffering; believing that such self-restraint brought them nearer to the gods, and that death would

set them free from the prison of the body. The souls of evil-doers would, they thought, pass into the lower and more degraded animals, while those of good men would be gradually purified, and rise to a higher existence. This, though lamentably deficient, and false in some points, was a real religion, inasmuch as it gave a rule of life, with a motive for striving for wisdom and virtue.

Two friends of this Pythagorean sect lived at Syracuse, in the end of the fourth century before the Christian era. Syracuse was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and learning; but it was a place of danger in their time, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely, Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians, who had many settlements in Sicily, he became general of the army, and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse, like most other cities, ought to have been governed by a council of magistrates; but Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful; he defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island, and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. He was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry, and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit; but the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him, and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious. It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation of his captives; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music; but with a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horsehair! This was to show the condition in which a usurper lived!

Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his

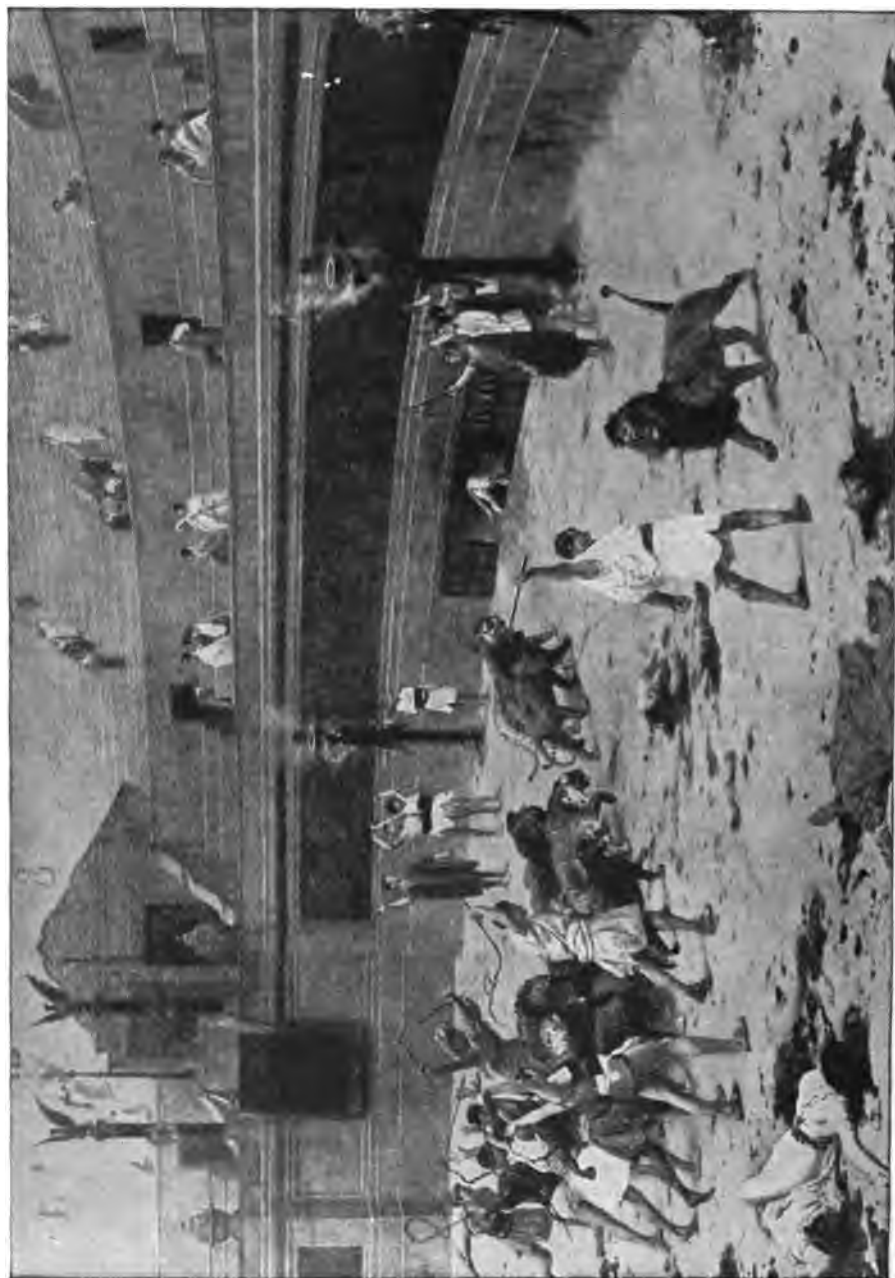
own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him; but by and by he would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his beard with hot nutshells! He was said to have put a man named Antiphon to death for answering him, when he asked what was the best kind of brass, "That of which the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton were made." These were the two Athenians who had killed the sons of Pisistratus the tyrant, so that the jest was most offensive, but its boldness might have gained forgiveness for it. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterward composed another piece, which he thought so superior that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, "Carry me back to prison." This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh and forgive his honesty.

All these stories may not be true; but that they should have been current in the ancient world shows what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Among those who came under it was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favor to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name Damon, came forward, and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging, if Pythias did not return according to promise, to suffer death in his stead.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marveling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honor, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene



THE END OF THE EXHIBITION.
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GÉNÔME.

and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias's own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood

forward himself to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time to save Damon and to prove his own honor.

Even the dim hope they owned of a future state was enough to make these two brave men keep their word, and confront death for one another without quailing. Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship.

III. THE LAST FIGHT AT THE COLOSSEUM

IN the proud days when Rome ruled the world, and the Emperor lived in a palace of white marble, or in a house of pure gold, the Colosseum was the greatest theater ever known to be set up on the earth.

There to this day it stands, shattered and broken, but still, perhaps, the most impressive ruin in all the world. In the dark days when Rome was falling from her great place in the world, when Peter and Paul were crucified outside its gates, the little band of Christians hid themselves in great holes in the ground lest they should be tortured and put to death. To this day we can walk through the catacombs in which the first followers of Jesus hid themselves from Nero, the monster who lived in a golden house inside the city gates. They say that when Nero's house was burned the streets of Rome ran with melted gold.

In those dark and shameful days, the great white Colosseum, rising story after story from the ground, with great galleries inside to hold 50,000 people, if not many more, was a wondrous sight to see. Here came all Rome to see the great wild beasts set loose and tear themselves to pieces. Here came the gladiators, strong men trained to fight each other until one of them was killed. Here the Christians were thrown alive to the lions to make a Roman holiday. No place in the world has seen more cruel sights than this.

But slowly Christianity made its way, until the very Emperor became a Christian. Then these shameful things ceased, and the Colosseum became only a circus. Still, however, the people longed to see the old sights back again, and at times the old fury would break out. The Christians had been growing stronger and stronger for

four hundred years, when there came a terrible day for Rome. Alaric, the leader of the Goths, came thundering outside Rome, which, having only a poor mad boy for its emperor, must have fallen but for a brave general and his men, who set the Goths to flight.

Such rejoicing there was in Rome that day that the people flocked to the Colosseum, cheering the brave general. There was a great hunting of beasts and a wonderful performance, as in the olden time, when suddenly, there came out of one of the narrow passages leading into the arena a gladiator, with spears and swords. The rejoicing of the people knew no bounds.

Then there happened a strange thing. Into the middle of the arena came an old man, bare-headed and barefooted, calling upon the people to prevent the shedding of blood. The crowd shrieked back to him to stop his preaching and to go away. The gladiators came forward and forced him aside, but still the old man came between them. A storm of stones fell upon him from the angry people. The gladiators struck him down, and the old man perished before the eyes of Rome.

He was a hermit, named Telemachus, one of those holy men who, tired of the wickedness of the world, had gone to live in the hills. Coming to Rome to visit the sacred shrines, he had seen the people flocking to the Colosseum, and, pitying them for their cruelty, had gone to stop it or to die.

He died, but his work was done. All that was best in Rome was stirred by the sight of the hermit slain in the midst of the arena, and there was no more slaughter in the great theater. It was the last fight at the Colosseum.



THE COLOSSEUM.

IV. THE PEASANT AT THE FLOOD

MORE than a century ago terrible floods were experienced in the neighborhood of Verona, owing to heavy falls of snow in the Italian Alps, followed by a rapid thaw. The rivers came dashing and roaring down from the mountainsides, overflowing their banks and carrying everything before them. Among other disasters a bridge over the river Adègè was carried away, all except the middle part, on which was built the house of the toll-gatherer, and he and his family were thus left on a kind of timber island that might at any moment be swept away by the raging torrent.

The man with his wife and children appeared at the windows of their house, waving their arms frantically for help, and screaming to the on-lookers in the distance to rescue them from their peril. But although there were many on the banks anxious to help the stranded family, none dared to venture upon the surging waters.

The Count of Pulverini, a nobleman of the district, came upon the scene and offered a reward of much value to any one who would try to rescue the family, but no one would undertake the dangerous task.

At this moment a peasant, traveling from another part of the country, came to the spot, and, seeing the very great danger of the toll-keeper and his family, he immediately jumped into a boat, and, taking the oars in his hands, began to

pull out toward the bridge-house. But the current was terrific, and it was only by almost superhuman strength and effort that he was able, after a long time, to bring the boat alongside the broken piers of the bridge on which the house stood.

"Courage, my friends!" he shouted to the endangered family, in order to inspire them with confidence; and at last every one was safely in the boat.

Then came the return journey, which was even more dangerous than when the peasant first set out, for now he had a boat-load of passengers; but his strength was great, and his courage and determination were greater still, and at last he landed all safely on the banks.

The crowd broke out into a loud cheer, and the count came forward, holding out his purse by way of recompense; but the peasant, whose name has not come down to us, although his bravery and pure-hearted sacrifice will ever live in the annals of heroism, declined the reward, saying:

"I should certainly not expose my life for money. I can work for all I need to meet the wants of my wife and children. Give the money to those poor people who have lost all."

And so the brave man not only rescued the family, but by his generosity was able to supply them with sufficient money to buy a new home.

V. THE BOY WHO TOOK A MAN'S PLACE

ABOUT 150 years ago a young boy, who was ready to make a start in life, was apprenticed by his friends to the captain of a Scottish coasting vessel, and although in those days the seaman's life was a very hard and perilous one, the boy had sufficient liking for the sea to throw himself with all his heart into his duties.

But storms and tempests were not the only risks to which the seamen of those days were subjected. There was the press-gang, which might seize on a man and put him on a ship that was leaving England perhaps for years.

Life in the navy was so full of brutalities and hardships that it was most unattractive, and sufficient men could not be obtained by ordinary recruiting to man the vessels of war. The press-gang was therefore set to work, and bands of ruffians used to raid a vessel or a town, seize any likely man, and carry him off to a warship, quite

regardless of the fact that he might have a wife and children or an aged mother dependent upon him.

The coasting vessel on which the young apprentice sailed was visited by the press-gang in this way, and every man on board, with the exception of himself and the captain, was seized for war service. The mate had a wife and young family, and his distress at being dragged away, perhaps never again to see them, was so pathetic that the apprentice felt the greatest sympathy for him, and offered his own services if the mate could be released.

The head of the press-gang, an officer of the king, readily fell in with the suggestion, saying: "Ay, my lad, I would sooner, any day, have a likely boy with some spirit in him than a blubbery man. Come along with me."

The boy went, and the circumstances in which

his services had been obtained were related to the commander of the warship, who was so pleased with the spirit and kindness of the lad that he promoted him to be a midshipman at once. The lad did his work splendidly, and took the greatest pains to learn his duties, so that promotion followed promotion in rapid succession.

Later he obtained command of a small vessel

of his own, and was soon promoted to a larger one, and at last that ambition of every keen midshipman—to be an admiral of the navy—was fulfilled, and the young apprentice, who had sacrificed his own interests and comfort for the sake of the mate and his family, became Vice-Admiral Campbell, a name greatly honored in British naval history.

VI. THE BOY AND THE AMBASSADOR

DURING a very wild and dreadful period in French history under the Commune, when cannon were firing all day long in the streets and it was quite unsafe to stir abroad, Edward Mallet was acting as British ambassador in Paris. One day as he passed the window of his office he glanced down at the courtyard below, and noticed a little shriveled boy staring pathetically up at the windows. Later on, passing the window again, he saw the little boy still there, and, being struck by his presence in the courtyard of the Embassy, he rang a bell and sent one of his secretaries to inquire about the matter.

He learned that the boy had asked for the ambassador, and had refused to tell what he wanted to any of the secretaries. It seemed an absurd thing to do, but the ambassador ordered the little urchin to be brought in.

The boy was neatly dressed, and his manner was perfectly composed. He seemed about eight years of age. It amused the Englishman to notice that this tiny French child, with the pinched face and wistful eyes, had all the confidence of a man of the world.

He told his story quite simply. He lived with his mother and two servants in an avenue where there was always fighting, and the dreadful scenes were making his mother very ill. "I take care of my mother," he said. "There are two women servants, but they are no use; they are more frightened than we are." He wanted to move his mother to a quieter part of the city. He could not do so because they had no money. He needed about £20. When the postal service was working again properly, he would be able to pay back the ambassador. In the meantime, would the ambassador kindly lend the £20?

You can imagine the surprise of the Englishman. He found out that the boy had come to

him without telling his mother. After a great many questions, however, he determined to trust the little child. He handed the boy the money.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, and departed. The ambassador dismissed the matter from his mind. But when quiet was restored in the city the little boy returned.

He told a terrible story. The street into which he had moved his mother turned out to be worse than the other. Blood had been shed all day long in front of their windows. The shells had exploded against their walls. They had been unable to get out to buy food. In the back room of their lodgings they had cowered and starved, expecting every moment to be killed.

"My mother's nerves have been greatly shattered by what she has gone through," said the serious mite. "I think it is better to take her away from Paris, and I have decided to move her to Wiesbaden. I think that rest will bring her round. I have made all the arrangements, and I shall take her away to-morrow evening."

And then he pulled out a little pocket-book and produced the £20.

"I have brought you the money as soon as I could, sir, and my mother and I are much obliged to you. Good-by, sir. Thank you very much."

With that the little fellow held out his hand, and departed.

This is quite a wonderful story, for all its shortness. This little boy, living with his invalid mother and two terrified servants, had summoned up the courage of a man, and in a time of bloodshed and panic had made himself the protector of the household.

It only shows what even the youngest *can* do when responsibility calls for brave and manful conduct.

VII. THE BOY WHO FORCED BACK AN ARMY

IN the warfare which the French made upon the Tyrolese, a people living in the northeast of Italy, the French soldiers attacked a village on the bank of the river Ard. The village could only

be reached by crossing a swiftly flowing river rushing along the bottom of a deep ravine. Across the ravine lay the huge trunk of a tree, which had been cut down on the bank and al-

lowed to fall so that the trunk rested on the farther side, and the tree, therefore, formed a bridge.

Three hundred Tyrolese men and a boy guarded the bridge. The boy was Albert Speckbacher. As the French advanced the Tyrolese began to hew down the bridge with axes, but the bullets from the rifles of the French soldiers fell thick and fast, and one after another of the brave men fell. Among the dead was Albert's father. The brave boy took his father's place. The bridge was nearly down; a few more strokes of the axe and there would be no way for the French to

cross. Seizing an axe, Albert Speckbacher faced the fire from the French guns, and hewed the tree at the peril of his life. He cut it all but through—there was only one small piece left.

At that moment Albert Speckbacher gave up his life for his people. He threw down his axe and jumped on the tree with such force that his weight snapped the thin piece still holding it in its place, and the bridge and the boy fell together into the swift river below. Even the French were stirred by this act of bravery, and they buried the boy's body with honor, and set up a monument to tell how nobly he died.

VIII. THE MAN WHO KNEW NO FEAR

TOWARD the end of the fifteenth century there was a pretty sight to be seen one day before an old and noble castle in France, the Castle Bayard. The old Lord Bayard, who had been wounded in battle, stood leaning on his two sticks, with his beautiful wife at his side. He was surrounded by a great court of attendants. The eyes of the old warrior shone with affection and admiration. All the attendants were clapping their hands.

And the cause of their delight was a boy, fourteen years of age, who, dressed in silk and velvet, and with a feather in his cap, was making his little horse perform.

The wounded and crippled lord could not train his son for knighthood; so the little horse had been bought, the gorgeous dress had been made, and Pierre was going forth to learn the business of a soldier at the court of the Duke of Savoy.

In this service the boy distinguished himself by his courage and skill, and gained the affection of everybody by his simple and generous disposition.

One day the duke wanted to send a magnificent gift to the King of France, and it occurred to him that he should send this brave page.

So it came about that the French King was one day in the midst of his court when Pierre, on his little horse, made his appearance, sitting so beautifully and making his horse obey so easily that it was a pleasure to watch.

"Piquey! Piquey! Spur again!" cried the King, clapping his hands. And all the court cried, "Piquey! Piquey!"

So Pierre went cantering round the field again, and everybody shouted their praise of the boy's horsemanship.

We must hurry over all the brave things done by this fearless boy, for they would fill many volumes; and look upon another scene, when

Pierre is a man. He is tall, straight, bright-eyed; and gracious. He has overthrown the bravest knights; he has won the highest honors on the most desperate battlefields; his name has become a wonder to all mankind. He is called "the knight without fear and without shame." Everybody has heard of him; everybody knows how dauntless is his courage, how generous he is to fallen foes, how chivalrous to women, how brave a knight, how noble a Christian.

Now this is the scene. A great battle has been fought, and the new King of France, a mere boy, is riding out of his first fight, flushed with the pride of victory. One thing he desires—to be knighted. This great King longs to be created a brave knight. But who can do it? Is not he himself the power that creates knights?

Well, that evening, before the King's tent, a wondrous sight was seen. The bravest soldiers of France made a great square before the tent, flags were flying, and the heralds blew their trumpets. Those who were to receive honor at the King's hands gathered in front, full of excitement. Everybody was waiting with pleasure for the ceremony. Then from his tent came the King. He walked to where Bayard stood, knelt on the grass before him, and Bayard, laying a sword upon the King's shoulder, created Francis I. a knight. The King had chosen the bravest and most courteous knight to raise him to the honor of knighthood.

One of the great exploits of this splendid Bayard was to defend a castle at Brescia against an overwhelming body of troops. When the Queen of those troops asked her general angrily how it was he could not take, with all his men and guns, "a crazy pigeon-house," the general answered, "Because, madam, there was an eagle in it."

That was Bayard's character in war; an eagle. He feared to meet no foe. He rode like a whirlwind to succor the weak. He crushed the power of tyrants. But in peace he was gentle. In war, an eagle; in peace, a dove.

Bayard's death was in a noble fashion. The French army, fighting the Spaniards, had to retreat from a difficult position. While they moved away, Bayard, with a handful of men, stayed behind to keep the foe in check.

And during this retreat he was struck by a stone from a crossbow, which snapped his spine in two places. He was lifted from his horse, and laid beneath a tree.

The dying Bayard raised his sword and breathed a prayer. Then he bade his friends ride into safety, and begged them to turn his face to the foe.

So died one of the bravest men that ever held a sword.

IX. THE RACE WITH THE WOLVES

ONE still night in the depth of winter a Russian baron set out from the little frontier town of Rob-rin. The snow lay knee-deep in the streets, and was still falling as the baron, with his wife and child, and his servant Eric, got into the sledge and started on the next stage of his journey home to St. Petersburg.

The landlord of the inn begged him not to attempt to travel that night, as the roads were full of snowdrifts, and packs of hungry wolves were known to be in the neighborhood. But the baron was anxious to get on to the next town, called Bolisov, and so the order was given to start, and the four horses dashed forward into the darkness.

About an hour afterward, as they approached a great forest through which they had to pass, the baron's wife suddenly exclaimed:

"Hark! What was that?"

The party listened intently, and then in the distance they heard a long, melancholy wailing that rose and fell on the still night air. There was no mistaking that sound; it was the howling of a pack of wolves. The horses heard it too, and in their terror galloped faster than ever. But little by little the terrible howling grew nearer.

The baron and his servant got ready their pistols, and none too soon, for, looking back, they saw gray, shadowy forms coming across the snow, and they knew that the wolves were fast overtaking them. Faster and faster flew the horses, straining at the harness and rocking the sledge from side to side. But the wolves drew steadily nearer. There was a large number of them, led by an enormous old gray wolf, who, as soon as he got alongside, tried to spring upon one of the horses. Bang went Eric's pistol, and the wolf sprang into the air and fell down dead. At this the others fell back for a few moments, but they were soon again in full pursuit. This time the baron and Eric fired together, and four wolves fell dead in the snow. The rest of the

pack paused for a moment hastily to devour the fallen wolves, but they, too, were soon again in full pursuit.

"There is no help for it. We must turn one of the horses loose," cried Eric. "Cut the traces quick!"

This was done, and one of the leaders dashed aside into the forest, with the whole pack of wolves after him.

"We are saved!" cried the baron.

But his servant Eric knew only too well that the hungry animals would soon come on again. Surely enough they did, and then another horse had to be sacrificed to gain a few moments' time.

The carriage was now within two miles of Bolisov, and the lights of the outlying houses could be seen in the distance. The party in the carriage thought they were saved; but as they galloped along it became evident that the horses were tired out, and were slackening speed, while the wolves were once more rapidly overtaking the party. Then it was that the servant Eric proved himself a hero.

"I will get down, Baron, and keep the wolves at bay while you, with your wife and child, get away to the town. If we stay together we shall all perish. But perhaps I may have time to climb a tree, or I may manage to keep the wolves off till you return with help. If they kill me, take care of my wife and child!"

The baron could not bear the thought of losing his faithful servant in this way, but Eric was determined to risk his life to save his master. The wolves were now on both sides of the carriage, and the leading ones were snapping at the horses' legs.

"Now God be with you all!" cried Eric. "Fire as I jump out!" The baron fired, and his faithful servant sprang into the midst of the wolves. The savage animals stopped for a moment, with the blaze of the pistols in their eyes. Then came a fearful, savage yell, and Eric fired again at the

wolves. Then there was silence as the horses dashed forward to the town.

Eric was never seen again, but his pistols were found lying in the blood-stained snow. A stone

cross now stands on the spot bearing the name of the heroic servant on one side, and on the other the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

X. THE BRAVE CARDINAL OF MILAN

THERE is a terrible sickness which from time to time breaks out in the East. It is called the plague, and is a typhoid fever exceedingly violent and rapid, accompanied by frightful pain and suffering, usually ending in death. Some people suppose that it is caused by the marshy, unwholesome state of Egypt after the waters of the Nile have gone down, and it generally remains in Egypt and Syria until its course is checked by the cold of winter.

At times this disease has become unusually infectious, and then it has come beyond its usual boundaries and made its way all over the West. Two hundred years and more ago these dreadful outbreaks were more frequent owing to the fact that people lived very dirty and unhealthy lives, being crowded together inside the walls of a town, and not being able in times of war to live outside the fortifications. The plague often followed war, and swept away many poor creatures who had been weakened by previous want.

The desolation of a plague-stricken city was a sort of horrible dream. Every infected house was marked with a red cross, and carefully closed against all persons. The bodies of the dead were thrown into large trenches, without prayer or funeral rites, and the trenches were hastily closed up. Whole families died together, untended save by one another, with no aid from without, and the last chances of life lost for want of drink or food.

Such visitations as these did indeed prove whether the pastors of the afflicted flock were shepherds or hirelings. So felt, in the year 1576, Cardinal Carlo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, who used to preach in the beautiful cathedral rising above that great city, when he learned at Lodi that the plague had made its appearance in Milan. Remarkably enough, in this very city there had lately been such wickedness that he had solemnly warned the people that unless they repented they would certainly bring down on themselves the wrath of Heaven. His council of clergy advised him to remain in some healthy part of the country till the sickness was over, but he replied:

"The duty of a bishop is to give his life for his

sheep, and I cannot rightly abandon them in this time of peril."

The council agreed that to stand by to comfort and help the afflicted was the higher course.

"Well," said he, "is it not a bishop's duty to choose the higher course?"

So back into the town of deadly sickness he went, leading the people to repent, watching over them in their sufferings, visiting the hospitals, and, by his own example, encouraging his clergy in carrying spiritual consolation to the dying. All the time the plague lasted—four months—his exertions were fearless and unwearied, and what was remarkable was that of his whole household only two died, and they were persons who had not been called, like himself, to go about visiting the sick.

Indeed, some of the rich who had repaired to a beautiful villa, where they spent their time in feasting and amusement, were even there attacked by the pestilence, and they all perished. Their dainty fare and their grandeur had no doubt been as bad a preparation for sickness as the poverty of the starving people in the city, while the strict and regular life of the cardinal and his clergy, and their home in the spacious and airy palace, no doubt preserved them from the plague. But, in the opinion of the time, there was little short of a miracle in the safety of one who daily preached in the cathedral, bent over the beds of the sick, giving them food and medicine, and administering the last rites of the Church, and then braved the contagion after death, rather than let the corpses go forth unblest to their common grave. Nay, so far was he from seeking to save his own life, that, kneeling one day before the altar in the cathedral, he solemnly offered himself, like Moses, as a sacrifice for his people. But, like Moses, Carlo Borromeo remained untouched by the plague, as did also his twenty-eight priests.

No wonder that one of the chief memories that haunt the glorious white marble cathedral of Milan is that of St. Carlo Borromeo, who practised mercy, and risked his own life in faithfully carrying out the duty of a good shepherd over his people.

XI. A LITTLE DUTCH HERO

ONE fine spring day, many years ago, a little boy in Holland was wandering along a road which ran beside a very important dike. The grassy banks of the dike were sown with wild flowers, and the boy, whom we will call Jan, tried to gather a bunch to take home to his invalid mother. By and by he came to a spot where a tiny thread of water slowly trickled through the grass. He passed by, thinking of his flowers.

After he had walked a few yards, it struck him that all was not quite right. There was nowhere for the water to come from unless it had made its way through the dike, and if this had happened, if there was the slightest crevice in the bank of earth which was the sole barrier between an enormous force of water and his beloved village, what would be the result? Pale with fear, he rushed back. Already the little stream seemed bigger. In a night the fissure might widen out until the mighty water would break through the dike and flood the country, destroying thousands of homes and innumerable precious lives.

Jan called and shouted for help. No one was in sight. The evening was drawing on. It was far to the nearest house, and no one might pass for hours. He found the hole. It was now big enough to admit his little hand. There was only one thing to be done—the space must be tightly

filled up till help could be got. But there was no object on which he could lay hands to stop up the dangerous hole; round him was the soft grass, and behind and before stretched the smooth road. Suddenly Jan had an inspiration. He thrust in his arm as far as it would go, and resolved to stay until a passer-by, fetching help, should relieve him.

Slowly the daylight vanished—utter silence reigned all round. The night fell cold and dark, but still Jan held his place. The pain in his arm grew and grew till all his body was one ache, and the poor child gave up any hope of seeing a living soul before daybreak. At last, when he was fainting with pain and exhaustion, he heard voices and saw lights. His mother had sent out a search-party for her little boy. Too weak to raise his voice, he trembled with fear lest they should pass him by. But one of the men found him, and with a great shout told his companions that the end of their search was reached.

When they heard what the boy had done, men were sent for to mend the dike, and you may imagine that no words were too strong, and no praise too great, to lavish on this little Jan, who had saved his country by his cleverness and courage.

XII. THE LITTLE HERO OF LUCERNE

AFTER the Swiss Forest Cantons won freedom, the people of Lucerne began to long that they also might be free from the rule of Austria. At last they joined their neighbors, and became the fourth free canton around the lake of Lucerne.

The Austrians were very angry when they saw the town slip out of their grasp, and they began at once to make plans to seize it again. The Austrians were led by the Bailiff of Rothenburg, the man whom the Duke of Austria had appointed to rule the district in which Lucerne stood.

One warm summer night, more than five hundred years ago, a boy named Peter had gone to bathe in the lake. After he had dressed himself again, he lay down on the bank and fell asleep. He was awakened by the sound of footsteps on the ground, and he saw five or six men creeping softly along the shore.

The boy did not like the looks of these men,

or their movements: they crept along like robbers. He made up his mind that he would follow them, and warn the guards that were watching the town. Just as he was about to get up, a fresh band of men approached, and passed him. Their leader was a man in a coat of mail, with a battle-axe hanging at his girdle, and the boy knew him: he was the Bailiff of Rothenburg, the enemy of Lucerne. As they went by, the men were speaking together in low voices, but the boy caught enough of what they said to be sure that danger threatened his native town.

When the Bailiff and his men had passed, Peter sprang to his feet and followed them, keeping himself hidden behind great stones and tufts of grass. Soon they were quite near to the town. Only a strip of sand and a bed of reeds lay between the water and the houses. But now Peter lost all track of those whom he was following. Whither had they gone? They seemed to have

vanished from the earth. Had they crept into the town by some secret track, known only to themselves?

He looked and listened; but he saw nothing in the darkness, and heard nothing, save the lapping of the waves on the shore. Then suddenly, in the blackness, he saw a faint light at a short distance from him. He threw himself again on the sand and crawled toward it. He found himself at the mouth of a cave, like a great dark tunnel running into the rock, and he knew at once where he was. This cave ran under the town, and at its farther end it was used as a cellar. There was a trap-door in its roof and a ladder leading up to it. The trap-door opened into a stable, and gave the enemy a secret way into the heart of the town. It was a traitor who had laid this way open to them, a man who had gone over to the side of the Austrians, after pretending to be heart and soul with the Swiss. The traitor was with the Austrian band at this very moment. His name was Jean de Malters.

Peter crept into the cave. He could hear some one speaking, and at the next moment he knew that it was the voice of Jean de Malters. The traitor was giving directions to the enemies of Lucerne, and Peter went nearer and nearer to discover what shape their plans would take. He heard death threatened to his friends, and knew that Lucerne would see a massacre before the morning unless he could warn his father and the townsmen.

Suddenly Peter's heart jumped into his mouth. Some one was coming into the cave behind him. He turned to fly, but it was too late. He had been seen, and a strong hand seized him and dragged him forward into the light of the lantern round which the band had gathered.

"A spy! a spy!" cried the man who had caught him. The Austrians laid their hands on their swords to cut the spy into pieces, but when they saw it was only a child they paused. But Jean de Malters sprang forward in terrible anger.

"How did you come here?" he cried.

"I was sleeping on the bank of the lake," replied Peter, "and you wakened me by your footsteps, and I followed here."

"I do not believe that," cried the traitor roughly. "Some one sent you here to watch us. Who sent you?"

"No one," replied Peter; "I have told you the truth."

"You are not telling the truth," cried Jean de Malters. "Tell me who set you to watch us!" He took the child by his shoulders and forced

him to his knees. "Now," said the man, "I give you two minutes to make up your mind. Tell us, or you shall die."

Two minutes passed, but Peter had not spoken. He thought of his mother and father, and the danger which hung over his home, but he was quite silent.

"He must die," said Jean de Malters.

But now some of the band spoke out against this.

"No, no," they said; "a child's blood is innocent blood. No good will come to our enterprise if we begin by shedding that. Make him swear that he will never reveal what he has seen or heard to any living soul, and let him go."

In the end this was done, and Peter was made to take a most solemn oath that he would not repeat to any living soul what he had seen and heard that night.

As soon as he was free, Peter ran to the town as fast as he could put his feet to the ground. He came to the hall where his father and others were gathered talking over the affairs of the town. At the door he paused, for he knew not what to do. He must do something, or the hidden men-at-arms would enter the town after the citizens had gone to their rest, and slay all those who loved freedom. The hour fixed for the attack was that of midnight.

Suddenly an idea flashed into the boy's head, and he acted upon it. Peter went into the hall and walked straight up to a huge porcelain stove that stood in the midst of the great room.

"O stove," said Peter, "I have seen and heard to-night very strange and dreadful things, which I may not tell to any living soul. But I will tell you, O stove."

The men in the hall were full of surprise when they saw the child come in and go up to the stove. They were more puzzled still when they heard him begin to talk to the stove, and they thought he had gone crazy. But when they heard what he had to say, their minds changed. They felt certain that he spoke the truth, and they flew to arms at once.

Midnight struck, and the Austrians made their assault. They found, not a sleeping town, but a strong band of well-armed patriots waiting for them. The struggle was fierce, and many fell that night in the streets of Lucerne. The battle ended in the complete defeat of the Austrians and the victory of the patriots. Never again was an Austrian foot set in Lucerne as the foot of a master. The city was free forever, and a child had saved it.

XIII. THE MEN OF SOLEURE

LONG after the Forest Cantons freed themselves, there was still much fighting between the Swiss and the Austrians. The Dukes of Austria never forgot how the Swiss had thrown off their rule, and were always ready to attack a Swiss city or canton in order to punish these sturdy burghers or peasants who loved freedom above all things.

Here is a story of the old city of Soleure—a story which shows the noble spirit in which the Swiss fought their battles for independence. Duke Leopold laid siege to the city of Soleure, on the river Aar, and thought that it would soon be his own, for he held the son of the commandant as prisoner. Leopold tried to frighten the governor by saying that his son should be put to death if he would not give up the town. But neither father nor son was moved by the threat, and the siege went on.

Next, Leopold built a bridge across the river above the town. Upon this bridge he stationed a strong body of troops, in order to prevent

food being carried into the town. His plan was to starve the garrison out. But this bridge was not built very strongly, and one day, when a great many Austrian soldiers were upon it, the timbers gave way, and the men were flung into the river. Did the men of Soleure rejoice when they saw their enemies helpless and drowning in the swift stream? No; they leaped into the river and drew the struggling Austrians to the bank. They forgot that these men were foes; they only saw fellow human beings in peril. They took the men they had rescued into the town, gave them food and wine, and then sent them back to their own camp, without asking a penny of ransom.

Duke Leopold was so filled with admiration of this brave and noble conduct that he came to the gates of the city, attended only by thirty knights, and asked to be admitted as a friend. He presented the town with a banner, made a treaty of peace with it, and marched his army away. Thus was the siege raised, and Soleure was saved.

XIV. ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED

A VERY famous battle was that of Sempach, in 1386, where Arnold of Winkelried made for himself a great name in Swiss song and story. Duke Leopold of Austria marched to chastise the Swiss, and threatened the town of Zurich. He was at the head of a picked body of troops, knights clad in armor, and bearing long spears. A small body of Swiss—a mere handful in face of the strong Austrian army—marched to meet Leopold, and faced him on the field of Sempach.

On the day of battle the Austrian knights dismounted, and left their horses in the rear. Perhaps they felt that it was safer to fight on foot. But now they were rendered awkward by the long toes or beaks on their shoes, for it was the fashion then to wear such things. So they cut them off at a place still called the "beak-meadows," and went forward to the fight.

Shoulder to shoulder they rushed on in a solid steel-clad mass, their long spears held before them, and hurled themselves upon the Swiss. At

first the fight went badly for the brave mountaineers; sixty of them were slain before a single Austrian fell. They could not pass the bristling hedge of spears which guarded the front rank of the enemy.

Then out sprang the noble Arnold von Winkelried. "I'll make a way for you, comrades," he cried; "take care of my wife and children!" He leaped upon the enemy with arms widely outspread, and gathered into his body the points of all the spears within his reach. Thus a gap was formed in the line, and into this gap rushed the quick-footed Swiss, and came to close quarters with their foes.

Now the advantage was with them, and they plied sword and iron-spiked club with terrible power. The gap widened swiftly, and the Austrians fell fast. Leopold himself, fighting in the front line, was slain, and the Swiss won a great victory, and Arnold von Winkelried an immortal name.

XV. JOHN MAYNARD, PILOT

IN thick darkness the great steamer was creeping through dangerous but smooth waters toward the end of her journey. The passengers and most of

the crew were asleep in their berths. The captain was taking his well-earned rest in his cabin. On the bridge was the pilot, a man named John May-

nard, who had left his wife and the son whom he loved much better than his own life, to bring this great ship safely into harbor.

It was one of those dark nights at sea when it is impossible to catch a glimpse of the vast ocean through which ships make their way. Not a star shone in the sky. The little disks of light made by the port-holes perished in the wall of darkness enclosing the ship. The only sounds in the darkness were the grinding of the paddles, and the deep, low murmur of the smooth and gently flowing sea.

So smooth, so gentle was the ocean, that none could dream of disaster. It was a fitting night for the end of a dangerous voyage, for the peace and rejoicing of a home-coming.

But, of a sudden, a terrible cry arose above the sea—a cry of "Fire!"

Gone now was the darkness. Every face was visible. Every line of terror could be seen in that frightful glare. And another sound was added to the moan of the sea and the noise of the paddles—the rushing, roaring, hissing sound of fire that leaped in a writhing cloud of sparks to the sky.

The captain cried out in a loud voice: "Listen! In ten minutes more we shall have reached land. Our lives may yet be saved. It rests with the pilot. If he can hold on at his post we shall reach the land." He turned around, and called: "John Maynard, are you there?"

A quick answer came from the bridge: "Ay, ay, sir!"

In an instant, despair was turned into hope. That answer was so strong, so sure, and it had come so quickly. Only ten minutes. They were saved! John Maynard could see laughing women kissing their babies, and fathers smiling into the eyes of their sons.

The great ship, now a driving shape of flame, cut through the smooth but dangerous water at its highest speed, a race against fire!

Would they reach the land in time? With every turn of the paddles they were nearer to safety; but with every second the flames increased in fierceness.

What of the pilot? Was he still safe at the wheel?

"Are you there, my lad?" cried the captain.

There was no answer.

The passengers felt their hearts sink, and a new terror possessed them. But, just as they abandoned hope, the answer came—so slow, so choked, so difficult, that it was hard to believe that the same man spoke.

"Sir, I'll try," said John Maynard.

The thoughts of the passengers at that instant were turned from the faithful pilot. The lights on land suddenly stood out before them in the distance. A loud cheer ascended from the decks. They were saved. The race against fire had been won. Land was near; houses were visible; the towers of churches, the names of shops, and the lamps in the street came into view. Boats could be seen putting out to them.

John Maynard, from the bridge, could see mothers clutching their children to their hearts. His own little son, his well-beloved, was asleep at home, far away. The moving mass of roaring flame, which once had been a ship, reached the harbor.

Passengers threw themselves into the waiting boats. Not a thought was given to the pilot. On the sides of the harbor was gathered a dense multitude, watching the spectacle of a great ship on fire.

When every one was saved, the boiler exploded with a deafening roar, and John Maynard was hurled into eternity.

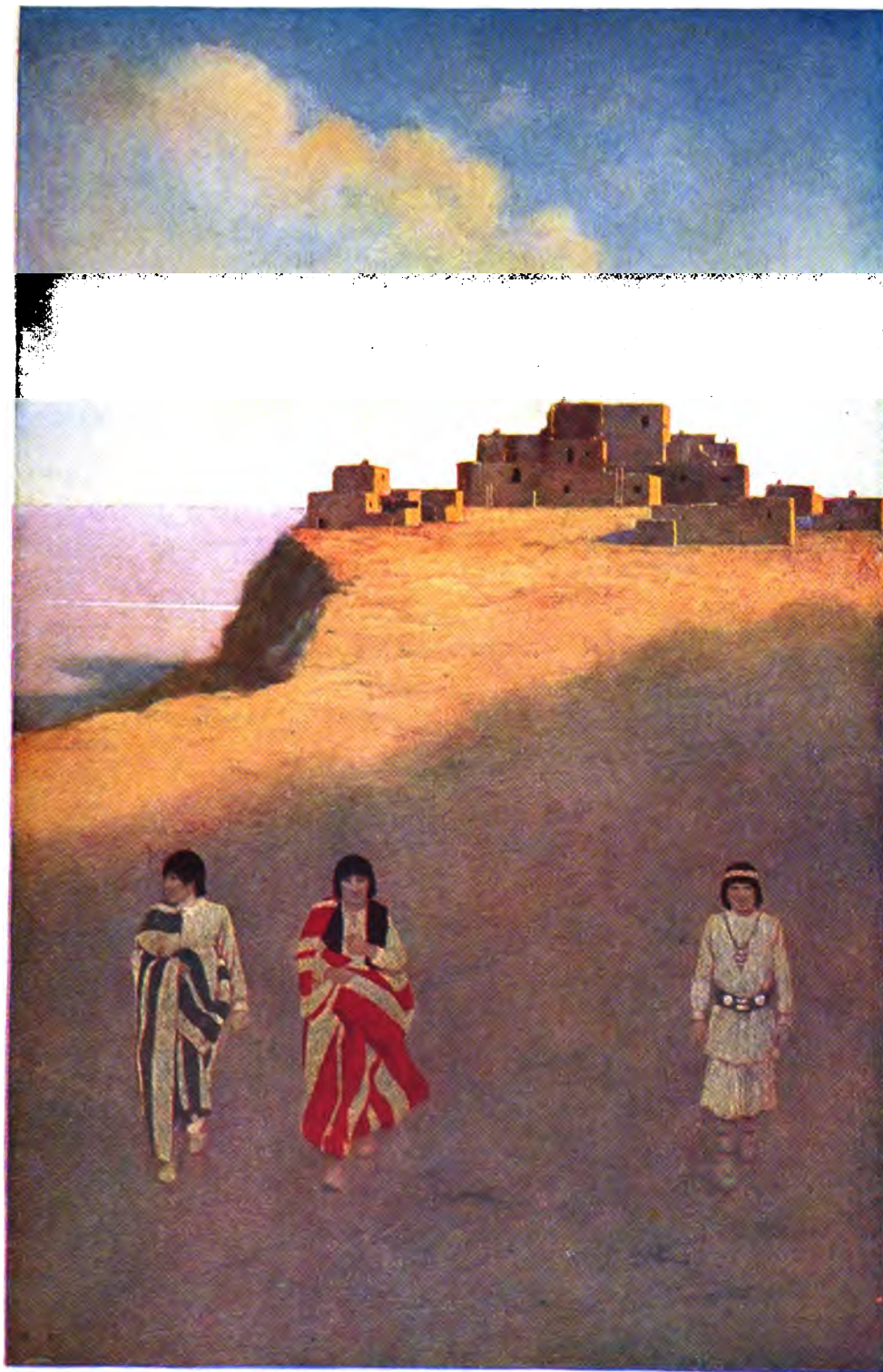
Many men who stood on that flaming deck remembered to their dying day, as the most vivid impression of their life, the look on John Maynard's face as he held to his post in the blinding smoke and the fiercely raging fire.





From a painting by Gilman Low. Owned by John H. Proctor, Brookline, Mass.

AN INDIAN MAID AND HER FAVORITE STEED.



PUEBLO DWELLINGS
From the painting by Maxfield Parrish

AMERICAN INDIAN STORIES

THE FIRST AMERICANS

BY F. S. DELLENBAUGH

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards who had followed Columbus and Cortes to the New World worked their way northward into the region that is now New Mexico and Arizona, they found to their surprise a people dwelling there in well-constructed, flat-roofed houses of stone. They gave to these people the name of *Pueblos*, or villagers, to distinguish them from the wild tribes; and by this name they have been known in general ever since, though each village and cluster of villages has its distinctive title.

The Pueblos, instead of roaming about, subsisting on chance game, cultivated Indian corn so largely that they ordinarily were able to store a supply to provide against the possibility of future famine; and such is still their custom. Not only had they made this progress in agriculture and architecture, but they had also done something in the way of manufacturing, especially in the making of pottery and weaving of blankets. Their pottery was varied in shape and ornamentation and skillfully modeled without the aid of a wheel. Of the potter's wheel they are ignorant to this day, still following the practice of their forefathers in this matter as in many others. Their blankets of cotton were unique in their designs; and these designs are perpetuated to-day in woolen material, as well as in cotton, though the latter is now used principally in the sacred ceremonies.

Those towns nearest to Santa Fé (which itself was originally a Pueblo village and is, probably, the oldest town inhabited by white people in the United States) came most directly under the influence of the Spaniards. They made Santa Fé their seat of government, and gradually many Spanish customs prevailed among the natives in this part of the country. The Spanish priests, fol-

lowing the army of invasion, soon made converts, and eventually the barbarous rites of the people in the towns near Santa Fé were abolished in favor of Christianity. Churches of adobe, or sun-dried brick, were erected, and the Christian religion was in time accepted by numerous communities.

The towns at a distance were not so easy of access, and hence longer maintained their independence, supporting and favoring the smoldering discontent of those in other localities whose prejudices or patriotism resented the Spanish dominion. These native patriots believed the salvation of their country demanded the expulsion of these domineering foreigners from their land. We can not blame them for thus regarding the Spaniards, for we should certainly resent any interference by foreign powers with our affairs, and the Pueblos were, in many respects, a civilized people and had governed themselves for centuries before the Spaniards appeared in their territories. Secretly, these patriots worked to arouse their fellow-countrymen against the intruders, hoping to succeed in a revolution which should annihilate the Spanish power and restore the ancient rites and customs. Several of these conspiracies were discovered by the Spanish Governor-General, and the conspirators paid for their patriotism with their lives; but, in a few years, others took their places, and while peace seemed to smile on all the land, a volcano was seething under the very feet of the invaders.

There had been so much internal dissension among the Pueblos over religion and over water-privileges (often a matter of the utmost importance in those arid lands) before the arrival of the Spaniards, that concerted action must have been difficult to bring about; but at last, near the end of the seventeenth century, there was a

mighty uprising, the foreigners were driven out of the country, and retreated into Mexico, and those villages which had been under the Spanish yoke, revived their native ceremonies, which had been in disuse for a full century.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were not content to let slip so easily this accession to their king's domain. Collecting a stronger army, General Vargas returned, and conquered village after village,

inhabitants, and, doubtless, did not deem the Mokis a warlike race. After the departure of Vargas, the Mokis continued their old ways and were seldom visited, so that even now, three and a half centuries after the first visit of the Spaniards, they remain nearly in their original condition.

Next to the Moki towns, the Pueblo of Zuñi maintained its primitive customs to the greatest extent, and from similar causes.



A PUEBLO INDIAN BESIDE AN EAGLE-CAGE.

until the rebellion was extinguished for all time. Never since that day have the Pueblos shown a warlike spirit, having accepted their subjugation as inevitable. They were made citizens by Spain, but since their territory became a portion of the United States they have ranked politically with the other Indians. The last locality to be brought under subjection was the Province of Tusayan, the home of the Mokis.

At that time this province was so difficult to reach, that the horses of the Spanish General's troops were completely demoralized, and he was therefore obliged to omit a visit to Oraibi, the largest and furthest removed of the villages. He had, however, met with little resistance from the

The illustration is from a photograph made in Zuñi by a former photographer of the Bureau of Ethnology, and shows one of the natives, dressed in the costume of to-day, beside an eagle-cage. The costume is composed of simple materials, the trousers being of unbleached cotton, the shirt of calico, and the turban generally of some soft, red cloth. The Mokis wear their hair cut straight across the eyebrows in a sort of "bang," then straight back even with the bottom of the ear, the rest being made up into a knob behind. All are particular about their ornaments, caring little for any common sorts of beads, but treasuring coral, turquoise, and silver.

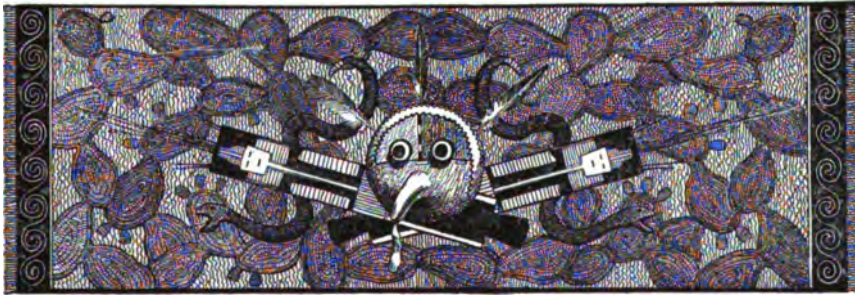
The eagle is sacred among Pueblos who have

not abandoned their native religion, and the feathers are used in religious ceremonies. For this reason the eagle is protected and every feather preserved. His nesting-places are carefully watched, and often visited, so that a supply of feathers, from little downy ones no larger than a twenty-five-cent piece to the stiff and long ones from the wing and tail, are preserved in every family,—the first, or downy ones, to breathe their prayers upon; the larger ones for other sacred uses. Sometimes several "prayers" are fastened to one little twig that all may proceed together to their destination. There is something very poetic in this breathing of a prayer upon a feather from the breast of an eagle—in flight the king of birds, familiar with lofty regions.

The Navajos have no reverence for the bird, and use its feathers for merely decorative purposes. They make raids upon the nesting-places where for centuries the Mokis have obtained

feathers, and these raids are a common source of trouble between the two tribes.

None of the present buildings of the Pueblos are equal in masonry to the ruins common throughout the region. These were ruins even when the Spaniards arrived, and, consequently, it is supposed that a superior people once occupied the country, who may, however, have been either ancestors or kindred to the Pueblos. In time the question may be solved through the numerous legends illustrated in pottery decoration, for all the decorations have a meaning, and the legends are handed down by word of mouth from father to son. Once when the legends were being discussed, Pow-it-iwa, an old Moki, poetically remarked to a friend of mine, "Many have passed by the house of my fathers, and none has stopped to ask where they have gone; but we of our family live to-day to teach our children concerning the past."



THE CHILDREN OF ZUÑI

BY MARIA BRACE KIMBALL

" Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me ? "

So says the well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed little Scotchman in Robert Louis Stevenson's rhyme. But I don't believe that the small Indians of Zuñi would care at all to change places with the little "me" of Edinburgh or New York. In their village of mud and stone, on the sunny plains of New Mexico, they have lived for centuries in perfect contentment. Fine houses, green parks, and merry streets would be nothing to them; hats and parasols, candies and ice-cream

would make them stare; and mere cleanliness would only astonish them. Indeed, if they saw us washing our faces and brushing our hair every day, they would probably one and all cry out in Zuñi words:

" Oh, don't you wish that you were *me* ? "

The little half-civilized children of Zuñi so aroused our curiosity that we drove through forty miles of sand and sage-brush, from the railroad at Fort Wingate, to pay them a visit. As the Indians do not provide for travelers, we took our hotel with us—tents, beds, and food—and camped just outside their village. The village looks like

a huge beehive made of clay and stuck fast to the top of a sandy knoll. The hive is filled with a mass of cells—three hundred single rooms, placed side by side and piled in rows one on top of another. In each of these rooms lives a Zuni family. There are no inside stairways leading from story to story, but if the boys and

the roofs or sat on the ovens,—queer little cones of mud which seem to grow up out of the house-tops,—while fathers, mothers, and babies peered out from dark doorways, to stare at the visitors. When we had finished our tour of the roofs and alleys, we were hospitably invited indoors; even there the children followed us, and as we glanced



A ZUNI FAMILY ON THE MARCH.

girls living in one row wish to pay a visit to a house above them, they must go outdoors and climb a ladder. On the slope between the village and the Zuni River are a number of small vegetable-gardens, each one inclosed by a mud wall. Zuni has no inns, no shops, no saloons, not even proper streets, but only narrow alleys that thread their way through the strange town. As we walked through the village, all the world came out to see us. Girls and boys clustered on

up to a hole in the ceiling which served as a window, a girl's laughing face filled the opening. We must have looked strange enough in our hats and gloves and long skirts.

The Zuni child spends his early days in a cradle. But a cradle in Zuni-land does not mean down pillows, silken coverlets, and fluffy laces; it is only a flat board, just the length of the baby, with a hood like a doll's buggy-top over the head. Upon this hard bed the baby is bound like a

mummy—the coverings wound round and round him until the little fellow cannot move except to open his mouth and eyes. Sometimes he is unrolled, and looks out into the bare whitewashed room, blinks at the fire burning on the hearth, and fixes his eyes earnestly on the wolf and cougar skins that serve as chairs and beds and carpets in the Zuñi home.

By the time he is two or three years old, he has grown into a plump little bronze creature, with the straightest of coarse black hair and the biggest and roundest of black eyes. He is now out of the cradle, and trots about the house and the village. When the weather is bad he wears a small coarse shirt, and always a necklace of beads or turquoise.

As he grows older, he adds a pair of loose cotton trousers to his costume, and, if anything more is needed to keep him warm, he girds on his blanket, just as his forefathers have done in all the three hundred years since white men first knew the Zuñis. His long hair, either flying loosely in the wind or tied back with a band of some red stuff, serves him both as hair and as hat.

His little sister, however, has a more elaborate dress. Her mama weaves it for her, as she does her own, in a rude loom. She makes two square blankets of black cotton, finishes them neatly across top and bottom, sews them together at the sides with red yarn, and the dress is ready to try on. It always fits perfectly, as the part which forms the skirt is simply held in place by a sash, and the waist is made by drawing two corners of the blankets up over the left shoulder. The sash, woven in gay colors, is also the work of Mama Zuñi. A long, narrow piece of cotton cloth is draped from the other shoulder, and swings easily about, serving as pocket, shawl, or pinafore. In cold weather, moccasins, leggings, and blankets are also worn. These articles, too, are made at home. While the mother is the dressmaker and tailor, the father is the family shoemaker. A few of the Zuñi girls have dresses like those of American girls. These clothes have come to them through the mission-school which adjoins the village.

The Zuñis have a language of their own—no very easy one for boys and girls to learn, judging from its many-syllabled, harsh-sounding words. They also speak a little Spanish, as does nearly everybody in New Mexico.

The little Zuñis amuse themselves with running, wrestling, jumping, and playing at grown folks, just as civilized children do. They have their bows and arrows, their rag-dolls,—strapped like real babies to cradles,—and their shinny sticks and balls. The children also make themselves

useful at home. The older girls take care of their younger brothers and sisters, and the boys tend the goats. There are large herds of goats belonging to the village, and they must be taken every morning to graze on the plain, and brought home at night to be shut up in the corrals, or folds, safe from prowling wolves.

The little children often go with their mothers to draw water from the village well, about a hun-



A ZUÑI WATER-CARRIER.

dred yards from the houses. At the top of a flight of stone steps they wait, playing about in the sand, while their mothers go down to the spring. There the women fill the jars, then, poisoning them on their heads, climb the hill and mount the ladders to their homes. As all the water used by the village has to be brought to it in these *ollas* (water-jars), carried on the women's heads, it is not surprising that the boys' clothes are grimy and the girls have apparently never known what it is to wash their faces.

The *ollas*, which answer the purpose of family china and of kitchen-ware, are made by the Zuñi

women from the clay of the river-bank. The wet earth is shaped by hand into jars of all sorts and sizes; the jars are then painted with gay colors, in queer patterns, and burned. It is a pretty sight, of an evening, to see the fires of the kilns dotted all over the terraces of the village. Each piece of pottery is shut up inside a little wall of chips, which are set on fire; when the chips are

and little, with some of the neighbors, complete the party. Once in the garrison, the Zuñi family need only walk up and down to advertise their wares; the boys and girls help to carry the jars while the babies follow. The group, with its bright blankets and gay pottery, soon attracts attention and sales begin on the sidewalks and verandas. Little is said by the Zuñi merchants, but



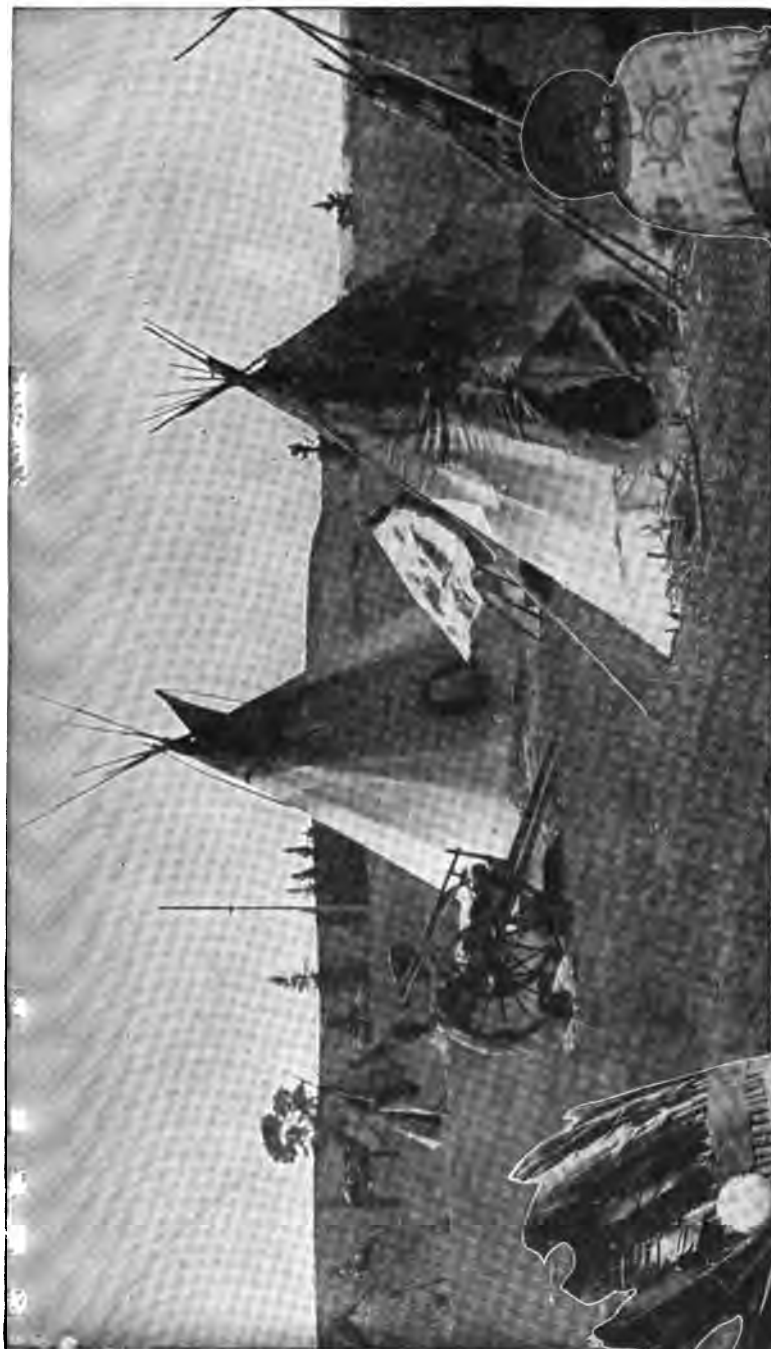
ON THE WAY TO FORT WINGATE.

burned up, the article is baked and ready for use. The Zuñi mamas make not only the jars for family use, but also clay toys for the children, curious rattles, dolls' moccasins, owls, eagles, horses, and other childish treasures.

The Zuñi has learned that American coffee and tobacco are better than Indian herb tea and willow bark. As he must have ready money in order to buy such articles, he has contrived various ways of earning a few *reales* (Spanish for shillings). When spring comes and the snows have melted, he collects the jars and bowls and trinkets that have been made during the winter, ties them up in the several corners of his blanket, and trudges off to market at Fort Wingate, forty miles away. Bows and arrows, and canes made from a singular cactus which grows near Zuñi, are also added to the stock in trade. If the Indian is lucky enough to own a burro, he and one of the boys mount the patient creature, while the family, big

when the bargaining is finished, they stand silent, waiting with a hungry look for the usual invitation to the kitchen. There, seated in a circle on the floor, they gratefully eat and drink whatever is set before them. Their store of words does not include "Thank you," but their faces brighten, and the older people politely shake hands with a "Bueno, bueno, señora" ("Good, good, madame"), while the babies munch and crumble their cake and cry for more, just as our own white babies do. The thoughtful mamas do not forget the miles of "home stretch" before the family, and wisely tuck away in their blankets the last bits of cheese and crackers.

When they have looked over the fort, tasted its bread and coffee, and sold their cargo, they cheerfully go home to their mud village and Indian habits. Old and young, they all are children, easily pleased, and quite certain in their own minds that the Zuñi way is the right way to live.



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT ON A PLAIN.

American Indians had a variety of dwellings, but the type most familiar is that shown in the picture—the tepee. This is a tent made of the skin of an animal stretched over poles, which is easily folded up and taken from place to place.

The shape of a tepee is the one that best fits it to stand against the strong winds on the treeless plains. At the right of the picture is the Apache Indian Chief Geronimo, who gave the United States authorities so much trouble in Arizona and New Mexico during 1884-86. In September, 1886, he was forced to surrender, and, with a number of his companions, was sent to Fort Pickens, Florida.



FUN AMONG THE RED BOYS

BY JULIAN RALPH



VARIOUS as are the customs of the Indians, it is their savage, warlike natures that we are most apt to remember. Few of us, in fact, ever think of Indian children at all, except at the sight of a picture of them.

Little has been told or written about the boy and girl red folk, and it would puzzle most of my readers to say what they suppose these children of nature look like, or do to amuse themselves, or how they are brought up. It will astonish most city people to hear that red children are very like white children, just as a lady who was out on the plains a few years ago was astonished to find that they had skins as smooth and soft as any lady's—no, smoother and softer than that: as delicate and lovely as any dear little baby's here in New York. This lady was visiting the Blackfeet in my company, and she was so surprised, when she happened to touch one little red boy's bare arm, that she went about pinching a dozen chubby-faced boys and girls to make herself sure that all their skins were like the coats of ripe peaches to the touch.

Whether the Indians really love their children, or know what genuine love or affection is, I cannot say; but they are so proud and careful of their little ones that it amounts to the same thing so far as the youngsters are concerned. Boy babies are always most highly prized, because they will grow up into warriors.

The little that is taught to Indian boys must seem to them much more like fun than instruction. They must hear the fairy stories and the gabble of the medicine-men or conjurors, and the tales of bloody fights and brave and cunning deeds which make the histories of their tribes. They learn not to take what does not belong to them unless it belongs to an enemy. They learn not to be impudent to any one stronger and bigger than themselves; they learn how to track animals and men, how to go without food when there is not any, how to eat up all there is *at once* when any food is to be had, how to ride and shoot and

run and paddle, and smoke very mild tobacco. As for the rest, they "just grow," like Topsy, and are as emotional and fanciful and wilful as any very little white child ever was. They never get over being so. The older they grow to be, the older children they become, for they are all very much like spoiled children as long as they live.

The first Indians I ever saw, outside of a show, were boys at play. They were Onondagas, on their reservation near Syracuse, New York. They were big boys of from sixteen to twenty years old, and the game they were playing was "snow-snakes." The earth was covered with snow, and by dragging a stout log through this covering they had made a narrow gutter or trough about 500 or 700 feet long. Each youth had his snow-snake, which is a stick about eight feet long, and shaped something like a spear. All the snow-snakes were alike, less than an inch wide, half an inch thick, flat on the under side, rounded on top, and with a very slight turn upward at the point to suggest a serpent's head. The "snakes" were all smoothed and of heavy hard wood. The game was to see who could send his the farthest along the gutter in the snow. The young men grasped their snakes at the very end, ran a few steps, and shot the sticks along the trough. As one after another sped along the snow, the serpent-like heads kept bobbing up and down over the rough surface of the gutter precisely like so many snakes. I bought a snow-snake, but, though I have tried again and again, I cannot get the knack of throwing it.

But I have since seen Indian boys of many tribes at play, and one time I saw more than a hundred and fifty "let loose," as our own children are in a country school-yard at recess. To be sure, theirs is a perpetual recess, and they were at home among the tents of their people, the Canada Blackfeet, on the plains, within sight of the Rocky Mountains. The smoke-browned tepees, crowned with projecting pole-ends, and painted with figures of animals and with gaudy patterns, were set around in a great circle, and the children were playing in the open, grassy space in the center. Their fathers and mothers were as wild as any Indians, except one or two tribes, on the continent, but nothing of their savage natures showed in these merry, lively, laughing, bright-faced little ragamuffins. At their play they laughed and screamed and hallooed. Some were running foot races, some were wrestling, some were on the

backs of scampering ponies; for they are sometimes put on horseback when they are no more than three years old. Such were their sports, for Indian boys play games to make them sure of aim, certain of foot, quick in motion, and supple in

day. They cultivate running by means of foot races. In war they agree with the poet who sang:

"For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day";



ONONDAGA INDIAN BOYS PLAYING AT "SNOW-SNAKES."

body, so that they can shoot and fight and ride and hunt and run well. To be able to run fast is a necessary accomplishment for an Indian. What they call "runners" are important men in every tribe. They are the messenger men, and many a one among them has run a hundred miles in a

and afterward, if they were taken prisoners, they had a chance for life, in the old days, if they could run fast enough to escape their captors and the spears and bullets of their pursuers.

A very popular game that attracted most of the Blackfeet boys was the throwing of darts, or little

white hand-arrows, along the grass. The game was to see who could throw his arrow farthest in a straight line. At times the air was full of the white missiles where the boys were playing, and they fell like rain upon the grass.

swift-moving little wheels, and from greater distances than you would imagine.

They play with arrows so frequently that it is no wonder they are good marksmen; yet you would be surprised to see how frequently they



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE STAMPEDE THAT FOLLOWED THE SIGNAL, 'GO!'"

In another part of the field were some larger boys with rude bows with which to shoot these same darts. These boys were playing a favorite Blackfeet game. Each one had a disk or solid wheel of sheet-iron or lead, and the game was to see who could roll his disk the farthest, while all the others shot at it to tip it over and bring it to a stop. The boys made splendid shots at the

bring down the birds, rabbits, and gophers which abound on the plains. The houses of these plump little drab-colored creatures are holes in the turf, and as you ride along the plains you will see them everywhere around, sitting up on their haunches with their tiny fore paws held idle and limp before them, and their bead-like, bright eyes looking at you most trustingly—until you come just so

near, when pop! suddenly down goes little Mr. Gopher in his hole. You may be sure the Indian boys find great sport in shooting at these comical little creatures. But the boys take a mean advantage of the fact that the restless gophers cannot stay still in one place any great length of time. When one pops into a hole it is only for a minute, and during that minute the Indian boy softly and deftly arranges a snare around the hole, so that when the gopher pops up again the snare can be jerked and the animal captured.

We gave the boys in the Blackfeet camp great sport by standing at a distance of a hundred yards from all of them and offering a silver quarter to whichever boy got to us first. You should have seen the stampede that followed the signal, "Go!" Blankets were dropped, moccasins fell off, boys stumbled and others fell atop of them, their black locks flew in the breeze, and the air was noisy with yelling and laughter.

These boys spin tops, but their "top-time" is the winter, when snow is on the ground and is crusted hard. Their tops are made of lead or some other metal, and are mere little circular plates which they cover with red flannel and ornament with tiny knots or wisps of cord all around the edges. These are spun with whips and look very pretty on the icy white playgrounds. Nearly all Indian boys play ball, but not as we do, for their only idea of the game is the girlish one of pitching and catching. All their games are the simplest, and lack the rules which we lay

down to make our sports difficult and exciting.

The boys of the Papago tribe in the Southwest have a game which the fellows in Harvard and Yale would form rules about, if they played it, until it became very lively indeed. These Indian boys make dumb-bells of woven buckskin or rawhide. They weave them tight and stiff, and then soak them in a sort of red mud which sticks like paint. They dry them, and then the queer toys are ready for use. To play the game they mark off goals, one for each band or "side" of players. The object of each side is to send its dumb-bells over to the goal of the enemy. The dumb-bells are tossed with sticks that are thrust under them as they lie on the ground. The perverse things will not go straight or far, and a rod is a pretty good throw for one. The sport quickly grows exciting, and the players are soon battling in a heap, almost as if they were playing at football.

These are games that will not wear out while there are Indian boys to play them. On the oldest reservations, where even the grandfathers of the Indians now alive were shut up and fed by their government, the boys still play the old games. But wherever one travels to-day, even among the wildest tribes, a new era is seen to have begun as the result of the Indian schools, and Indian boys are being taught things more useful than any they ever knew before. The brightest boys in the various tribes are selected to be sent to these schools, and it is hoped that what they learn will make all the others anxious to imitate white men's ways.

HOW A GREAT SIOUX CHIEF WAS NAMED

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA

ALTHOUGH many Indian names seem to explain themselves, young readers no doubt have often pondered and wondered over the odd names of some of our Western Indians as published in the daily papers. Such appellations as "Hole-in-the-Day," "Touch-the-Clouds," "Red Cloud," "Spotted Tail," "Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses," and scores of others which I might call to mind, must have excited curiosity. The names here given belong to individuals of the Sioux tribe, which is the largest tribe within the United States.

When these Sioux Indians were little boys and girls, so small that they had done nothing at all worthy of notice, they had no names whatever; being known simply as "White Thunder's little

baby-boy," "Red Weasel's two-year-old girl," "One of Big Mouth's twins," and so on, according to their fathers' names; and, occasionally,—if Sioux women were talking to each other,—according to the mother's name. The earliest striking incident in an Indian's life may fasten a name upon him. A little fellow, not able to take care of himself, is kicked by an Indian pony, let us say, and, until some more prominent event in his career changes his name, he will be known as "Kicking Horse," or "Kicked-by-the-Horse." Or, a little girl, while scrambling through a wild-plum thicket, may not realize how 'near she is to the bank of the stream until a small piece of ground gives way under her feet, and



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CHIEF BLACK THUNDER.



AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHIEF TALL MAN DAN.

she goes tumbling head-over-heels into the water. When rescued and brought home, she is called "Fell-in-the-Water," which probably will be wrongly translated into English as "Falling Water"; and we, hearing her so called, say, "What a pretty name!" "How poetical the In-

those animals in one encounter, and he must have been well past his boyhood, or he could not have performed a feat of such valor.

"Pawnee-Killer" was not so called until he had slain a great number of Pawnees, a neighboring tribe of Indians, most bitterly hated by the Sioux.



"HE WAS AS DELIGHTED AS A CIVILIZED CHILD WITH A COVETED TOY."

dian names are!" We should never have thought so, if we had seen the ragged little miss screaming and clutching at the grass as she went, with a splash, into the muddy creek. And even if the little girl herself could be brought to believe that it was a pretty name, I am sure she would insist that it was not a pleasant christening. Again, some little urchins, playing far away from the tipis (as the picturesque skin-tents or lodges are called), suddenly are overtaken by a thunder-shower, and they come home wet to the skin; thenceforth one may be called "Rain-in-the-Face," and another, "Little Thunder," if they are not already named. And so these slight incidents, some serious, some comical, give names to the little Sioux, until, as I have said, other occurrences or feats suggest other names, which they like better, or which they and their fellow-Indians adopt.

"Three Bears" got his name by killing three of

He, also, must have reached manhood before being named. Many names similarly given might be mentioned, for it is generally the names obtained late in life that are preferred, as one of these almost always recalls some great deed that redounds to its owner's credit; and this gratifies the savage vanity and pride, of which they have no small amount.

"Touch-the-Clouds" received his title from the fact that he was very tall,—over six feet in height, I believe; and of course they had to wait for him to grow before they could give him so pompous a name.

Once in a while, however, the names that the little ones have borne cling to them for life; either because nothing happens afterwards of sufficient importance to cause a change, or because they like the old names, however simple they may be or however insignificant the event

commemorated. Such was the case with the great Sioux chief, "Spotted Tail," a leader most famous among them, and one who has ruled over great numbers of that large tribe, for it should be remembered that the Sioux nation is not subject to any single ruler, but is divided into a number of bands of different names, each with a different chieftain, who has many sub-chiefs under him.

When this great chief was a very little fellow, his father left the lodge, or tepee, one morning, for a day's hunting after deer, which he expected to find in the brush and timber along the stream near the camp. It was an unlucky day, however,—the only thing he captured being a big raccoon, the skin of which he brought home. Coming to his lodge, and seeing one or two Indians sitting in front of it, watching the antics of his little son, he threw the raccoon's skin to the boy for a plaything. The youngster, pleased with the present, spread it out before the group of Indians; and when he pulled the tail, covered with black and gray rings, from under the skin, he was as delighted as a civilized child with a coveted toy, and he jumped up and down upon the skin, crying: "Look at its tail, all spotted! Look at its spotted tail!"

Those around him joined in his childish glee. (For it must be borne in mind that the oldest boy-child of a Sioux warrior is a perfect prince in the household,—his mother and sisters being his slaves, and no one but his father above him in authority. So you can see why all tried to please him.) The incident was rather amusing, too, for the raccoon's tail was not spotted at all, but covered with black stripes, or rings. So, while the spectators were laughing, the youngster was immediately dubbed "Spotted Tail,"—*Sin-ta Ga-lis-ka*, in Sioux; *sin-ta* being tail, and *ga-lis-ka*, spotted—a name that clung to him through all

his eventful life. And certainly there was no lack of thrilling episodes which could have changed it, should vanity have made him desire a change. A warrior who had seen, and had been leader in, so many battles, of whom countless deeds of personal valor were recounted, and whose war-suit was trimmed with 650 scalps,* could easily have had a pompous name had he wished it. But, like all really great men, whether their lot be cast in civilized or in savage life, this great Sioux chief was modest; and in nothing is this better shown than in his satisfaction with the simple name of his baby-days, though it arose from such a trifling incident, and in his refusal to choose a name like "Pawnee-Killer," "White Thunder," or some other high-sounding title.

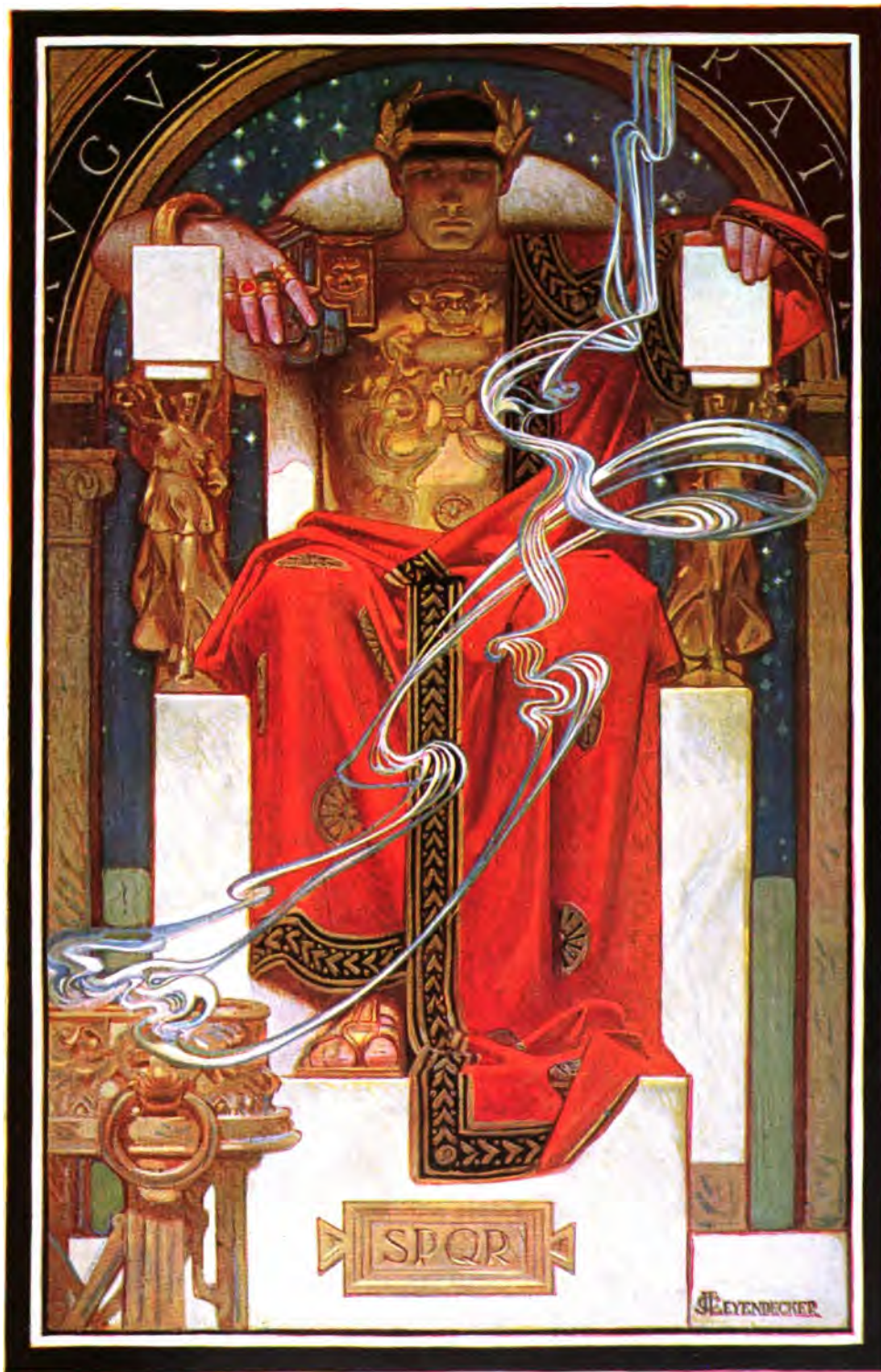
"Crazy Horse," the great Sioux chief, who was prominent in the Custer massacre, and who gained several other victories over us in war, is not given his right name, strictly speaking, for, in changing it into our language, it was misinterpreted. He was a superb rider, noted even among a nation of fine horsemen, and he could ride anything, however vicious, wild, or intractable. "Untamable Horse" would have been a better rendering of his name.

"Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses," the great Ogallalla Sioux chief, is also not rightly named in English. He was very careful about his horses when on the war-path, in times of peril keeping guard over them all night—a very unusual precaution among Indians. "Man-Careful-of-his-Horses," or "Man-Afraid-of-a-Stampede-of-his-Horses," would be truer to his real Indian name.

I must leave you to imagine the origin of the titles "Hole-in-the-Day," "Red Cloud," "Two Strikes," "Little Big Man," "Good Voice," and other quaint and queer Indian names which you may see from time to time.

* In trimming a war suit with scalps, only as much of each scalp is used as can be drawn through an eagle's quill, and these little tassels are then sewn in rows upon the buckskin shirt and leggins.





A SENATOR OF ROME
From the painting by J. C. Leyendecker

STORIES FROM ROMAN HISTORY

HOW ROME FIRST CAME TO BE BUILT

LONG and long ago, it is said, Nimitur, King of Alba, was robbed of his crown, and thrust from his kingdom by his younger brother, Amulius.

Now Nimitur had one daughter. Amulius, when he had made himself king, forced this maiden to become a vestal—that is to say, a high priestess, and as a vestal she had to make a vow never to marry. This Amulius did in order to reign in safety, for he was afraid, if the daughter of Nimitur were to marry, that her children might some day try to win back their rightful inheritance. However, his cunning plan failed: the maiden was loved by the god Mars; she broke her vow, and Romulus and Remus were born.

Amulius, as soon as he heard of the birth of the twin boys, condemned their mother to be buried alive. This was the terrible punishment in those days for vestals who broke their vows. Also, he gave orders that the babies should be thrown into the river Tiber, which was at that time in flood.

These two cruel things were done: the daughter of Nimitur was put to death; her children were thrown into the Tiber. Happily they fell into a shallow pool, and by a strange chance the water shrank back as if afraid to be the cause of the babies' death, and thus Romulus and Remus were saved. To them, as they lay crying helplessly under a wild fig-tree, came a great she-wolf. The beast, pitying them, stayed to nurse and mother them, feeding them with her own milk until they were old enough to take other food. Then a woodpecker came, bringing meat every day, and in this strange way, nursed by beast and bird, these two little princes grew into strong and sturdy boys.

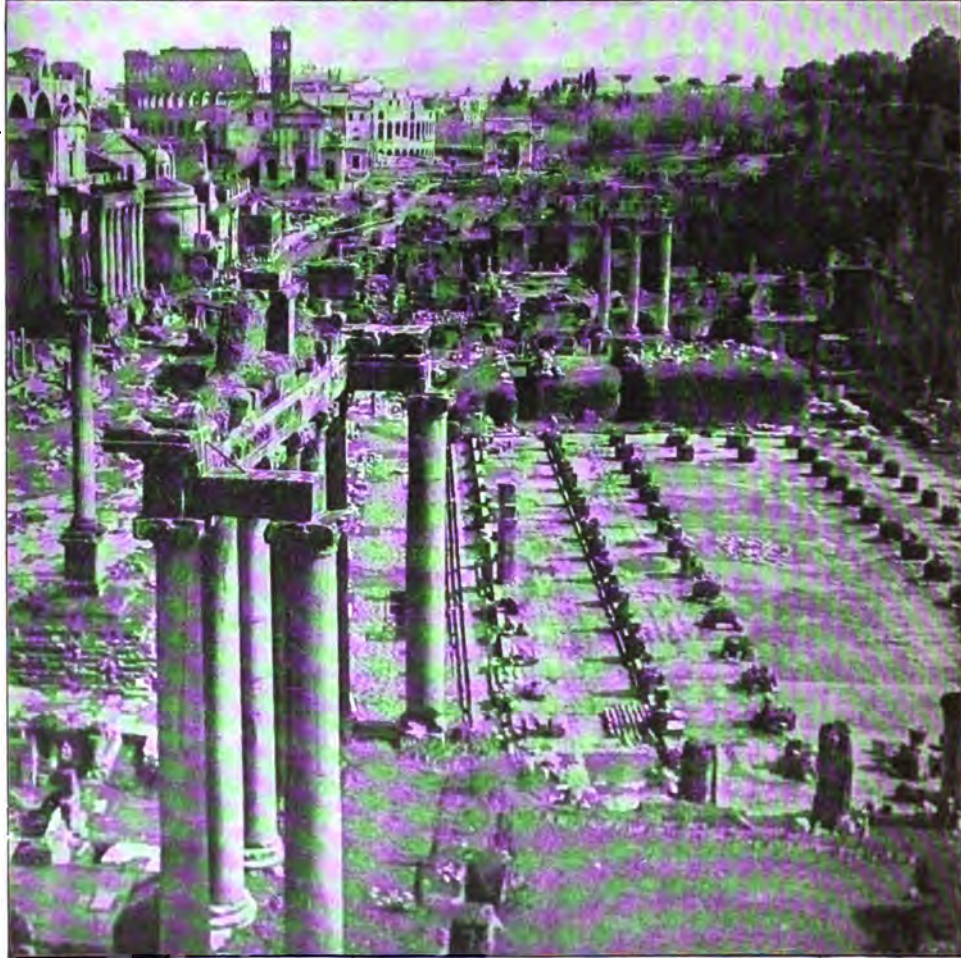
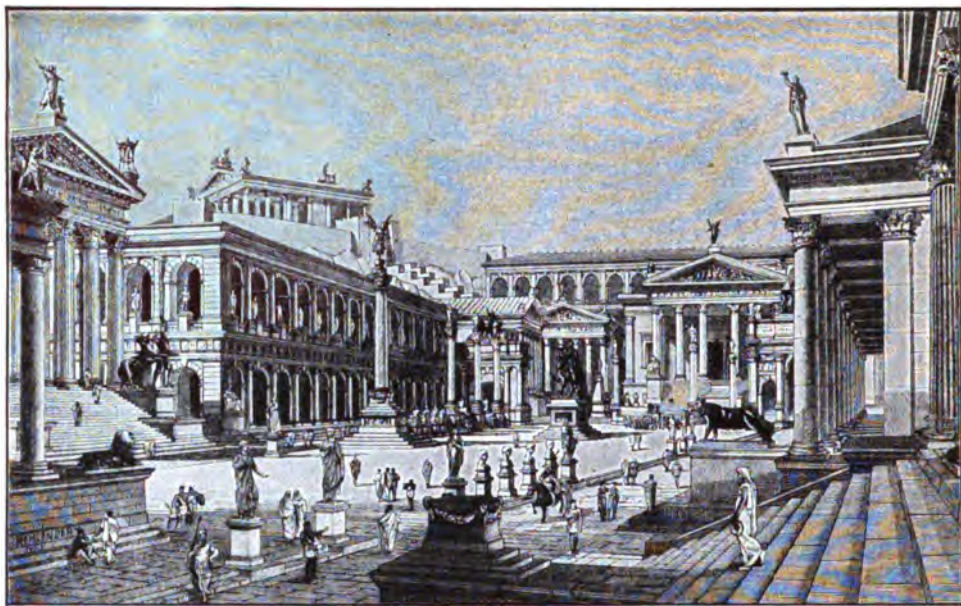
One day they were found by a herdsman, who took them home to his cottage and brought them up with his own children. There for a long time they lived contentedly, helping the man to watch the flocks on the side of Mount Palatine. This herdsman was a servant of Amulius. Now the herdsmen who called Amulius master were at

war with those who belonged to Nimitur. There came a day when Nimitur's men seized Remus and carried him off to their master. Romulus followed after them, anxious to help his brother.

The two youths were brought before their grandfather, they being quite unknown to him and he to them, for the old King believed the twins to be dead, and they never guessed their royal birth. Nevertheless, although they were dressed in rough clothes, something in their look and bearing aroused the King's interest, and after questioning and hearing their strange story he found that they were in very truth his daughter's children, and with great joy he made himself known to them.

Romulus and Remus when they were told how King Nimitur had been dethroned, how their mother had been put to death, and they themselves thrown into the river, grew fierce and angry and vowed to be revenged on Amulius. They set out straightway for the city of Alba where Amulius was. There they slew him and restored King Nimitur to his throne again. This done, they refused to stay longer in the city of their forefathers. "No," they said, "we will build a city of our own close to the spot where we were saved from death."

So they returned again to that place; but soon there arose a quarrel between them as to where the city should be built. Romulus wished to build on Mount Palatine, Remus on Mount Aventine, and neither would give in to the other. What was to be done? They prayed the gods for a sign; then they agreed to watch one whole day—Romulus on Palatine, Remus on Aventine—and at sunrise on the second day he who saw a flight of birds should found the city. Remus first saw the sign. He saw six vultures flying on his left. A little later Romulus caught sight of twelve hovering over Mount Palatine, and this sign, he said, was more favorable than the other, and showed plainly whom the gods had chosen. Remus would not agree; the sign had been given



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THE ROMAN FORUM, PAST AND PRESENT.

to him first. Long and bitterly the brothers wrangled, at last they fought, and in the end Romulus killed Remus, either by a chance blow or in a wild moment of anger. Thus it was Romulus who first began to build on Mount Palatine, and the name of his city was Rome.

Now, this legend, which is more than two thou-

sand years old, you may believe or you may not, as you like; for the books which told of the first founding of Rome and the beginnings of the Roman people were destroyed. The Romans themselves believed in the legend, but now no one can really tell whether any of it is true, or whether all of it is only a tale.

HOW HANNIBAL CROSSED THE ALPS

ONE day, more than two hundred years before the birth of Christ, a crowd of citizens filled the streets of the ancient city of Carthage. They were waiting to see the Roman ambassadors pass on their way to the Senate.

"Will it be peace or war, think you?" asked a dark Carthaginian.

"War," answered his neighbor. "There is not room in the world for two great republics. Either Rome must fall, or Carthage, and if Hannibal has aught to do with it we need not fear for Carthage. Already 't is said the Romans tremble at the sound of his name, and they have cause. One day he will conquer Rome itself, and then we Carthaginians will be masters of Italy, and Rome will pay tribute to Carthage, the greatest city in the world."

So proudly spoke the man. He could not know that in less than a hundred years Carthage would be in ruins—burned to the ground by the Roman troops, and all her great possessions given over to Roman rule. But at that time there was good cause for boasting, for Carthage with all its splendid temples and beautiful buildings, overlooking the blue Mediterranean Sea, rivaled even Rome in greatness and power, and no one could then tell which of the two republics—Roman or Carthaginian—would prove the stronger in the end.

"Hannibal has ever hated the Romans!" This time it was a woman who spoke. "His father taught him that lesson well. 'T is said that when the boy was but nine years old Hamilcar made him swear, before the altar of the gods, a bitter oath of hatred against Rome."

"Hamilcar conquered Hispania (Spain) for us, and he was a great general," said the first man, "but his son will be still greater, mark my words. Already he has forced many more of those wild Spanish tribes to pay him allegiance; and look you, he keeps to his oath. Why did he besiege Segantum and take it? For no other cause than to pick a quarrel with the Romans. The city was under their protection, now it belongs to Carthage, thanks to Hannibal, and if they do not beware he will take more from them yet."

"Hush! Here they come!" said the woman.

Swiftly the Roman ambassadors passed, as eager as the Carthaginians to know whether it was to be war or peace.

"Know ye what Hannibal has done?" cried Fabius, the chief ambassador, as they stood before the Carthaginian senators. "The Republic sent him word that if he took Segantum it would mean war with Rome. In spite of this warning he has besieged and taken the city. Now we would know what the Carthaginian government has to say."

"Hannibal acted as he thought best for the good of his country," answered the senators, and thereupon they began to make excuses for their general. Fabius lost patience.

"I here bring you war or peace: take which you please," he said, and gathered up his toga into a heavy fold.

"Give us which you like," was the answer.

Fabius shook out the fold.

"I give you war," he said.

"We accept the gift, and welcome," cried the senators.

Hastily Fabius set sail for Spain, where he hoped to persuade the Spanish tribes to turn against the Carthaginians, or Africans, as they were called later; but he failed. Quickly he journeyed to Gaul: nothing could be done there for his cause. The Gallic tribes, although they had been conquered by the Romans, were at heart enemies to Rome; no help was to be had from them.

To Rome, then, Fabius returned, to find the citizens much alarmed, busy making ready for the terrible war which they knew must come.

In Spain, in the city which Hamilcar had founded and named New Carthage, his son Hannibal was training both Spanish and African troops for the great invasion. He had made up his mind to do a wonderful thing; he was going to march over the Pyrenees through Gaul, and over the Alps into Cisalpine Gaul, which is now called Northern Italy. On the way he hoped that many of the Gallic tribes would join him, and with their help he hoped, this daring man, to

conquer not only Gaul, Etruria, and the other provinces, but Rome, the unconquerable city itself.

The desperate march began. Hannibal at the head of 90,000 foot and 20,000 horse soldiers and thirty-seven elephants (the Carthaginians made great use of elephants in battle), was on his way to conquer Italy.

But the river Iberus once crossed, his troubles began. The tribes there fought with him for every inch of the way, and when he came to the foot of the Pyrenees the fourth part of his army had been slain. Worse was to come. At the sight of the terrible snow-topped mountains, 11,000 soldiers refused to go further. Hannibal, who himself was as brave as a lion, who never once complained however tired or cold or hungry he was, said no word of reproach to these mutineers, who might have ruined his plans.

"Go if ye will!" he said, knowing that unwilling soldiers make bad fighters; and they went.

On marched Hannibal with the rest of his army over the Pyrenees, through Gaul to the foot of the Alps, and as yet the Romans had made no sign. I think not one of them believed that Hannibal would dare to lead his army over those terrible mountains.

"Impossible," they cried, "for any soldiers save mountaineers, lightly armed, and with no baggage and horses to hinder."

"Nothing is impossible for Hannibal!" his soldiers would have answered had they been there; for Hannibal all through his life was adored by his men.

Winter was near. Already snow had fallen; but, in spite of the cold, Hannibal would not wait. He persuaded some of the Gauls to show them the way up the pass, but on the third day's march the guides turned traitor, and the whole tribe fiercely attacked the Carthaginians, even climbing the high precipice above the road to roll

down great stones upon the soldiers. This went on until at a turning of the pass Hannibal with a few men kept them at bay, while the rest of the army filed past in safety.

But the brave soldiers had to fight with still stronger foes than men. The cruel snow and sleet fell upon them: bitter winds froze them to the bone: the steep, slippery, dangerous road hindered their marching: hunger and weariness went with them day by day. The men died by hundreds, nay, by thousands; the elephants and horses dropped exhausted by the way, and still Hannibal would not give in, still they struggled up the pass; higher, and higher, and higher, until on the ninth day they reached the top: Italy was in sight.

"On! my heroes, on!" cried Hannibal, when the troops had rested awhile; and the downward march began. The road was so bad that three days had to be spent in the mending of it, and three days meant the loss of many more soldiers' lives. Another three days of still greater hardships, and Hannibal, with all that was left of his army, entered Cisalpine Gaul. He had reached Italy at last.

How many lives do you think that terrible sixteen days' march cost him? Thirty-four thousand men alone, not counting the horses, were killed by hunger and cold and weariness, for there had been little fighting.

Happily the tribes in that part of the country were friendly, and for a time he stayed there to rest his troops and find fresh horses.

There was need. Rome presently sent an army of 40,000 men led by two consuls, and a great battle was fought. Hannibal, in spite of his smaller army, cleverly won. The Romans fled, and the whole of Cisalpine Gaul was at the mercy of Hannibal. He, however, having lost a great many men, retired into winter quarters, there to wait until spring should make war possible again.

HOW FABIUS MAXIMUS FOUGHT WITH HANNIBAL

THE patrician general Fabius Maximus was the man chosen by the frightened citizens to be Dictator of Rome and leader of the army, when they heard that Hannibal had made himself master of Etruria as well as of Cisalpine Gaul.

Above everything Fabius loved his country, and his one great desire was to save it from the Carthaginians, who were taking city after city, burning, robbing, murdering, leaving misery behind them wherever they went.

Fabius was sad when he thought of this and of

the two brave armies that had already been slaughtered by Hannibal, and he prayed earnestly to the gods to grant him their favor and give him victory over the enemy. Then he set out at the head of the army, his mind quite made up as to the way he should fight against Hannibal. A canny, cautious way it was, and because of it he was sometimes called "the Delayer." Wherever Hannibal and his army went, Fabius followed with his: if the Carthaginians camped, Fabius did the same, if they marched, so did he,

yet he would never let his army be drawn into a pitched battle, but always kept them a little distance away from the enemy.

His soldiers fretted sorely at this, for they loved to fight. His generals and captains were angrier still, thinking of the glory which would be theirs if Hannibal were defeated. Lucius Minucius, the general of horse and next in rank after Fabius, was the angriest of them all. Many bitter things he said to the army about their Dictator, calling him an "old woman," and mocking at him whenever the chance was given him, until at last the soldiers came to despise Fabius, and longed to have Lucius for their leader.

The general of horse grew prouder and more insolent every day. It was the custom of Fabius to encamp on the hillside and in high places, so that the army might be out of reach of the enemy's horse. Lucius said that this was done to let the Roman soldiers see how many towns Hannibal had burned to the ground. Then he would ask the Dictator's friends if Fabius wished to hide from his enemy behind a screen of fog and cloud: these and many other things he said, accusing his leader of cowardice.

Fabius, when he was told of it, answered:

"It is true that I fear Hannibal, but for my country's sake, not for my own, and it is no shame for a brave man to fear for his country and to act as he thinks best for its defense. The only way we can hope to vanquish Hannibal is by tiring him out, by keeping him always on the watch for an attack which may or may not come. The only way is for us to bide our time. With every town that he captures he loses more men, and here he cannot find soldiers to fight in their place, for this part of the country keeps faithful to Rome. Thus his army is growing less and less, and one day, if we are patient, we shall give battle and win, for no general, however great, can conquer without men and money."

Then his friends begged him to fight once at least, for the people in Rome, hearing no good news, were growing discontented and angry. To this Fabius calmly answered:

"I should indeed be the coward they think me if I put the whole army in peril—nay, endangered Rome itself—because I fear their mockery and scorn. This is the only way, and, however much I am hated and despised, I will keep to it as long as I am Dictator of Rome."

After this something happened which made the soldiers and the Roman citizens, when they heard, even more discontented with Fabius. Hannibal, clearer-sighted than the Romans, understood very well that it was not fear that made the Dictator avoid a pitched battle. He guessed the

clever plan, and did his best to spoil it. Although his army was the smaller, his men were better trained and more skilful than the Romans, and he himself was a far greater general than Fabius, so being sure of victory he was very anxious to fight.

Therefore he marched into the Campania, thinking that when Fabius saw all that most beautiful part of the country laid waste by fire and sword, he would no longer refuse his soldiers their will to fight. But the guides, instead of leading him the right way, brought him by mistake into a valley out of which there was no opening save through the passes in the hills.

Fabius, who as usual had followed the enemy closely, took care to have each pass guarded by the Roman legions. Thus Hannibal was caught like a rat in a trap, or so it seemed. Was he caught, the great Hannibal—really caught at last? Even his own troops thought so, and confusion and terror reigned in the camp until Hannibal himself calmed the tumult, telling the men to have no fear, but to wait quietly till dark.

When night-time came he caused great lighted torches to be bound to the horns of two thousand oxen, and had the beasts driven up the hillside.

The Romans saw lights moving over the hill through the darkness, and thinking that the enemy were trying to escape that way, rushed to prevent them. This left the pass clear; Hannibal marched quickly and safely through it, and was once more free to work his will upon the country.

Fabius was bitterly reproached for letting the enemy escape, and the people firmly believed that they had made a mistake in appointing him Dictator.

"Fabius has done nothing yet to show himself worthy of the great trust we put in him," they said, and Fabius bore the injustice patiently, for he knew that if he had not conquered Hannibal he had at least kept him in check.

About this time he had to go to Rome to offer up sacrifices to the gods. Lucius Minucius, who was left in charge of the army, disobeyed orders. While Hannibal with most of his army was away from the camp, having gone in search of food, Lucius attacked those who were left, and by good fortune won a slight victory without losing many of his men in the tussle.

This, when it became known, made him the idol of the people, and had they dared, they would have taken the command from Fabius and given it to Lucius.

Fabius, when the news was brought to him, cried:

"Alas! this will make him rasher than ever! At any rate he shall be punished when I return for having disobeyed orders."

The people, fearing for their hero, thereupon made Lucius Dictator as well, giving him equal power with Fabius. Thus there were two Dictators, and when Fabius joined the troops again the army was divided into two camps—one obeying Fabius, the other Lucius.

Having now so much power in his hands, Lucius at once caused the red robe to be hung over his tent, which was a sign to the soldiers to prepare for battle. Hannibal was delighted; he had been waiting anxiously for this. The battle took place. Lucius, who was more courageous than wise, was defeated.

Toward the end of the day, Fabius, who was watching the battle from a hill near by, turned to his men and cried:

"Soldiers, if you love your country, follow me now. Lucius Minucius is a brave man and a

gallant soldier, and he deserves to be helped. So long as there was a chance of victory we were bound to stay here, but now in misfortune we can lend him our aid."

Whereupon he led his army to the rescue, caused Hannibal to retire, and saved Lucius and his soldiers from being wholly slaughtered. Thus again Hannibal was victorious, yet the generous Fabius said never a word of blame or reproach to his rash comrade.

Lucius showed that he too could be generous and great-hearted. Before the whole united Roman army he begged Fabius to forgive him, and turning to his soldiers, he bade them behold their leader, gave up his title of Dictator, and until the end of that campaign obeyed Fabius cheerfully and uncomplainingly, like the good soldier he really was. And the Roman citizens, hearing of the matter, from that time forth began to give Fabius the trust and respect that his patient courage deserved.

HOW ITALY WAS SAVED IN THE END

It was in late spring, when the sky shone blue and the flowers were in bloom, that Rome first had word of the battle of Cannæ. The young patrician Cornelius Lentulus brought the terrible news. As he came riding furiously into the city, the citizens rushed eagerly to meet him, for ever since the army had marched out from Rome—88,000 brave men and strong, led by Æmilius Paulus and Varro—they had been waiting for news.

"This time," thought they, "we are sure to hear good tidings. Has not Varro promised to conquer Hannibal in one day? Did he not swear to show us that Fabius was wrong to avoid giving battle, and is not Varro as good a general as Fabius, bolder and younger, and a man of the people like ourselves? Yes! A thousand times yes! Victory is sure!"

"Hail, Cornelius Lentulus," they cried, "what news from Cannæ?"

Ah, what news! Cornelius turned his white anguished face upon the people, and they at the sight of it fell back, whispering uneasily among themselves, not daring to ask another question.

To the weary messenger came Fabius, who was then in Rome, having given up the dictatorship after six months, which was according to the Roman custom.

"Speak, Cornelius," he said. "We know by your looks that you bring no good news to Rome, and we are prepared."

"Alas for me that I must speak! Alas for you that ye must hear!" cried Cornelius. "Our army is no more—70,000 Romans lie slain upon the dreadful field of Cannæ!"

The people groaned and cried aloud in terror, but Fabius, calmly bidding them be silent, said, "Tell us more. What of our consuls? What of Varro and Æmilius Paulus?"

"Varro has fled to Venusia with the few that are still living, and there he seeks to make one more stand against the enemy."

"And Æmilius?" questioned Fabius anxiously; for Æmilius was dear to him, being one of those who had taken his part against Varro.

"I bring you his last words," answered the messenger sadly. "When fortune went against us and all fled, Æmilius, wounded and heart-broken, would not leave the field, and when I prayed him with tears to take my horse and save himself, he would not, preferring death to flight. He bade me tell you, Fabius Maximus, that he followed your orders faithfully to the last, but that he was first overcome by Varro, and then by Hannibal. And I will bear witness before ye all that this is true. Listen, Romans. Following the custom, each consul commanded the troops in turn, and whatever Æmilius did one day to keep the soldiers from fighting, Varro undid the next by leading them forward, and this went on until there came a day when Varro caused the red robe to be hung over his tent, so sure was he of vic-

tory, so eager was he to deliver us from our enemy. Alas! alas!"

"Alas!" echoed the terrified people. "The gods are against us! Our army is lost, our sons are slain, Hannibal will march on Rome, and our city will be taken!" and some, mad with fear, tried to flee through the gates.

But Fabius with other brave Romans strove to calm their fears, placed a guard at the gates, appointed new consuls, and began to raise another army, and little by little the people took courage, and as time went on and Hannibal did not come, they began to hope again.

Varro was called back from Venusia. Poor Varro! he returned sad and ashamed, bitterly regretting the mistake he had made, and the sorrow he had brought on his country.

But the Romans were a great-hearted people. They understood that what he had done was for love of his country and not for the sake of winning honor for himself, and when he arrived the whole Senate and all the people went to the gates to welcome him.

When there was silence, the senators, among whom was Fabius, praised Varro for having tried to gather an army together again at Venusia, and for returning to Rome ready to do whatever might be asked of him. This they did to console and comfort him; and to show that he still had their trust, Varro was given many important things to do all through the war. After the defeat at Cannæ, nearly every city in Italy surrendered to Hannibal, but in Rome the people did not despair. They raised army after army, giving freely of their money and their jewels to pay the cost of the war. A great many of the soldiers were not even paid, but that did not make them any less eager to defend their country. Many generals were sent out against Hannibal, but the two greatest of these were Fabius

Maximus and Marcellus. The Romans named them the Sword and the Shield of Rome. Fabius they called the Shield, because he was ever eager for the defense, while Marcellus was the Sword, because he loved nothing better than the attack.

These two together managed to keep the enemy at bay. Indeed, after some time Hannibal began to fear them both. As Fabius had foretold, his army grew less and less, and he was defeated more than once.

Fortune had turned against him at last. The Italian cities, one by one, went over again to Rome. His own country deserted him in his sore need. When he begged the Carthaginians to send him more soldiers, they would not, and the Romans began to hope that their troubles would soon be at an end. Scipio Africanus, the great general who afterward conquered Hannibal in Africa, went with an army to Spain and drove the Carthaginians from there. Hannibal's brother, on his way to invade Italy, was killed by another Roman general, and Hannibal himself, with his few remaining men, was driven into a corner of the land near the sea.

Two or three years he fought bravely there, until Carthage sent for him to return at once to lead an army against Scipio. So, after nearly sixteen years' fighting, after winning nearly the whole of Italy and losing it again, the great general left Italy forever.

Fabius Maximus, who was old when the war began, lived to see his country freed from its terrible foe. The grateful citizens, remembering that it was he who had first showed them that Rome need fear no foe, however great, gave him the highest honor that it was possible for Rome to give. This was the Wreath of the Blockade—a simple wreath woven of grass that had been plucked in the place where an army had been besieged and rescued again.

THE HEROIC DEEDS OF THE GRACCHI

CORNELIA, daughter of the first great Scipio Africanus, proud mother of the Gracchi, was famous throughout Rome for the beautiful way in which she brought up her children after their father's death.

"She has Greek tutors for her sons, so that they may become learned in all the noble arts," the patrician mothers would tell each other.

"She will make heroes of them," said the Roman citizens, who had begun already to love the gentle brave-hearted boys.

Tiberius and Gaius Gracchus were indeed happy in their childhood. Nobly born, they did

not despise the plebeians as did most of the other patricians, for their father, while he lived, and their mother afterward, taught them to be just and kind and honorable, to love liberty, to hate all tyranny, to think noble thoughts and do noble deeds.

Sometimes, half in fun, half in earnest, Cornelia would say to them:

"My sons, men honor me because I am the daughter of the great Scipio Africanus; will they ever honor me for being the mother of the Gracchi?"

And gravely Tiberius and Gaius would an-

swer: "That time will surely come, O my mother." Their words came true, as you shall hear.

Tiberius Gracchus was nine years older than his brother, so he it was who first left home to serve in Africa under his brother-in-law, Scipio Æmilianus. Though still very young, he won honor and renown in the war, and after Carthage had been destroyed he went to join the army in Spain. It was on his way there, while riding through Etruria, that he made up his mind to become a defender of the people.

Looking round him he saw many things that made him sad—beautiful cities in ruins, empty houses, lonely farms, no laborers in the fields, miles and miles of untilled land where herds of wild cattle fed, watched by savage shepherd-slaves who gazed sullenly at Gracchus as he passed.

"How is it," he asked himself, "that the people are so unhappy now when the Republic is the greatest in the world? Once all this country was covered with busy farms. Each man had his share of land, his own fields, his cattle and free laborers to work for him, and in war-time these brave farmers and laborers could wield the sword as well as the spade. It is they who have made Rome great, and what has Rome given them in return? They have been slain in battle, and the lands which should by right belong to their sons have been bought by rich nobles who have slaves to work for them instead of free men. This must be changed, or Rome will lose all its power. I will make a just law which shall force the patricians to give back to the people their ancient right to the land."

So when Gracchus returned to Rome he told the citizens of the law he proposed to make, and offered himself as tribune. The news spread far and wide, and poor farmers came from all over the country to give him their votes. The patricians were furious at the thought of having to give up the greater part of their lands, but they could not prevent the people from making Gracchus one of the tribunes of the year.

Soon the great day arrived when the new tribune was to make his first speech and read out his law before the citizens. The Forum was crowded. Gracchus, mounting the rostra, or platform on which the orators stood, began to speak. He begged the patricians to be generous and give back their lands to the poor people who had none.

"The beasts have their lairs and their dens," he said, "but the men who shed their blood for Italy have air and light—nothing more. They wander homeless from place to place with their wives

and children seeking for shelter, and they find it not. Being Roman soldiers they are called masters of the world, but they have not a foot of ground which they can call their own."

How the people cheered and rejoiced! How proud was Cornelia of her noble son! Ah, and how angry were the haughty nobles with this man who dared try and make them give up their lands!

"He will not triumph so easily," they said in their hearts, for they knew what was about to happen.

Gracchus began to read his law, but before more than a few words had been spoken, the tribune Octavius rose from his seat and cried: "I object!" The people groaned and cried aloud angrily. They knew that no law could be passed unless each of the tribunes gave his consent.

Gracchus, surprised and indignant, ordered all the law courts to be closed and sealed up the treasury. Again upon another day the citizens met to hear the reading of the law, and again Octavius stood up crying, "I object!"

You must have guessed by this time that it was the patricians who told him to do this. But Gracchus meant to pass his law in spite of them. The Senate would not help him. There was only one thing to do.

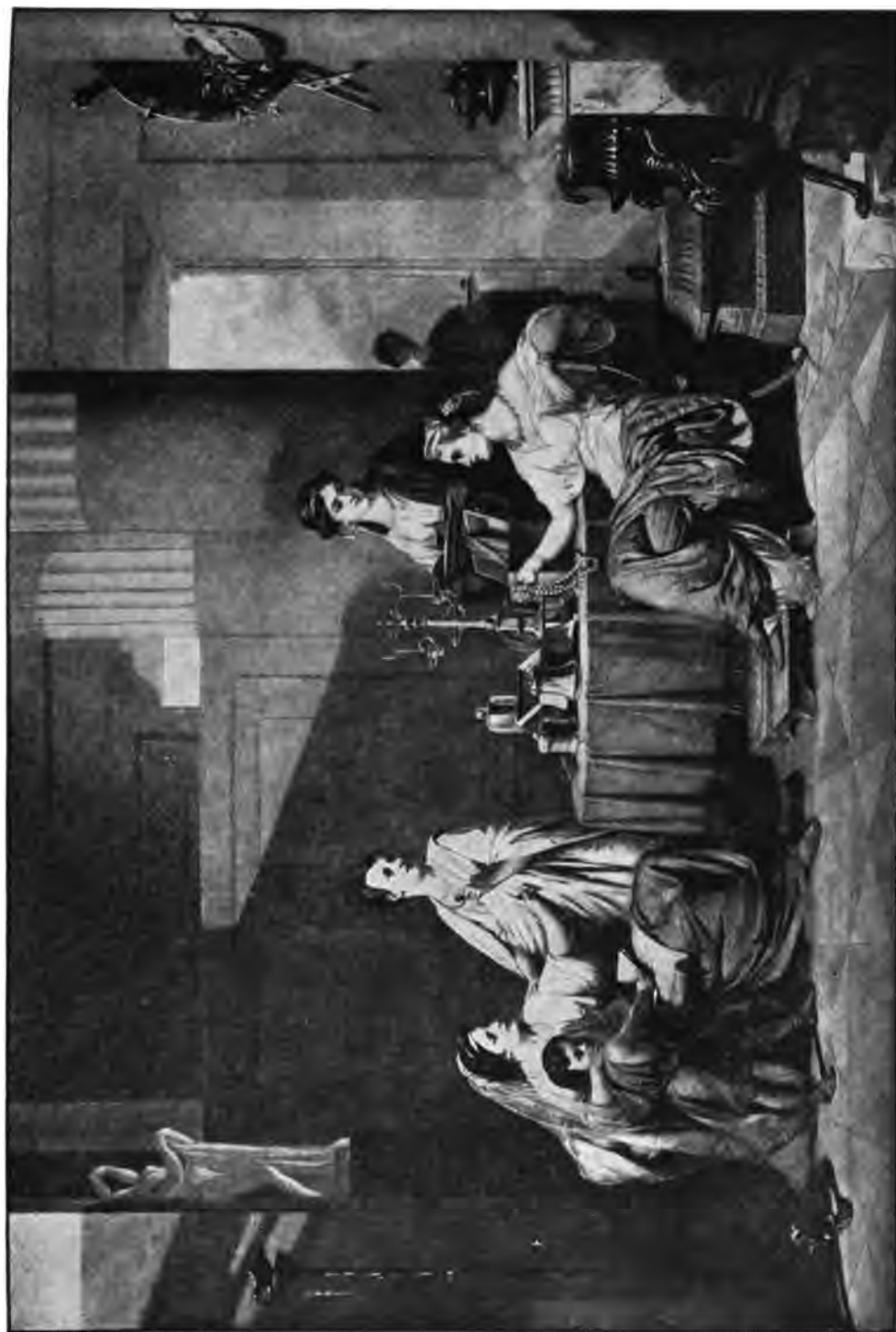
He called the people together again, and before them all begged Octavius to change his mind, warning him that unless he did so, he, Gracchus, would be forced to ask the people to take away the power they had given, to thrust him from his seat among the tribunes.

"You are acting against the people," he told him, "and are no more deserving the name of tribune."

Octavius refused, but with tears in his eyes, for Gracchus and he had been playfellows once. Then he was dragged from his seat by the angry people, and the tribuneship was taken away from him.

After this the law was passed, to the great joy of the plebeians, but the patricians went about clad in mourning robes, bewailing their hard fate. This was not all; they began to plot against Gracchus to take his life when his year as tribune should be ended. They had to wait until then, for it was against the law to hurt or slay a tribune. He was a defender of the people, and his life was sacred.

Meanwhile the fickle people began to tire of their hero, yet when Gracchus (to save his life) offered himself again as tribune, they were quite willing to accept him. He had promised to make other good laws for them, and this made them look with favor on him again.



CORNELIA, THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.
FROM THE PAINTING BY H. SCHOPIN.

"But," said the patricians, "no man can be tribune for two years together. It is against the law." And the Senate met in the temple of Faith to talk over the matter.

Outside the temple of Jupiter crowded the friends of Gracchus, and soon the tribune himself appeared. As they stood talking together, Fulvius Flaccus rushed out from the Senate.

"Tiberius Gracchus is sentenced to death!" he cried as he came near, and scarcely had he spoken the fatal words when Publius Nasica, bitter enemy to Gracchus, burst from the temple, followed by many patricians with their slaves and retainers, all armed with clubs and staves.

The people stupidly made way for them, and soon most of the tribune's friends were felled to the ground. Gracchus fled; some one caught his cloak; he let it slip from his shoulders, and ran quickly to the temple of Jupiter. There priests barred the way. Gracchus turned, tripped, fell. As he struggled to his feet again another tribune, one of his own comrades, slew him with his club. The people had lost their friend and their tribune forever.

Very bitterly they blamed themselves afterward for not having saved him as they might so easily have done, and so deep was their remorse, and so fierce their hatred of his murderers, that Publius Nasica had to leave the city, he being the leader of those who had robbed Rome of a hero from whom they might have hoped for so much.

"What will Gaius Gracchus do?" the patricians asked uneasily, after the murder of the elder Gracchus. "What have we to fear from him? Is he too the people's friend, and if so how can we prevent him from being made tribune?"

That Gaius Gracchus was the people's friend his enemies found out very soon. He was as noble and as good as his brother, but more fiery and high-spirited, and he had the gift of splendid speech.

The first time the citizens heard him speak they felt as if they could listen forever, such a golden voice was his, so beautiful were the words he used, so noble and free the gestures he made.

The angry and jealous patricians tried their best to keep him out of Rome. They forbade him to leave the army, which was then in Sardinia. Gaius, who had served more than his full time as a soldier, was so indignant at the order that he returned at once to the capital. Then the Senate accused him of having disobeyed the order of the state, but Gaius defended himself easily at the trial; the people pronounced him innocent, and directly afterward he offered himself as tribune, and was accepted, for the people loved

him, both for his dead brother's sake and for his own.

Now Gaius had loved his brother dearly; he longed to avenge his death, and at first all the laws he made were for that purpose. But Cornelia, his mother, at last persuaded him to give up his vengeance, and afterward he thought only of doing good to the people, like his brother before him.

He made a great many good and just laws, which took the power from the rich and gave more freedom and comfort to the poor. He built granaries in which to store corn; he made beautiful, even, straight roads all over the country, so that the traffic might come and go without let or hindrance; he divided these roads into furlongs, each one-eighth of a mile in length, and put milestones up all along the way.

Wherever he went he was followed by a crowd of magistrates, architects, and laborers, eager to ask his advice about their work, and busy as he was, he had time to spare for all.

The people adored him, and though he never asked them, they made him tribune for the second time. The patricians hated and feared him, for his power was even greater than that of the Senate, and they spent their days in plotting his ruin.

A strange way they chose for the destroying of his power. As time went on it was seen that Gaius had a rival. This man, who did all he could to make the people love him, was also a tribune, Livius Drusus by name. If one day Gaius founded a colony for the poor, the next day Drusus founded twelve. When Gaius made the citizens pay a small rent for their land, Drusus took away the rent and gave it them for nothing. Gaius passed a law which made the country Italians equal with the Roman citizens, whereupon Drusus passed another law which forbade the soldiers to be flogged for any fault whatsoever.

So it went on; and all that Gaius did the Senate found fault with, while Drusus received nothing but praise for his deeds. Then those ungrateful people began to forget what Gaius had done for them; they began to put Drusus first and Gaius last, for Drusus gave them all that they wanted, whether good things or bad, while Gaius refused to do anything but what was for their good. And so they came to dislike him, these foolish, spoiled people. They did not know that Drusus was secretly working for the Senate, and that all the freedom he gave them would be taken away again when Gaius was overthrown.

So, when the time came for the making of new tribunes, Gaius was not chosen, nor any of his

friends. The consul Opimius, who hated him, now boldly declared that he was going to change some of the laws that Gaius had made. There was to be a meeting held in the Capitol, and Gaius was to be there.

As he left home his wife put her arms round him and begged him not to go.

"How do I know if you will ever come back again? Remember your brother! They will murder you as they did him, and fling your body into the Tiber," she cried, and wept and clung to him.

Sadly Gaius unloosed her arms, and silently joined his friends on their way to the Capitol. Outside the temple stood a lictor, an attendant of Opimius. This man insulted Gaius; very likely he mocked at him for having lost the tribuneship. At any rate he made the friends of Gaius so angry that they slew him on the spot. The people, crying "Murder! Murder!" rushed to the Forum. Opimius, coming out of the temple where he had been sacrificing, caused the body to be carried through the streets, hoping thereby to rouse the anger of the citizens against Gaius.

That night faithful friends kept watch over his house, fearing an attack. From dark until dawn they watched, silent, grave, and thoughtful, as brave men are in times of danger.

The next morning Opimius ordered all the senators and knights to arm themselves, then he called for Gaius and his friends to be brought before him to account for the death of his servant, and when they would not come, but fled with their followers to the temple of Diana on Mount Aventine, he declared them to be enemies of the people. To the man who should bring him the head of Gaius he promised its weight in gold, and he offered a free pardon to all those who would desert their leader.

Sad to tell, a great many of the citizens accepted the offer, and left Gaius to defend himself as best he could. The patricians attacked Mount Aventine. What hope was there for Gaius with so few men to fight for him? He fled to the temple and flinging himself on his knees before the statue of Diana prayed to the goddess to curse the Roman citizens with the curse of slavery, for they had shown themselves unworthy of freedom.

Then, as the patricians burst into the building, he and two faithful friends ran toward the Sublician Bridge. Their enemies followed. So that Gaius might have time to cross in safety, his two friends kept the bridge, and nobly they fought, and nobly they died.

On fled Gaius. He reached the other side; he called for a horse, but no man would lend a hand to save him, and so in the sacred grove of the Furies he slew himself to escape the disgrace of being slain by his enemies.

It was not long before the citizens, cruelly oppressed by the patricians, began to repent them for having deserted their friend; but it was too late; they could not bring him to life again. All they could do was to raise a statue in honor of his memory and that of his brother Tiberius. And when Cornelia their mother died some time afterward, she too had her statue with these words engraved upon it: "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi."

But she lived to be quite an old lady. She had many noble friends who loved to hear her tell the story of her brave sons. And she always ended the story by saying: "The grandchildren of the great Scipio Africanus were my sons. They perished in the temples and the groves of the gods, and they deserved to fall in these holy spots, for they gave their lives for the noblest of ends—the happiness of the people."

HOW JULIUS CAESAR FOUGHT IN GAUL

At first scarcely a man in Rome believed that Julius Cæsar would ever make a great soldier. The citizens were fond of him because he was always good to them, but at the same time they never expected him to do anything else but eat, drink, and be merry, until he died.

Yet deep down in his heart Cæsar was always ambitious; he knew his own greatness, and he meant to astonish the world some day. He feasted and made merry with the other patricians because it served his purpose. For one thing it won the hearts of the citizens; they loved those who spent money freely. And then, for another thing, it deceived the jealous senators; they, thinking him a careless "silly sort of

man," did not take much notice of him at first, and so he had time to make his plans for the future.

The time came when they found out their mistake; when Cæsar began to show the power that was in him. He made friends with Pompey, and by his help received the command of the army in Spain. And then—Hey Presto, it was like a fairy tale—within three months he had conquered Spain, and was back again waiting with his army outside the walls of Rome for his triumph.

He returned just before the time for the making of the new consuls. And now Cæsar had to choose between two honors. He must either offer himself as consul, or claim his triumph. He

could not do both, for to be consul he must enter the city, and to win his triumph he must stay outside. No general was allowed to enter Rome with his troops until the day of the triumph.

Then said the senators: "Now we shall know whether this man is really to be feared. If his ambition is to rule the state, he will choose the consulship; if he only wishes a little glory he will claim the triumph."

Cæsar, ever wise, chose the consulship, and for a year he ruled as he liked in Rome; no man was strong enough to stand against him. At the end of the year he asked the Senate to give him the command in Gaul. The senators, to get rid of him, granted his request. They said to themselves: "Perhaps he will be slain in battle, and at any rate, while he is away we shall have time to think of a way to humble him."

But Cæsar feared their spite as little as he feared the strange lands through which he marched, and the fierce warriors with whom he fought. Picture to yourselves the land of Gaul as it was when Cæsar and his soldiers conquered it. A few roughly built cities there were, leagues and leagues distant one from the other; high mountains and hills, wide plains, lonely valleys, and great dark, dangerous forests where wild beasts roamed, and savage tribes hid, waiting for the chance to spring out upon their enemies unawares.

And through this wild land Cæsar led the brave soldiers who would have followed him cheerfully to the world's end. He was their comrade as well as their general; he led them to battle; he marched by their side, hungered and thirsted, grew cold and weary as they did. He swam with them over rivers, climbed mountains, slept under the stars, and bore—this slight, delicate man—as many hardships as the meanest soldier of them all.

For these things they adored him; the most cowardly would fight like heroes for his sake, and so Cæsar won victory after victory, until at last the whole of Gaul was his to command.

Soon the conquered Gauls, looking upon him as their defender, asked him to protect them from the Germans, of whom they lived in deadly fear. Cæsar, nothing loath, sent word to Ariovistus, the German King, bidding him come to the Roman camp so that they might have speech together. To which Ariovistus sent answer:

"If I wanted anything of Cæsar I should go to seek him; if Cæsar wants anything of me let him come hither"; for he was a proud man, leader of thousands of brave, strong warriors, and he had no fear of Cæsar.

This answer came to the Romans while they were in the Gallic city of Vesontis. Cæsar at once ordered the legions to make ready to march northward. Now among the officers were many young patricians who had joined the campaign, not because they wished to fight, but because they thought that they would be able to amuse themselves with the gold won from the conquered tribes.

These cowardly young nobles did not like the thought of the long, terrible march which was coming, and the still more terrible battle which would be fought at the end of it. So they went about the camp frightening the men by telling them tales of the strong, fierce Germans and their prowess in battle. They even retired to their tents and made their wills as if they had no hope whatever of coming back alive.

Cæsar, hearing this, called the discontented officers to him and before the whole army said: "You may turn back if you will, and take your troops with you; I give you free leave; but I will go forward with only the Tenth Legion and will conquer these Germans whom you fear, for they are no more terrible than the foes whom you have already fought with and vanquished."

O the brave soldiers of the Tenth Legion—Cæsar's favorite! How proudly their hearts beat, and how happy they were to be so honored by their hero. The other legions, in the hope of winning like praise, began to make ready for the march with the greatest good will possible. The officers, very much ashamed of themselves, begged to be allowed to go forward, and so the whole army set out, marching so quickly and so well that in a few days they reached the German camp.

Ariovistus and his men were surprised and downcast at the sight of their enemy. Such speed on the march seemed almost magical, and they grew sadder than ever on being warned by their soothsayers not to give battle before the new moon, as until then the mystic signs foretold defeat.

Cæsar gave them no time to await the new moon. At once he attacked their hill and camp, and this put them in such a fury that they rushed down to the plain, gave battle and were defeated.

This is but one of the many battles fought by Cæsar on his way north. Later he crossed the river Rhone into Germany. He sailed the Channel and invaded Britain; and wherever he went fortune was with him, so that he might have said of Gaul what later he said of an Eastern country—"Veni, vidi, vici," which is to say, "I came, I saw, I conquered."



GAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.
FROM A PORTRAIT STATUE.
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HOW JULIUS CAESAR AND POMPEY FOUGHT

"If it were not for Cæsar," said Pompey, "I should be the greatest man in Rome."

"If it were not for Pompey I should rule the world," said Cæsar. "There is no virtue in the Republic; it is near to its end. The time has come for one man to take command over all, and why should I not be that man!"

"Why should I not?" echoed Pompey.

Mark you, neither of the two rivals spoke their thoughts aloud, but their deeds spoke for them, and there was not a man in Rome but could have told you that trouble was brewing between Pompey and Cæsar.

They were both of them great generals, both commanded large armies, both wanted to be at the head of the state, neither would give in to the other, and in the end their jealous quarrel brought the misery of a civil war on their countrymen.

The people, at least most of them, preferred Cæsar, because he always took their part against the patricians. As for the senators, they favored Pompey; he had not such a strong will as Cæsar, and therefore he could more easily be flattered into giving them what they wanted.

First, then, the Senate set about humbling Cæsar. A messenger was sent to Gaul, over which he was reigning like a king.

"Give up the command of Gaul; dismiss your army," was the order Cæsar received.

"Why should I send away my army when Pompey still keeps his?" he replied, and later he sent word again to Rome:

"If Pompey will give up his command I will do the same."

But Pompey refused, and the quarrel went on until at last the Senate said that unless Cæsar laid down his arms before a given day they would declare him to be an enemy of the people.

They did not even wait until that day, so eager were they to defy him. A letter that he sent was not read, and when his friends, Mark Antony and another tribune, objected to the declaration, they were thrust from the Senate, and afterward had to flee from the city in disguise.

Cæsar had left Gaul and was in Ravenna when he first heard of what the Senate had done. Only one legion was with him at the time—that is to say, 5000 foot and 400 horse soldiers; nevertheless, he decided straightway to march to Rome.

First he sent the legion forward to await him at the river Rubicon, and then, as if nothing had happened, he went to the theater to see the gladiator show, and afterward feasted some friends in

his own house. Toward the middle of the evening he left them, entered his chariot, and drove away through the darkness to join his troops.

Now the river Rubicon marked the boundary between Italy, as it was then, and the provinces. No general commanding in Gaul was allowed to cross it with his army. If any one did so it was a sign that he entered Italy not as a friend but as an enemy, not in peace but in war.

When Cæsar came at last to this river he hesitated; for a long time he sat on the bank, silent, in deep thought. He was unwilling to turn back, yet loath to enter his own country as an enemy. Officers and men both watched him anxiously, and even as they watched him he rose to his feet and, crying "*Jacta est alea*" ("the die is cast"), gave the order to cross; but before ever a man could put foot on the bridge he turned to his officers and said: "We may turn back yet, but once we cross this river all must be decided by the sword." Then at the head of the legion Cæsar crossed the Rubicon.

This was on the 16th of January, 49 years before the birth of Christ, and on the 16th of March, two months later, without fighting a single battle, without shedding a drop of blood, Cæsar was master of all Italy.

What had happened to Pompey, then? Pompey, at the first word of his enemy's approach, had fled from Rome to Epirus across the Adriatic Sea, and with him were his legions and most of the patricians. And why did he leave Italy without giving battle, he who had once boasted that he had only to stamp his foot and legions of soldiers would appear?

The truth was, he wanted to gain time. Although his army was as large, his soldiers were not so skilled in war as were those of Cæsar. They had need of much drilling and training before they could be trusted in battle. And then the East had always brought fortune to Pompey. He had won his third triumph by the conquest of Asia, and he expected that the wild Eastern warriors would flock to his banner as soon as he landed in Epirus. And he was right. They came pouring into his camp by thousands and tens of thousands, and soon his army was more than doubled.

Cæsar was as busy gathering troops in the West as Pompey in the East. Gaul sent him many a brave legion; Germany gave him cavalry; Spain, which he took from Pompey's lieutenants, also sent troops; indeed every country that had

ever been conquered by the Romans sent soldiers to fight either for Pompey or for Cæsar, either to the East or to the West.

Cæsar, ever quick in his movements, made the first step. He set sail for Epirus with only three legions. He had few ships, for Pompey commanded the whole of the fleet, and so the rest of Cæsar's army was forced to wait with Mark Antony at Brundisium until more ships could be found to transport it.

After being nearly wrecked on the rocks by which he passed to escape Pompey's ships, Cæsar landed safely in Epirus, and, pitching his camp close to that of the enemy, settled down to wait for his legions.

Fortunately for him and his small army, winter set in, and until the cold weather passed no battle could be fought. Pompey steadily drilled his soldiers, Cæsar anxiously watched for the ships that never came. Months passed, and still there was no sign of them, for Pompey's ships guarded the sea, and Antony dared not venture. At last Cæsar could wait no longer; he would go and fetch them himself, and putting on a large cloak he stole secretly down to the seashore. There he hired a fishing-boat and bade the men row him over to Brundisium.

Both wind and current were against them; a storm arose; Cæsar, uncovering his face, cried:

"Fear not; ye carry Cæsar and his fortunes with you."

But although the men rowed bravely and well it was of no use; even Cæsar could not command the sea, and at last he gave the order to return.

Not long after this, however, the ships hove in sight, and soon Cæsar had the whole army under his command again. Pompey, more cautious than ever, marched to a safer place by the sea, and Cæsar, following him, pitched his camp there also. Both armies were soon in a sorry plight. Pompey's soldiers had no water and no green food for their horses, for Cæsar had taken care to cut off all the streams. The Cæsareans, on the other hand, had nothing to eat but roots and herbs.

When the days began to be hot Pompey made up his mind to attack his enemy. Guided by some deserters, he entered Cæsar's camp by a secret way, surprised them, and put them all to flight.

You can imagine Pompey's pride and the joy of his army. They had defeated the famous conqueror of Gaul! Another battle and their cause would be won. So sure were the patrician officers of this that they cast lots for Cæsar's gardens and palaces in Rome.

But Pompey's very success was his ruin in the end. Instead of following his enemy and giving battle again at once, he avoided him, and this

gave Cæsar time to put the sick and wounded in a friendly town and march to the Plain of Pharsalia, where Pompey was now encamped. A river divided the plain into two equal parts, and on the banks of this river one of the greatest battles in the world was fought.

Pompey was not anxious to give battle. He would have liked to tire his enemy out by letting him march through Greece, wasting his strength in small tussles. But the vain and haughty patricians, longing to return to their pleasant life in Rome, taunted and reproached him until at last he gave way.

Cæsar rejoiced greatly when one day at noon he saw the Pompeians marching out in order of battle, and yet verily it seemed as though Pompey would be the victor. He had twice as many foot and seven times as many horse soldiers as Cæsar, and so many Eastern warriors that they could not be counted.

The two armies faced each other. Pompey placed himself on the left; Cæsar opposite, headed his favorite Tenth Legion. Near to Pompey was the cavalry, magnificent men and horses both; Cæsar, noticing this, put behind his poor little thousand of German horse three cohorts of foot-soldiers, and he warned them that the success of the day depended greatly on their bravery. They swore not to fail him, and they kept their vow.

The order for the attack was given. The Cæsareans dashed forward at a run, threw their javelins, drew out their swords, and the battle began.

Pompey's cavalry charged, the German horse gave way—slowly—slowly, until they had retreated to where the cohorts stood. These then rushed forward, thrusting their spears into the faces of their enemies, and so furiously that the dismayed horsemen broke their lines and fled to the hills for safety.

The brave cohorts now attacked the archers and slingers, and, having swept them aside, fell upon the soldiers to the left of the line.

Cæsar, seeing that the victory would be his, ordered his men to attack the Eastern soldiers, and to spare their own countrymen as much as possible. The soldiers advanced, shouting the order, and Pompey's Roman legions, hearing, opened up their ranks. The Cæsareans swept onward and very soon put the barbarians to flight.

And Pompey? Pompey lost heart early in the day when the cavalry failed him. He retired to his camp silent and downcast, only to be told by the frightened soldiers that he was not safe even there. "What! assault my very camp!" he cried, and went out to see to its defense. But there was

no hope of defending it; the guards had fled, and Pompey, mounting his horse, galloped quickly through the gates at one end of the camp just as Cæsar's soldiers rushed in at the other. It was a sorry plight for so great a soldier!

And what do you think they found in the deserted camp? The patricians were so sure of victory that they had caused a feast to be made ready for their return. Tables stood spread with delicate meats and delicious wines in golden dishes and goblets. Couches had been laid out for them and their turf-huts (tents were not fine enough for these dainty warriors) had been hung with myrtle and ivy leaves. A very different sight this from Cæsar's camp before the battle, and very likely Pompey would not have suffered

so great a defeat had he been without his patrician officers.

But now all was over. Never again did Pompey make another stand against Cæsar, for before he could gather together a new army he was treacherously killed in Egypt, where he had fled for safety.

Perhaps he was glad when death came to him. He was growing old, and he had been defeated. It would have been hard for him to live to see his rival ruling victorious in Rome.

Cæsar wept when he was told of Pompey's death. He buried him with great honor and magnificence, and caused the men by whom he had been so treacherously slain to be fitly punished for their crime.

HOW JULIUS CAESAR WAS SLAIN

JULIUS CÆSAR ruled in Rome, and his will was law. He sat on a golden chair of state in the Senate, and wore a wreath of laurel about his brow. Every year his birthday was kept as a holiday, and to his birthday month was given his name—Julius, or July as it is now called.

The senators, once his bitter enemies, now obeyed his slightest word, and sought by every means in their power to do him honor. They made him Dictator for life; they named him "Imperator," "Father of the People," "Julius the Invincible." They took an oath to watch over his safety; they caused his statue to be put beside those of the seven ancient kings of Rome; indeed, so eager were they to please him that if he had told them to lie down and let him walk over them very likely they would have done so.

The people, too, were delighted with their generous Dictator, their victorious general who had won four triumphs and who had made Rome greater than ever before. On his return from the civil war he had given gold to both the soldiers and the citizens. He had feasted them royally; given them games and circus-shows, gladiator-fights, and all manner of things; and then, having amused and pleased his people, Cæsar set about ruling them.

He made many good laws, for this wonderful man could rule as well as he could fight. He took some of the power away from the patricians to give it to the plebeians. He brought wise men over from Egypt to help him to alter the Roman calendar. He was going to make a great many more changes in the country, but Pompey's sons raised a rebellion in Spain, and he had to leave Rome to go and fight against them.

After a year's hard fighting he returned to Italy, and it was about this time that the people began to accuse him of wishing to be king.

Now some say that Cæsar really did long to wear a royal crown, and others say that he did not; however that may be, the Roman citizens believed that he wanted to be king, and their love for him began to cool. This was because ever since the days of Tarquin the Proud the very name of king had been hated in Rome—a fact at which, as we read history, we cannot wonder.

Some of the patricians who had fought for Pompey, and whom Cæsar had pardoned and taken into favor again, began to say to each other that it would be better for Rome if Cæsar were dead. Soon they took to meeting secretly together to plot how best they might slay him. Most of the conspirators were jealous, ambitious men, who envied and hated Cæsar's power. Fierce, dark, Gaius Cassius was the chief among these, but there was another who joined the plot later, and he was different from all the rest. This was Marcus Brutus.

After Cæsar, Brutus was the most powerful man in Rome. Cæsar both honored and loved him dearly, and the two were the greatest of friends. Yet Brutus in the end became leader in the plot to slay this same Cæsar whom he loved.

And why? Because Brutus loved the Republic better than he loved his friend. He did not think it right that one man should rule the whole nation, and he believed that if Cæsar were slain Rome would become a republic again; that the power would again be divided equally between the people and the Senate.



DEATH OF CÆSAR.
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

Meanwhile the common folk were still wondering about Cæsar's wish to be king. As he returned from the Latin Festival some citizens hailed him as king; others showed their dislike of the name, and Cæsar, crying "I am no king, but Cæsar," passed on his way. Nevertheless it was believed that he said this only to please the people.

Another time at the feast of Lupercalia Mark Antony offered a crown to Cæsar. The Dictator refused, again it was offered, again refused, and at last Antony had to lay it aside. Upon this the people, who had been silent during the offering, burst into loud cheers. And yet there were some who said that Cæsar, had he dared, would have accepted the kingship.

This was in February, when the Dictator was making ready for a new war with Parthia. Following the usual custom, he sent to the soothsayers to ask if he should be victorious. The answer given was that none but a king could conquer Parthia. "Let Cæsar bear the name of king until the war is over; thus we shall be sure of victory," said some one, and the Senate was to hold a meeting on the ides of March (that is the 15th of March), to decide whether this should be done or not. That day, the conspirators vowed, should be the day of Cæsar's death. And then the soothsayers played their part.

"The ides of March will bring misfortune to Cæsar," cried the soothsayers, who could, so it was believed, tell what was going to happen. "The ides of March?" echoed the wondering people, "what will happen to Cæsar then?" "He shall die," whispered the conspirators, but they took care to let no man hear.

The fatal day came at last. Cæsar awoke that morning restless and uneasy, for he had been told of the dark saying of the soothsayers, he knew he had many enemies, and moreover his wife, Calpurnia, had dreamed that he was dead. With tears she begged him to stay away from the Senate. Cæsar would have given in to her wish had not the conspirators, to make more sure of his coming, sent one of their number to fetch him. And this man spoke so cunningly and softly that Cæsar was persuaded to order his litter and set out for the Senate.

As he passed through the streets he met with Spurinna the soothsayer.

"Ah, Spurinna," cried Cæsar, "the ides of March are come!"

"Ay," softly spoke the soothsayer, "but they are not gone, Cæsar!"

Many people tried to press through the crowd to warn him of his danger, but some of the conspirators kept these from coming near enough to the litter for speech. One man thrust a scroll of paper into his hand, begging him to read it at once, for it concerned his safety; but every time Cæsar opened the scroll he was interrupted, and when at last he entered the Senate it was still in his hand unread.

When Cæsar had seated himself, one of the conspirators, Metellus Cimber by name, knelt down at his feet on the pretence of asking some favor; the rest crowded round as if they too were anxious to plead their friend's cause. Cæsar refused to grant the prayer. Closer and closer they pressed, laying their hands upon his robe, his arms, his shoulders. He tried to push them from him and to rise to his feet; thereupon Cimber, catching hold of Cæsar's toga, pulled it firmly down over his arms.

Behind the golden chair stood Casca, the man who was to strike the first blow. He struck, but the dagger barely touched Cæsar's shoulder.

"Thou villain Casca! What means this?" cried the Dictator, and swinging round by a great effort he snatched at the other's dagger.

"Brothers, help!" called Casca at one and the same time.

Then each man drew out his hidden weapon, and the treacherous work began. Cæsar fought as only Cæsar could; but what hope was there for one unarmed man against so many? Still he struggled, wounded and bleeding, until Brutus—Brutus, whom he loved, and who loved him—came forward with the rest, dagger in hand.

"Thou too, Brutus!" cried the dying Cæsar piteously, and covering his face with his robe he let the murderers have their way. A few moments after he fell dead at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Rome had lost her greatest son. Mighty Cæsar ruled no more.

HOW THEY BURIED CAESAR

UPON that terrible day when Cæsar came by his death, Mark Antony, his most faithful friend, was hindered from entering the Senate by a conspirator, one Decimus Albinus. This man kept Antony talking outside the building. Suddenly Decimus

stopped speaking, for he had heard sounds from within; there was no longer any need to deceive Antony; Julius Cæsar was dead.

Ay, Cæsar was dead! Those senators who were his friends, and who had been too shocked

and surprised to lift a finger to save him, now rushed out from the building, pale and terrified, for they knew not whose turn would come next.

Antony too fled into hiding. He, of all Cæsar's friends, had most cause to fear the daggers of the murderers, for they knew that he loved Cæsar and would seek to avenge his death.

Soon the news spread throughout the whole city. The shops were shut; people ran hither and thither, scarce knowing what they did, so great was their terror and dismay. The crowds lined the streets, watching the conspirators as they marched to the Forum, waving their blood-stained daggers and crying out that they had killed a tyrant and a king. But the citizens answered never a word to their cries and speeches. They could not yet believe that Cæsar was really dead. Had they not seen him pass through the streets alive and well that very day? Had not some of them spoken with him, some touched his hand?

The conspirators finding that all their speeches were received in heavy silence, took fright and fled to the Capitol for safety.

The next day Antony came out from his retreat to go to a meeting of the Senate. As he went the people greeted him gladly, earnestly warning him to take care of his own life. Antony smiling, lifted his toga, and they saw that beneath he wore a steel corslet.

The conspirators, not daring to leave the Capitol, sent Cicero, the great orator, to speak for them in the Senate. It was then decided that peace should be made, and that Cæsar should be given a public funeral with all the honors due to his rank and greatness. The body was to be brought to the Forum, and then Cæsar's will was to be read to the people and the funeral speech made. After which the body was to be burned in a field outside the city wall, and the ashes laid in the tomb according to the usual custom.

Antony was very anxious indeed for the funeral to be public. As first consul he would have to make the speech. He knew the Roman people, and he had his own plans for arousing their anger against the murderers of his friend.

As the Senate had decreed, so it was done. The body of Cæsar was brought to the Forum, laid upon a golden shrine and covered with a cloth of purple and gold. Above it hung the very toga which the dead man had worn on the fatal day. Beside this there was a wax figure of Cæsar himself, painted so as to show his twenty-three wounds.

Antony, clad in mourning-robcs, took his place on the rostra, beside the body; and in the silence began to read aloud Cæsar's last will.

As he read, the people murmured angrily against the conspirators, for lo! this tyrant, this man who was said to have thought only of himself, had left to every Roman citizen the sum of three pounds; he had given also his own beautiful gardens to the people, and to most of the senators who had slain him he had left large sums of money.

To the people, as they listened, it seemed as if no punishment could be great enough for those who had murdered so generous a man.

Having read the will, Antony began his speech. Never before and never again did he speak so well. Anger and sorrow for the loss of his dearest friend, and the manner of his death, gave him power. He reminded the people of all Cæsar's glorious deeds in war, and they wept for their hero. He told them of all the great things the Dictator had done for Rome, and of all he would have done had he lived, and they groaned out their rage against his murderers. He spoke of Cæsar's courage, of his justice, his mercy and kindness, his love for the people and for his country; then, leaning on the body, he began to sing, like a priest to a god, a strange wild song of mourning, and at the same time the attendants lifted the wax figure on high, turning it now this way, now that, for all to see.

This sent the people into a fury of rage and grief. They shrieked, they groaned, they sobbed, they laughed, indeed they knew not what they did, so deeply were they stirred by the sound of that wild voice.

Suddenly the song ceased, and Antony, before any one could tell what he was about, tore aside the cover of the shrine, and the citizens beheld great Cæsar—dead.

If they were angry before, this sight brought their passion near to madness. They cursed his murderers; they cursed the senators; they vowed to take vengeance on all his enemies. They cried out that they themselves would bury Cæsar, and there and then they broke up the rostra, and with its planks laid the foundation of the funeral pyre.

They rushed into the houses, and dragging out chairs, tables, benches, and all manner of household things, piled them high into one great heap. Men flung their tools and their weapons upon it, women their jewels and even their dresses, children their playthings, and on the very top they placed the golden shrine in which lay the body of Cæsar.

When all was ready, two beautiful youths, girded with swords, and bearing flaming torches in their hands, set fire to the whole. Higher rose the flames and higher, and while they roared

and hissed, the furious citizens ran through the streets of the city seeking the conspirators to slay them; but not one was to be found; they had all wisely fled at the first sign of danger.

Little by little, as the fire died down, the people grew calmer, and after some days of mourning they began to go about their work again as if nothing had happened.

Brutus and Cassius, who still dreamed of a day when Rome should be republic again, gathered together an army determined to fight to the last for the cause of liberty, but they were defeated by Antony and Octavian, the great-nephew of Cæsar, and his heir (Cæsar having adopted him as his son), and to escape surrendering to the enemy they slew themselves.

THE EMPERORS OF ROME

AFTER the slaying of the great Julius Cæsar, there was long strife between the young Octavian and Mark Antony, since one or other might rule over the vast dominions of Rome, but not both.

And when at last Octavian got the better of Antony, who slew himself, a Cæsar was once more lord of the world, as we may say; for by this time the rule of Rome had spread over all the lands whose coasts are washed by the Mediterranean Sea; and kings far away in Asia, even if they did not call themselves subjects of Rome, still knew that they must obey her.

Now, would this Cæsar face the mighty task of planning ways by which that great empire might be ruled so that order and justice should prevail, and of carrying out the plans; or would he, like many another, be satisfied to make just all he could out of it for his own enjoyment and for the pleasing of his own whims and fancies?

He had been merciless, cruel, selfish. But now a change came. He took up the task; he set aside selfish aims; he learned to curb his fierce temper; and, with the aid of wise counselors, he laid the foundations of the Roman Empire so firmly that the evil rule of some of his successors, and civil wars, and foreign foes, could not for centuries prevail to break it in pieces; and men lived under the Roman rule secure from violence, as they had lived under no other rule in the past.

Rome was a republic, and the people still hated the idea of a king; yet it was necessary that one man should be the real ruler. The difficulty was got over by giving the one man a number of different offices and titles. Octavian was called Augustus, the name by which he is generally known, as a compliment, very much as subjects of a king or an emperor now say "his Majesty."

He had in himself the authority of each of the chief offices of state given to him for life, though, of course, a great deal of the real work had to be done by others whom he appointed. Still, he could see that the work was properly done. But because the most necessary power of all was the control of the army, the title of Imperator, which

has turned into the word emperor, is the one which gradually became the most familiar.

Augustus gave peace and order to the Roman world, and prosperity followed; and in his day Rome became a very splendid city, so that it was said of him that he found it built of brick, and left it built of marble. He showed favor to great poets, such as Vergil and Horace, and other great writers. On account of this, in other countries the time when art and literature are supposed to have flourished most is called the Augustan Age. In his work as patron of literature he was greatly assisted by one of his statesmen, Mæcenas, still celebrated for his friendships with famous authors.

In the reign of Augustus something happened of which he never heard, which yet changed the world more than all the statesmanship of Augustus; and that was the birth of Jesus in a far-away province.

For forty-five years Augustus ruled, and the Roman world was well accustomed to the new order of things before he died, old and weary; for all his greatness did not bring him happiness in his home. "Have I played my part well in the comedy?" he said, as he lay dying. "Then clap your hands, and so farewell." No one doubted that another emperor must succeed him, or that the successor must be his stepson, Tiberius.

Now, Tiberius was not young; he was gloomy and morose. Yet he had served the state well, commanding great armies in distant lands where other generals had met with disasters. The old Emperor had respected him, but no one loved him; and it is unlucky for him that the great Roman historian Tacitus has told the story of his reign in such a way that his name has become odious to all men. Yet some people say that this is not just, and that away from Rome people could see and feel that his government was firm and wise.

But in Rome itself, and, above all, among all those people who had to do with the Emperor's court, his reign was grievous. For, knowing that

men did not love him, Tiberius listened readily to talebearers, and there grew up a foul brood of "informers" who were ready to lie away men's lives that they themselves might get rewards for their seeming loyalty. And the better a man was, the more likely was he to have wicked enemies who would charge him with plotting against the Emperor; so that no man's life was safe.

With fair words crafty and evil men persuaded Tiberius to put his trust in them, and most of all a certain Sejanus, who became the captain of the guard. But a day came when proof was brought to Tiberius that Sejanus himself was plotting his murder, and Sejanus in one day was smitten down from his high estate and put to a shameful death. Yet after that Tiberius durst trust no man at all, and the victims of his fears multiplied, until he too died, it may be of disease, or it may be by the hands of those about his sickbed, who, as men believed, smothered him with pillows.

He had no son; but there had been a nephew of his who was called Germanicus for the fame he had won in the wars with the German barbarians. Germanicus died while quite a young man, and some fancied that he was poisoned by the Emperor's device, since Tiberius feared any man who was a general favorite like Germanicus, and, above all, beloved by the soldiers.

However, Germanicus left a young son, whose name was Gaius; but he was called by the soldiers Caligula, which means "little boots," because when he was a tiny boy in his father's camp he used to wear little boots just like those the soldiers wore. Now Caligula, being almost a boy, was made emperor for the sake of the memory of his father, Germanicus.

But very soon after he had a serious illness, and after his illness he became quite mad, though he was still clever, so that people did not see at first that he was really mad. In his madness he thought that he was a god. Among many other wild fancies, he had a horrible delight in killing people, so that one day he said he wished all the people in Rome had only one neck, so that he might sever it at a blow. Thus it seemed that in a few months Caligula would shed more innocent blood than ever Tiberius had spilled in his long reign, and therefore certain officers, fearing for their own lives, banded together and slew him.

Since this deed was done without warning, none knew who should now be made emperor, or whether there would be a new emperor; and it seemed that for a time all law and order were over; but the soldiers of the guard resolved to show their own power, and began to pillage the palace.

While they were pillaging, one saw the feet of a man who was hiding behind a curtain. The soldiers pulled him out, and when they saw that it was one Claudius, the uncle of Caligula, but a feeble man and of no account, they cried out, mocking, that he should be the new emperor, and carried him off to the camp. And since none could command the guard, Claudius was proclaimed emperor.

Now, he was not bloodthirsty like Caligula, loving rather books and learning of a kind that active men often despise; but Rome was ruled by his servants, and by his evil wife, Messalina. She was so wicked that when Claudius found out her wickedness he put her to death; yet he married another wife, Agrippina, the sister of Caligula, who was no less wicked, and she ruled in place of Messalina. So that all through his reign Claudius, without meaning to do evil, was persuaded by his bad counselors to shed nearly as much innocent blood as those who had gone before him. It was in his time that the Romans really conquered the island of Britain, and made it a part of the Roman Empire. At last, however, Agrippina poisoned him, that she might make her son Nero emperor in his place, for she had been married and had a son before she became the wife of Claudius.

THE INFAMIES OF NERO

THERE was no one whom the soldiers cared to make emperor except Nero, so it was he who followed Claudius; and at first, while he was quite young, he allowed his tutor, the wise Seneca, and the grave Burrus, the captain of the guard, to rule well enough; while he spent his own time in studying art and music till he came to fancy himself a wonderful artist and musician. But presently he was not contented with that, and showed himself the most cruel and bloodthirsty of all the emperors, so that his name is a byword to this day.

First of all he had his own mother murdered, but that vile crime was forgiven him because she had been so evil a woman. There was a great fire which burned down half the city of Rome, and men said that this was his own doing, and that while the flames raged he sang and played upon his harp the song of the burning of Troy. But, fearing the rage of the people, he pretended that it was the Christians who had done this thing, and many of them were hunted out and burned to death or flung to the lions in the great amphitheater to amuse the populace. Yet the world was less shocked by his cruelties than by what it deemed the shame of the Roman Emperor appearing on the stage.

So many such deeds he wrought, so many noble men and women were his victims, that they cannot be recounted; but at last news came that a general named Galba, in Spain, had revolted. And when men knew that some one had ventured to rise up against Nero, there were none who would stand by the cruel tyrant; the guards themselves deserted the Emperor. In terror he fled; but when he knew that his hiding-place was found, he dared rather to die by his own hand than to fall into the hands of his foes—pitied by none save himself. His last thought and his last words were that the world was losing a wonderful artist.

THE FLAVIAN EMPERORS

Now in quick succession three men claimed the empire. First the old soldier Galba, with his legions from Spain; then a young man named Otho, chosen by the guard at Rome, who overthrew Galba; then the glutton Vitellius, chosen by the armies in Germany, whose troops overthrew Otho. But then there came one stronger than any of these, the skilled general Vespasian, who commanded the Roman armies in the East. For it was clear enough that none but a conquering soldier could now grasp the imperial scepter.

Vespasian and the two sons who ruled after him are called the Flavian Emperors, because the family name was Flavius. Vespasian was of no high birth; but he gave Rome what she most needed at the time—a chief who meant to restore order and good government, who had no thirst for blood, and did not care to waste on display and luxury the money that was needed for more useful things. So when once he had crushed resistance to his rule, there was no more violence and bloodshed. The soldiers were glad enough to have a real soldier at the head of affairs again, and though men laughed at his manners, which were homely and even vulgar, he cared nothing about that, nor for jests at his eagerness to get money. The money was needed, and if he got it by sordid and unsavory means, he met reproaches by saying that "the coins smelt well enough"; and it was well spent. So the ten years of his rule were good for Rome.

After him his son Titus reigned only for a short time. He had won fame before as a soldier, during his father's rule, by the great siege of Jerusalem, which had rebelled; and when he conquered it he dealt with it very mercilessly, laying it in ruins, and carrying away the treasures of the temple to Rome. But when he became emperor he was resolved to win fame for kindness and mercy, so that when a day passed on which he had set no wrong right and relieved

no distress, he said to those about him, "My friends, I have lost a day." This was so unlike what people had expected of him that some think that if he had not died young he would again have shown the cruelty of his earlier life.

That is what his brother Domitian, who succeeded him, did. He began his reign well enough, but presently turned to evil ways after the manner of Tiberius, persecuting the Christians among his other ill deeds; nor can good be said of his rule, except that in Britain the famous Agricola won much honor by his just government. Thus it was that when Domitian, in his turn, was murdered, there was none to mourn for him.

THE FIVE GOOD EMPERORS

For more than a hundred years after Vespasian made himself emperor, Domitian was the only one of all the emperors who was not counted among the good princes; and the five who came next after Domitian are often called the "five good emperors." The first, indeed, whose name was Nerva, hardly counts. He was an old man already when the Senate offered him the throne—the soldiers made no disturbance—and his rule was very short. But just as Julius Cæsar adopted the young Octavian as his son, so Nerva adopted as his son a great soldier, Trajan, who was trusted by the army; and thus it was made certain that Trajan would be emperor after him. Trajan, second of the "five good emperors," was one of the very best—a man who sought, above all things, to spread justice among his subjects. Moreover, Trajan was a great warrior, more at home in the camp than in the court, and waged successful wars with the barbarian tribes in Dacia beyond the river Danube, which wars were recorded upon a great column that was set up in Rome and was called Trajan's column.

Now, there was one thing Trajan did which was not wise, for he sought to enlarge the borders of the Roman Empire, and to carry its sway as far into Asia as Alexander the Great had gone. Yet the empire was already so vast that it was hard enough to keep armies in all its borders and hold in check the barbarians who lived beyond. So, although Trajan went to the East, and defeated the armies which met him in battle, the wars which ended his reign were a failure, and when he died there were dangerous foes rising up against the empire on every side.

However, he had made choice of a wise and able general and statesman to succeed him as emperor. No one opposed the accession of Hadrian, third of the "five good emperors," who, at

the time, was in command of the army in the East. But he had already seen the mistake Trajan was making at the end of his reign. So the first thing he did was to make peace with the border nations, fixing the bounds of the empire where they had been before, though he took care to let every one see that his armies were going to be just as strong as before. Then he went back to Italy, and devoted himself to making the good arrangements for government which Trajan had made still better.

But the most remarkable thing he did was that, although traveling was no easy matter in those days, when men had to go from place to place either on foot or on horseback, or perhaps carried in a litter, he traveled over the Roman Empire, and saw with his own eyes how each part of it was governed; and he even went to Britain, and built there a famous rampart between England and Scotland, which is called Hadrian's Wall to this day. It is a pity that at the end of his life he suffered from a disease which often made him lose his self-control and do cruel things. For there are many people who think that there was no emperor who did so much as he to establish the security and the strength of the empire, and the justice of the Roman rule.

Though Hadrian made the task of ruling easier for his successors, yet the task could never be a light one; and it was well that the two who followed him, fourth and fifth of the "five good emperors," were both wise and resolute, for they were also both of them men who would rather have chosen to live virtuous and untroubled lives as private citizens than to bear the burden of rule. The first was Titus Aurelius Antoninus, surnamed Pius for his virtue, whom Hadrian had chosen. In his reign the Roman governor ruled over a part of Scotland as well as England, and a new rampart was raised across Scotland which is called the Wall of Antoninus. He adopted as a son, to help him and afterward to succeed him, the famous Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

These two great Antonines are reckoned for all time as the type of noble princes, since their care was altogether for the people over whom they ruled, and not at all for themselves. This is true, although Marcus Aurelius dealt hardly with the Christians and persecuted them, because it seemed to him, having no knowledge of the truth of their doctrine, that they were teaching men to defy the law and to be impious. Yet he wrote a book of "Meditations" which people love and treasure even now, being so full of wise thoughts and noble counsel, although he knew nothing of the hopes of the Christian faith.

It is strange, too, to think that he wrote much

of this wise book while he was in camp at the head of armies in wild regions, whose fierce border tribes were again rising up to do battle against the might of Rome; for though Marcus Aurelius loved peace, he showed himself a skilled leader in war. And when he died all men mourned for him. Yet he, too, made one unhappy blunder, for he named to succeed him his son Commodus, who was almost as bad as his father was good.

Now, during the next hundred years there were a great many emperors, some of whom reigned for no more than a few months or even weeks. Only two or three reigned for so long as ten years. For whenever an emperor died—and a good many were murdered—two or three generals were usually proclaimed emperor by the troops in that part of the empire where they were in command. But at the end of a century a soldier named Diocles, who changed his name to Diocletian, succeeded in making himself emperor, and from his time there was no more pretence that the government of Rome was really a republic in which a man happened to hold a number of important offices all at once, but it might almost be said that the emperor's will was law. Now, Diocletian is also famous for this—that he was the last of the emperors who tried hard to destroy Christianity, because by this time the Christian community had become large and powerful enough to sway the minds of men; so that the persecution under Diocletian was the worst the Christians ever endured. Yet he could in no wise crush them.

Now, when Diocletian thought that his work for Rome was completed he resigned his power; but he had not taken steps to make sure that his successor would be fitted to rule. And so there was strife again between the great governors of the four quarters of the empire, each fearing that unless he made himself chief of all he would lose his own rulership. And in this strife the victor was he whom we call Constantine the Great; and the battle in which he overthrew his chief rival is called the battle of the Milvian Bridge, and the victory of the Milvian Bridge was also the victory of Christianity. For Constantine had already shown good will to the Christians; and before the battle, as he related himself, he thought he saw a vision—the vision of the cross, and over the cross words which mean: "Under this standard thou shalt be victorious." From that day he took the cross for his standard; and, having become emperor, he gave honor to the Christian faith, and made it the state religion of the Roman Empire, so that the state was no longer hostile to the Christian Church. And this



ROMAN WRITERS AND THINKERS.

HORACE.
LIVY.
LUCRETIVS.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

TACITUS.
VERGIL.
SENECA.

also Constantine did—he made the city of Byzantium the chief city of the empire in place of Rome, and gave it the name of Constantinople. After his time it was the Byzantine Empire that

ruled what we call the Roman world, till the West broke from the East; and thenceforth the might of Rome was not the might of the state, but the might of the Church.

OTHER GREAT MEN OF ROME

The Romans, as you know, said that their city was founded by a king named Romulus. They also said that after him reigned six more kings, five of whom helped to make Rome great, either because they were skilful warriors, or because they made wise laws. But the seventh king was called Tarquin the Proud, because in all things he sought his own wealth and pleasure, trampling upon the people, instead of making it his aim to secure their welfare like the wise kings before him. And his sons were like him.

THERE was a young man among the nobles whose name was Lucius Junius; and he was also called Brutus, which means "stupid." But, in truth, he was keen-witted, and only made a pretence of dullness. For he saw that Tarquin the Proud feared clever men, and sought to destroy them, lest they should become powerful and overthrow him. Yet, though Tarquin did not know it, there was no one in Rome whom he had more cause to fear than this Brutus. This fact will plainly appear in the brief account that follows.

There is a story that the King once sent two of his sons, and Brutus with them, to consult the oracle of the temple at Delphi, which men believed could foretell the future. And when they had asked the questions as the King had told them, then the sons of Tarquin asked the oracle: "Which of us shall rule in Rome hereafter?" And the oracle answered: "He that shall first kiss his mother." As they left the temple, the "stupid" Brutus tripped and fell; but he had done this on purpose, so that he might kiss the earth, which is the mother of all men.

The rule of Tarquin grew worse and worse; and nobles and people groaned under his tyranny, till their anger was ready to break out in fierce flame. And then a son of Tarquin, named Sextus, did wrong to Lucretia, the wife of one of the nobles—wrong so deep and bitter that when she had told her story to her husband, in the presence of her father and Brutus and another noble, name Publius Valerius, she slew herself with a dagger.

Thereupon Brutus dropped his pretence of stupidity; he snatched the dagger from her heart, and called on all present to pledge themselves to rid Rome of the tyrant Tarquin and his evil sons. Then they went out and told the people in Rome what had befallen; for Tarquin was away at the head of an army. Brutus made haste to the camp, and there he called upon the soldiers

to rise up against Tarquin. And Tarquin and his sons had to fly to another city, nor could they ever win back their power in Rome. But the Romans made oath that they would never again have a king in Rome, and instead of a king they set two consuls at the head of the state. One of them was Brutus. So the name of Brutus was ever held in high honor in Rome, as the man who had driven the tyrant forth from her gates and made her a free commonwealth.

Moreover, it is told of Brutus that he set to all men an example of stern justice, even when it must have almost broken his own heart. For it befell that his own sons were drawn into a plot to restore the Tarquins; and when Brutus learned the truth he did not use his power to spare his own flesh and blood, but spoke the doom of the traitors with his own lips. Reckoning his duty to his country more highly than his love for his family, he condemned his sons to death.

For many a long year the Romans had constant wars with one or another of the neighboring cities, and many troubles within between the nobles, who were called patricians, and the commons, who were called plebeians. The nobles held the rule and were often oppressors; but slowly the commons gained more and more share in the government. A time came when the power of Rome was in danger from the victory of the city of Veii. The Romans sent out armies and besieged Veii, but could not take it until they placed their forces under the command of a noble named Marcus Furius Camillus.

Now, Camillus found that he could make a hidden passage underground, called a mine; and, unknown to the people of Veii, he made a mine under the wall of Veii, and dug it so that his soldiers could burst their way out into the temple of Juno. Then he ordered a great attack to be made on the walls, so that all the people of Veii gathered to defend them. Then, when the whole

of the city was defending the walls, Camillus himself led a troop into the mine, and they broke out and opened the gates of the city, so that its people were utterly conquered.

It is told of Camillus that in one of the wars, when he was besieging another town, he won honor for the Romans by a generous action. For there was a schoolmaster who thought to win favor with the Romans, and by a trick managed to take the school children out of the town and bring them to the Roman camp, so that the people of the town would agree to anything to get the children back. But Camillus bound the traitor's hands, and bade the children flog him back to the city. Some say that afterward, when the Gauls sacked Rome, Camillus, who was in exile, returned and defeated them. Some say that his last public act was to persuade the leaders of the nobles and commons to agree together and be at peace. But, at any rate, his memory was honored as of one who, all his life, did good service to his country.

The next famous man of whom we have to tell won no great victories for Rome. For he was in command of the Roman army when it was warring against the city of Carthage, in Africa; and the men of Carthage defeated the Romans and took many prisoners. Among the prisoners was the general Regulus. The victors held Regulus captive; but when some Carthaginian nobles were captured in another battle with the Romans they sent messengers to Rome, and Regulus with them, offering to set Regulus and other prisoners free if their own men were set free. But Regulus, instead of begging the Romans to agree, so that he might come home again, told them that it would be wiser to refuse, since they had less need of him than the Carthaginians had of their men. So it was that Regulus returned to captivity in Carthage, rather than let Rome suffer even a little for his sake. And for this he deserved the higher honor, because he knew that the Carthaginians would be angry with him, and put him to a painful death.

In that war the Romans defeated the Carthaginians in the end, but the power of Carthage was not destroyed; and some of her people went to Spain and there made a new power, drawing the peoples of Spain under their rule or into company with them. They built a city which they called New Carthage, and they did this because they thought that, possessing Spain, they would again be able to make war successfully against the Romans.

It was in one of those battles with Carthage that Cornelius Scipio first fought, being then but a boy. They say that Scipio saved his own

father's life. After that his father was sent to Spain, to fight the Carthaginians who were there, and was killed. Then none of the Roman generals were willing to go to Spain, knowing how hard a task was before them; but Scipio, though yet very young, offered to undertake it. For he felt sure in his heart that he could conquer Spain for Rome.

Moreover, the people were so moved by his noble bearing and his persuasive speech, and by the courage he had shown, that they gave him the command. When Scipio was come to Spain the soldiers took heart; for they had loved his father, and now they followed the son with fearless devotion.

First of all, they captured the enemy's city of New Carthage, and then defeated them in other battles, until their power in Spain was broken altogether. Then Scipio returned to Rome and persuaded the Romans to send him with an army across the sea against Carthage itself.

The power of Carthage was laid low, and Scipio was called Africanus, because he conquered the land of Africa. At last there came a time when he saw that some men envied him, and others distrusted him for the tales that were told to him by his enemies, and then he ceased to take part in public affairs, scorning to defend himself against charges of baseness. So Scipio passed the end of his days as a private citizen. He was grandfather of the brave Gracchi, of whom we have told you.

Among these enemies of his was Marcus Porcius Cato, called the Censor. Cato was a man who was famous for what men call the old Roman virtues, for he proved himself a warrior reckless of his own danger, yet shrewd and wary, and one who held firmly to every purpose he set before himself and to every rule of life he laid down. He scorned all manner of easy living, and would have had all men to live as carefully as himself. But Cato was hard and harsh, not fearing pain himself, and careless whether others suffered, regarding only the things that he considered useful, and despising the things that make life lovely and gracious, as well as the things that are merely pleasant and the things that are harmful. And so, because Scipio was not of a like ungracious temper, Cato was very ready to think ill of him.

Cato's name of Censor was given to him because at Rome that was the title of a great officer of state who was guardian of public morals; and when Cato was himself appointed to this office he was very rigid in punishing whatever he thought foolish or unseemly, fearing the great and powerful no more than the humble and mean, so



VERGIL, HORACE AND VARIUS AT THE HOUSE OF MAECENAS.
FROM THE PAINTING BY C. F. JALABERT.

that his rule as censor remained in men's memory.

When the Roman state was divided between a Senate party and a popular party; and while the foreign wars went on, it came about that whenever a successful general won the favor of his soldiers he could use his army to give his own party power. Thus the popular party triumphed under Gaius Marius, and again the Senate's party seemed to have crushed them under the merciless leader Sulla. The blood of both parties was spilt like water, and instead of seeking the common weal, it seemed that every man cared only for his own gain, or, at best, for the gain of his party, so that some began to see that there would be no settled order in Rome, but endless strife, until there should arise some one man strong enough and wise enough to crush all quarreling parties, and to take the government into his own hands and rule with the good of the whole state as his aim.

Among the Senate party, their captain, Sulla, saw signs of great talent in a very young man whom we call Pompey. Therefore, Sulla raised him to high command, while other people sneered at him as a boy. But the boy led armies with great success, and when he returned from Africa, where he overthrew Sulla's enemies, Sulla hailed him by the title "Magnus," which means "great." But, after all, he did not prove to be really a very great man, though for a long time it seemed that he might possibly become the savior of the Roman state. For he was a skillful soldier, and, besides that, he was kind-hearted, and had a way that made him popular.

Then, while he was still a young man, he broke away from the Senate party, and became the chief of the people's party, and almost the chief man

in the state. Soon after this he was appointed to destroy the bands of pirates who sailed over the Mediterranean Sea, and then he went to take command of the Roman armies in Asia, where there was a war going on against a barbarian monarch.

It was some years before Pompey finished that war successfully, and during the war there was in the city another man who was laying his own plans to become master of the Romans. This was the most famous of all Romans, Julius Cæsar. How the rivalry between Cæsar and Pompey led to strife that ended in Pompey's defeat and death, you have already been told, as well as of the career and death of Cæsar himself.

There was another famous Roman of those days whose name is known to every one, the orator Cicero. He was among those who took Pompey's side, but was afterward treated by Cæsar with favor. It is said that the reason why the conspirators against Cæsar did not ask him to join them was, that they thought he would expect them to pay too much regard to his opinion, although they did not really think him a wise man.

However, after the murder of Cæsar, Cicero made many famous speeches on their side in opposition to Mark Antony, friend of Cæsar and his followers. Then Antony was so angry that Cicero was one of the people whom he specially named to be put to death; and when some of Antony's friends caught Cicero, they cut off his head and his hands and sent them to Antony.

Besides being a great orator, so that his speeches are looked upon as models even now, Cicero wrote books which tell us more about those times than any other writings we have.



HISTORIC TALES OF OLDEN TIMES FOR LITTLE FOLK

CYRUS OF PERSIA

CYRUS was the son of a noble Persian named Cambyses. His mother was Mandane, daughter of Astyages, the last King of the Medes. The herdsman who took care of Cyrus was Mithradates, and Cyrus never forgot him or his wife, good Cyno. Cyrus became king in B. C. 559.

In the Bible you may read of a people called the Medes. They lived a long time ago, and their last King was a very odd man. He often had strange dreams, and was afraid that something would happen to him. Some of these dreams were about his own daughter, who was the wife of the king of another country, called Persia.

One night he dreamed that his daughter would have a son, who would become king of Persia, and also win the throne of the Medes. He did not like this dream, for he wanted no one else to be king. As soon as the baby was born, he sent a friend to his daughter's house to take it away from her. The friend gave the baby to a man who looked after the King's sheep and cattle.

"You must take the child to a lonely place, and leave it there," he said. "It is the King's will, and if you do not obey him, he will be angry with you."

The man took the baby home. His wife had just lost her own little child, and when he came in with the baby, she took it in her arms, and her tears fell on its face. "Do not take this little one from me," she said. "Let me keep it, and I will bring it up as our own child."

The man had a kind heart. "I would gladly do so, but for the King's order. And I do not like the task," he told her. "Then," said his wife, "if you must take a child to the mountains, take our own poor dead baby, for nothing can hurt it now. Let me have this dear child, who is alive and well."

This was just what the man wished. He gave her the little prince, and took the body of the other baby, which he left far away on the mountain. Then he went to the King's friend, and

told him where the child had been placed. In a few days, some one went and buried the body, and the people were told that the little prince was dead.

But the prince was alive, and grew up a strong and happy child. His name was Cyrus. The kind man and his wife looked after him well, and he dearly loved his home in their hut.

One day, when Cyrus was about ten years old, he was playing in the village. The boys of the village made him king of their games. He said that some of the boys should be his soldiers, and some his builders. And they all seemed very happy in their play.

But one boy said he was not going to obey the son of a man who looked after goats and sheep. He was one of the Medes, and his father was a great man in that country. When he would not obey, Cyrus told the others to punish him. Then the boy became very angry, and he ran at once to tell his father. The father was a very proud man, and he hurried off to the palace, and told the King about the boy who had dared to beat his son. The King said that he would have such a rude boy punished at once. He sent for him to come to the palace.

As soon as he saw him, the King liked the boy, and his bold, fearless manner. "Who is this boy?" he asked, and he thought he looked very much like his own daughter.

When all the people had been sent away, he called the herdsman. "Whose son is this?" he asked again. The man was afraid and said: "He is my son, O King." But the King shook his head. "I want the truth," he said sharply. Then the man fell on his knees, and prayed to be forgiven. "This is your grandson, O King, the son of your own daughter," he said, while he shook with fear.

The King was now very angry with his friend, for giving the child away, and wanted to punish him. He sent for his Wise Men, and told them

how Cyrus had been found, and how he had been brought to the palace. When the Wise Men told the King that the boy could do no harm, he was more kind to him, and sent him to his father, the King of Persia.

His father and mother were glad to get back their son, and to see him so strong and healthy. He had a happy life in his new home, but he never forgot the kind herdsman and his wife. He was very brave, and he owed much of his health and strength to them, who had brought him up so carefully in their little home upon the mountain.

Cyrus lived to become a very great man. He

led an army against the wicked King of the Medes, put him in prison, and took his city and country away from him. Thus the old King's dream became true.

Cyrus also became master of Persia, and many other countries, and he called himself "King of the world." He was a very wise King, and in the Bible you may read how kind he was to the Jews. One of the kings of the East had taken the Jews far away from their home to his own country. But Cyrus made himself King of that country, and sent the poor Jews back to their own land. When kings were both wise and good they helped to make the world happier.

THE STORY OF PINDAR

PINDAR was a poet of Greece. He was born about B. C. 522, and received lessons from two famous poetesses, named Corinna and Myrtis. He wrote many poems and odes for the Olympian and other games. He died in B. C. 443. Here we tell you certain things about him.

It was a very long time ago, as you see, more than five hundred years before Christ lived, that the boy Pindar was born in Greece. Now the people of that country were called Greeks, and they loved all things that were beautiful.

Pindar's family were fond of music, and some of them could play on the flute. Others were good poets, and took great delight in making songs, which were chiefly about the heroes of their country. When Pindar was still a baby, his nurse thought that he would become a very great poet.

One day, when it was bright and sunny, as it often is in Greece, she placed his cradle near the open window. Below was the large garden, full of sweet-smelling flowers. The gentle breeze waved the branches to and fro, while the sun made all things look very bright and gay.

A swarm of bees, who liked the sweet smell, flew quickly into the garden. Perhaps they came from a mountain close by, which was famous for its honey. They were very busy, and went from one flower to another, to gather more honey for their hives. When the bees saw the child lying asleep in its cradle, they flew round him, and gently waved their tiny wings, until they settled on his lips. They did not hurt the baby, and they only rested there a very short time.

The Greek nurse, who saw them, said she knew

what this meant. "In the days to come," said she, "we shall be very proud of this boy. He will not fight, or use a sword. But he shall learn to say sweet things, and words of music shall fall, like honey, from his lips."

When he was a little older, Pindar was placed under the care of two ladies, who wrote songs, and were famous in the land. They taught him many useful lessons, and always to do his work well. "For it is better," they said, "to do a little at a time, and do that little well, than a great deal of work, which may be rather badly done."

Pindar learned his lessons well, and was soon winning prizes, for which his own teachers were also trying. He worked hard and wrote many verses and songs. He won great fame when he was still very young. His best songs were written in honor of heroes, and of those who were winners in the Greek games.

People came from all parts of Greece to see these games, which lasted for many days. There was much jumping, running, and racing during that time. It was a great honor to be the winner in these games, though the only prize was a crown of wild olive. Many poets praised the winner of the crown in songs, and no one could write such songs more sweetly than Pindar.

So much was the poet liked that kings were proud to be his friends, and the people made him many gifts. And so the story of the bees became true.

Many years after, the city in which the poet lived was pulled down by King Alexander, but Pindar's house was left standing, just as it was in his own days.

CATO THE YOUNGER

CATO the Younger was a Roman, born in B. C. 95, and brought up by Drusus, his mother's brother. He was a man of simple life, and had great love for his brother, Cæpio, and for his country, which he served in many ways.

Cato's father and mother died when he was quite a little child. His mother's brother was a very kind man. He took Cato and his sister and brother to his own home, where they lived quite happily. Cato was a quiet boy, who did not often smile or laugh. He learned his lessons slowly, but he never forgot what he was carefully taught.

The boy was fond of reading history. Perhaps he used the books which his great-grandfather, Cato the Elder, had written in very large letters, so that his own children might find it easy to read them.

Cato the Younger was a true Roman, who dearly loved his own country, and hated its foes. When he was a small child, the people of some other places in Italy wanted to have the same rights as the city of Rome. Their leader was a very strong man of the name of Silo. He was also a friend of Cato's uncle, in whose house he stayed while in Rome. He tried to win the uncle over to his side, and while talking to him, he called to the boys, and said: "Come, my good young people, and ask your uncle to help us."

One of the brothers smiled, and ran to him at once. But the other, Cato, sat down, and looked at the man without saying a word. "And what do you say?" said Silo to him. "Will you not be friendly, like your brother?"

Still Cato would say nothing, and looked as if he did not like the man. Silo became angry. "I have a good mind to throw you out of the window," he said, at the same time giving the boy a shaking.

The child did not show any signs of fear, and the strong man put him down again. Then turning to his friends, Silo said: "This child is the glory of Rome. If he were a man, I believe we would not get one vote."

Another time, a friend of Cato asked him, with some other boys, to go to a birthday party. This was a great treat, and the boys much enjoyed themselves. They played many games, and when they grew tired of these, they said they would hold a court of justice. One of them should be the prisoner, and the rest should try him. If he were guilty, he would be put in the prison, which they made in a corner of the courtyard.

Roman children were very fond of this sort of

game. They also liked to play at being kings and generals, and they marched about as soldiers. On this day, a bright little lad was chosen to be the prisoner. A much bigger and stronger boy was his judge. The smaller lad was tried, and shut up in the prison. The bigger boy was rough in his play, and hurt the little one, who became afraid, and called loudly to Cato to help him.

Now Cato liked games of this kind as much as the others, but he also liked fair play, and did not wish any one to be hurt. As soon as he heard the lad's cry, he ran to the place they called the prison. He pushed away the boys who acted as guards, and who tried to stop him. Taking hold of the child, he carried him off to his own home in great anger.

Many of the other children went with him, because they looked up to him as their leader, knowing that he loved fair play, and was pained to see a mean or unkind act.

The great men of Rome liked to see boys at their games. For they wanted their children to grow up strong, truthful and noble. The chief man in Rome at that time was Sulla, and he asked the boys to play an old game called Troy. In this game two bands of boys were chosen. They had captains over them, and they all carried swords and shields.

Sulla chose the boys who were going to play, and he gave them two captains. But one of the bands did not care for their captain, though he was the son of a very great man in the city. They would not obey him, and the noise they made brought Sulla to see what they were doing. When he heard the cause of it all, he asked, "Who, then, will you have as your captain?" With one voice, all the boys shouted "Cato!" They liked him as a leader in their games, and did what he told them.

Of all the boys he knew, Cato loved his brother best. When he was quite a little boy, some one asked him who was his best friend in the world, and Cato at once said, "My brother." "And whom do you love next?" he was asked. Again Cato spoke the same words, "My brother." "And whom do you love in the third place?" This time Cato smiled, as he said once more, "My brother," and the man who had asked him then went away.

As Cato grew older he became even more fond of his brother. The two always went together, and there was no pleasure for one unless it was shared by the other. It was a great grief to Cato when his dear brother died. He shed many tears,

and could hardly bear to leave the dead body. As was often done in those days, he spent much money in spices and rich clothing for the body, and then had it burned. The ashes were kept with great care in an urn or vase.

Cato became a very great man in Rome. He was a brave soldier and a wise ruler, and people came in crowds to hear him speak in public places, just as people come nowadays to hear a famous speaker.

EDWIN AND THE KING OF THE NORTH

EDWIN was the son of Ella, a King of Northumbria. In 617 Ethelfrith, another King of the North, fought against Redwald, King of the East Angles, who sheltered Edwin. Their armies met by the river Idle, and Ethelfrith was killed. Edwin now became King, and he married a princess from Kent, who brought Paulinus to Northumbria.

When Edwin was quite a little child, his father died, and he was left alone with few friends. A wicked King of the North now came with an army. He made himself lord of Edwin's country and joined it to his own. He also tried to take the boy away with him.

The friends of Edwin loved their young prince; and they carried him from place to place, in search of shelter and safety. For many months, the boy had no home of his own.

At last they came to the court of the King of the East Angles. Edwin went to the King to beg that he might live in his country. "O King," he said, "let me stay among your people, for I want to hide from a cruel foe." The King was a kind man, and liked the little prince. "You shall stay with me," he said, "and no one shall harm you, or give you into the hands of your foe."

Edwin became the King's friend, and was very happy in his new home. The Queen was also so very fond of him that she almost looked upon him as her own son.

The wicked King of the North became very angry, when he heard how the young prince had found shelter; and he wanted to get hold of Edwin more than ever. He sent some of his most trusted men to the King of the East Angles, and they spoke fair words to the King, saying, "If you will give up Edwin, we will bring you as much gold and silver as you wish." But Edwin's new friend would not listen to them. "Go back to your King," he said, "and tell him that the boy shall live in peace at my house."

For some time the young prince again felt happy. He played where he liked, and he was quite safe under the King's care. But very soon, the same men came back, saying, "Our King will send you still greater gifts, if you will be his

friend, and give up the boy." But Edwin's friend was quite firm. "Tell your King," he said, "that I will do nothing of the kind, and he can keep his gifts for himself."

After this, Edwin and his friend thought they would have no more trouble. But the cruel King was more angry than ever, and said he was going to make war on them both.

The King of the North was very strong, and had many soldiers. He got a large army ready, but before he made war, he once more tried to get the other King to do as he wished. He again sent men to him with these words: "Give Edwin up to me, and I will send you such things as you have never seen or heard of. But if you do not, I will fight against you and kill you and your people."

Now the King of the East Angles was very much afraid when he heard this. He knew what a cruel man the King of the North was, and how bold he was in war. "Stay a little while in my house," he said to the men, "for I must think over these things." They were glad, as they thought they were now going to have their own way.

The King took a long time to make up his mind. While he was thinking, a friend ran to Edwin, to tell him what was going on. Night had fallen, and it was quite dark. The friend spoke softly to him. "Come outside, for I have something to tell you."

Edwin went out and sat on a large stone before the house. "The King will surely give you up," said the friend, "but come with me, and I will hide you. I know a place where no one can find you." "I thank you well for your kindness," said Edwin, "but I must not go. I have said that I will live in the King's house, and I cannot break my word." Then his friend left him. Above the stars were shining; the night wind was cold, and the whole land was quiet. And Edwin sat there alone through the night.

The King could not sleep. He was awake all that night, and felt very unhappy. His Queen came to him, and asked him: "Who are these strange men, and why does their coming make you so sad?" He told her how afraid he was of

the King of the North. "He is very strong," he said, "and his anger is great. Besides he will send me many gifts, if I will do as he wishes. And so I have said that I will give up the boy."

The good Queen cried. "O King," she said, "do not give up, or sell for gold, or any other gifts, the friend who is in trouble. And do not, for the sake of riches, lose your honor, which is of greater price than all jewels." Her words so stirred the King that he sent away the men, say-

ing that he would not be false to the boy, who trusted in him.

The King had a better gift, for in the war his own men won the day, and among those slain was the wicked King of the North, who wanted to take Edwin's life.

Edwin now got back his kingdom. He grew up to be a wise and good ruler. In his days, the people of the North were taught to give up their false gods, and to become Christians.

THE BOYHOOD OF A GREAT SAINT

CUTHBERT, a shepherd boy, who was born about 635, became a famous bishop. He went to the monastery of Old Melrose, of which he became the prior or head. When an old man, he was made Bishop of Lindisfarne (or Holy Island). He died in 687.

In the green valley of the river Tweed lived this boy. There he took care of his sheep, as they roamed over the hills and dales, for in those days there were many wild animals in the land.

He was a merry boy, and he liked to play at ball with his friends, when his work was done. One day, as they were at their game, he saw a fair young child coming toward him. When he drew near, he said: "Leave these games. Set not your heart upon them, but read your books, and you will, one day, be a great man."

The boy loved fun. He would not listen to the child, and went on playing as before. Then the fair child threw himself on the grass, and cried very much. The boy now felt quite sorry, and he ran to see what was the matter. "I am crying," said the child, "because you like your sports better than your books."

After he had spoken, the fair child sprang up, and went away so quickly that no one knew where he had gone. When he began to think about it, the boy felt sure this was an angel, who had spoken to him, for, in those days, people believed that angels sometimes came to the earth in this way.

From that day, the shepherd boy gave much of his time to his lessons, and his teachers were pleased with him. He was a boy who often had very strange dreams, by day as well as by night. Once, when he was sitting by the side of the river, quietly watching his sheep, and looking from time to time at the beautiful stars, he thought he saw some angels, who were carrying the soul of his dear teacher, Aidan, to heaven.

This dream seemed so true, that the boy left his sheep, and went to the abbey at Melrose,

where he set himself to learn all that the holy men wished to teach him. At the abbey a school was kept, and to it went many boys, who wanted to read, and to become useful in the world.

Cuthbert was a brave lad, always ready to help those who were in trouble. Walking by the river Tyne one day, he saw a crowd of people on the banks. They were laughing, and making a great noise.

The good monks who lived near the mouth of that river had sent some ships to bring timber for the building of a part of their house. As these ships were coming back, a strong wind arose, which blew them away from the land. When the monks at home saw the danger, they ran down the cliffs to the beach. Here they jumped into smaller boats, so as to go and help their friends, who were on board the ships. So high were the waves, and so strong was the gale, that they themselves were now in fear of being lost. Other monks came quickly down. But when they saw the sea, they knew they could do nothing. Then they fell on their knees, and prayed that God would save their friends, who were in such great danger.

All this time, the crowds of men on the cliffs stood looking on. They liked to see the big waves dashing over the rocks, and they laughed loudly at the monks. These men knew nothing about the true God. "Look at the monks," they cried. "They do not like our gods, and they will not live as we do. Let them die in the waves."

Now the brave boy was very sorry to hear these words, and he came nearer. "Why are you not trying to help them?" he asked. "They may be drowned before your eyes; you might, at least, pray that they may be saved." The country people turned their anger upon him. "No one shall pray for them," they shouted, "for they have taken away our old customs."

Then the boy knelt down before them, and as he prayed, it seemed as if the wind died away,

and the waves sank lower. A great calm fell on the sea, and slowly the boats turned their heads to the shore, and the monks landed in safety. Then the angry crowd felt much ashamed. "These men," they said, "must speak the truth, when they tell us their God has power over land and sea."

In after days the boy became a great preacher. He lived on a little island, where he dug a well, and sowed barley and other crops. And in mem-

ory of him the name of that place was changed to Holy Island.

His life was a busy one. He taught the children, preached to the people, and went about doing good in many ways. When he died he was buried in a grave near the spot where he had lived for so many years. But later his body was carried to Durham, where his tomb may still be seen. He did much good, as we have said, while he lived, and his fame grew after his death.

THE STORY OF BEDE

BEDE was born in 673 at Wearmouth, and was brought up at the monastery there. He afterward moved to another house at Jarrow, where he lived till his death in 735. He wrote many books, and was a great teacher. This is his story.

The little boy Bede was brought by friends to some good monks who lived on the banks of the river Wear. He was a very quiet, gentle lad. He seemed quite alone; for both his father and mother had died of a sickness that carried off many of the people. The little boy had no one left to care much for him.

The monks were kind men, and they took charge of little Bede, and began to teach him many things. One good man, who was known as John the Chanter, taught him to sing. John had a fine voice, and he sang so sweetly that many people came to hear him.

Some of the monks removed to a new house at Jarrow, on the Tyne, and they took with them the little boy Bede. He was very useful to them, and they all loved him. He worked in the garden and in the fields round the house. He was very fond of his books, and he helped the good monks to sing in the church.

In his day a great sickness broke out in the country. Large numbers of people died, while others were very ill. At one time so many of the monks were ill that there was only one old man and the little boy Bede left to do the daily singing in the church. These two went through every part of the service. The old man sang one verse, and the little boy another. It was their duty, and they did it well.

When they were in good health, all the monks did some work or other. John, with the young Bede, liked to go and gather in the corn, after it was ready. They had to feed the lambs and calves, and to bake the bread. And then, says Bede himself, "I took pleasure in learning, or teaching, or writing something."

The head of the house in which Bede lived at Jarrow was a wise man named Benedict. He

loved books, and had many of them. Every time that he went to France or to Rome he came back with some books of great price. Young Bede could always find some good book to read, and when his work was done, he would go to the window that looked over the wide river Tyne. Here, in the quiet hour of the evening, he would read, and store his mind with knowledge. His master would smile when he saw how eager the boy was to learn. Other wise and clever monks were also glad to help him, and they taught him all they knew. In that way the boy became a great scholar.

Bede not only wanted to learn himself, but was very willing to help others. He was known as a very great teacher. His school was large, for no less than six hundred young men were under his care. He liked his work, and was quite happy with his simple life. He never wished to travel, or to leave Jarrow. But it is said that many people in other lands wanted to see him. He was asked to go to Rome, but he never went very far from Jarrow.

In those days there were many kings in England. The King who ruled in the North, where Bede lived, was very fond of learning. He also liked clever men, and was so very friendly with Bede that he asked him to write a book, in which he told the story of his own land. This book has come down to us, and from it we learn how the English of those days lived, and how they came to know the true God.

At that time Jarrow must have been rather a nice place. The river was clear and wide; the noise of the sea could be heard; and in the large house there was always a welcome for strangers. No wonder that many people came there to see Bede and to read his books. These books were carefully copied by others, and used in the schools of England and other countries.

Bede wrote forty-five books during his life; so he must have worked very hard. He was so much loved that men spoke of him as the "most dear master."

THE STORY OF ALFRED

ALFRED, son of Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons, in England, became king in 871, after the death of his brother Ethelred. Alfred was wise and brave, and governed his country well. He was the youngest son of his father. His mother died when he was quite a little child, and his father married another lady, who seems to have been very kind to the King's children.

When Alfred was a boy of twelve, he was fond of hunting, and of other sports and games. But he had not been taught to read, nor did he yet seem to like learning. One day, the Queen brought a big book of songs, and showed it to young Alfred and his brothers. She knew that Alfred loved music, and took pleasure in singing to his friends. When he saw this fine book, full of the songs he liked, he was in great joy. The pretty pictures, painted with rich colors, also pleased him much.

Now the books of those days cost much time to make, and were worth large sums of money. Only very rich people could buy them. They were not printed on paper, as are the books we have now. Clever men wrote them, word by word, with their pens, on very fine skin. The pictures, too, were all done by hand in many colors, and the big letters were painted in red and blue and gold. Any boy would have been glad to have such a book as that, and it is no wonder that Alfred wanted it.

"I will give this book to the child who shall first be able to read it," said the Queen. "And I shall try to win it," said Alfred. And he at once went to look for a teacher. He found a kind and clever man, who was able to spend some hours every day over his lessons.

At last, the day came when he was able to go to the Queen, and ask to see the book. As he stood by her side, he read the stories and the songs that were in the book. She was very glad to see how well he could read, and willingly gave him the book for his own.

Alfred became quite a clever boy, and he was fond of trying to find out new things. He was also very brave, and though young, took a leading part in the wars against the Danes, who were sea-robbers, just as the English had once been. They landed from their ships in many places, burned houses and churches, and carried off all the gold and silver they could get.

Those were dark days for the English. The Danes had a large army in the field, and did much harm to the people. Alfred and his brother, who was now the King, fought hard against them, but though they won many battles, a great part of the country was lost.

They led their people to the marshy lands of the west. Here they built small forts, and dug ditches, full of water all round them. The Danes came after them, and gave them no rest. But Alfred was a very bold leader, and never lost hope. The Danes said they would spare his life if he only gave up the fight. Alfred told them that he would live or die with his men, and thus he showed himself worthy to lead them.

During the fighting with the Danes, the English King was so badly hurt that he died soon after. Young Alfred was now chosen King by the people. He won a great victory over the Danes, and brought peace to the whole land. He was one of England's best and wisest kings, and is called Alfred the Great.

BRIAN, KING OF ERIN

BRIAN, who lived in 948, was a bright Irish boy, who saved his country from the Danes. He became king, after his brother Mahon, and ruled for many years.

In a beautiful part of Erin lived the boy Brian. He was a brave, bright lad, the son of the King of that part. The men and boys of Brian's times were dressed, as we should think, rather strangely. They all wore a sort of kilt, and Brian's kilt would have a fringe of gold, for he was a king's son. He would also wear a twisted collar of gold, and a big brooch to keep his long plaid in its place.

Just then, it was a time of war. The Danes were on the coasts, and they were always trying to land, first in one place and then in another. To keep them out, all the kings brought their men to the same place, so as to make a large army. Even young Brian had his band of men, who carried pikes and other arms, and were his soldiers.

There was a great battle, and the Danes won the day. Many of the kings and chiefs of the country were killed, and other princes fell into the hands of the Danes. Among those who were killed were Brian's father and two of his own

brothers. Only Brian and the eldest brother, who was named Mahon, were left of all that brave family.

The Danes were so pleased at winning that they went all over the country, burning, killing, and carrying off the people. Even Mahon, who was now King, had to leave his home.

With his brother, young Brian fled to the forests, and here they were safe for a while. Every now and then they would gather their men, and march quickly through the forest, to fight the Danes. Great was their joy when they were able to take some cattle from them. In this way, they let the Danes see that the Irish were still alive, and would give them a great deal of trouble yet.

As the two brothers had made their home among thick trees and rocks, it was not easy for the Danes to come and find them out. Still they lived in great danger.

King Mahon grew tired of all this fighting, and so he made terms of peace with the Danes. "Let me live quietly, in my own house," he said to Brian, "and you may do as you like."

Young as he was, Brian would not follow his brother and make peace. He took his men and went right away into the forests once more. From here he began to make attacks upon the Danes. Very soon the name of Brian was known all over the land, as that of a brave boy, who feared no foe. His men fell, and some were taken by the Danes; but he never lost hope. Once the

Danes said, "We have put an end to Brian," but they heard of him again in another part, and the brave lad kept on fighting.

All this while, Mahon had been watching his young brother. He saw how brave he was, and wished to join him again, and try to set their land free. He sent for Brian, and they flung out their old flag from the tower of their castle, which was built on the Rock of Cashel. As soon as the news spread, many of their friends came up to the castle.

All who hated the Danes, and loved old Erin, seized a pike, and followed the two brothers. There were many great battles in those days, and Brian always led his men. It was his voice that cheered them on when they grew tired, and in the end it was he who drove the Danes from point to point, until they were glad to ask for mercy.

What cheers went up when the Danes were beaten! They had been very cruel. They had burned houses, and taken and killed numbers of people. Now Brian had driven them away, and the country was free.

The people liked the boy better than his brother because he was so much braver. When Mahon died, young Brian was at once crowned King of Erin. He was a wise King. He liked to fight for his country. He was also a true friend of learning, and to this day, the people love the name of Brian.

OLAF THE BRAVE

OLAF of Norway was quite young when he conquered the Swedes. Afterward, he went to help England against her enemies. He became King of Norway in 1015. He was a Christian, and tried to make his people worship God and give up their false religion. Here is our first glimpse of him:

A fair-skinned boy of thirteen stood on the deck of a great dragon-ship, which his mother, the Queen of Norway, had built for him. Behind this ship sailed three others, for the people loved the boy, and were ready at all times to follow him. They called him Olaf the Brave.

Over these ships floated huge banners, on which the shapes of snakes, or serpents, were worked in bright silks. At the helm of Olaf's ship stood the trusty soldier Rane, into whose charge the Queen always gave her son. He was a wise man, and knew the world. They had a quarrel to settle, for Olaf's father had been put to death by the people of Sweden, and Olaf felt he would like to punish them.

The Swedes had heard of the coming of the dragon-ships, and meant to do them harm. By their King's orders, long chains of iron had been stretched across a narrow channel, through which the ships had to pass. Beyond these chains big stones and huge pieces of rock had been placed so that the ships might be wrecked, even if they passed the chains.

The King of Sweden laughed when he saw all the things piled up for young Olaf. But he and his men did not know Olaf, and they were soon to see that he was not so easily caught.

Olaf called his friend Rane and his other wise men. They sat down to think of the best means of getting out of this clever trap placed in the river. "There is only one way," said Olaf. "Let us wait until night falls. Then, when all is quiet and dark, we must dig a way for our ships through the low fenlands."

Now, there had been much rain in that country. Every little stream ran as a broad river over the low fenlands, making the place look like a

sea. In the dark night, the strong Norsemen began their task of digging a way for the ships. Here and there they lighted torches, so as to see what they were doing. But they were careful to hide the light, lest the Swedes should find them out. It was hard work, but what cared they? They loved work, as they loved war. They did not shrink from either, and their young leader worked just as hard as the rest.

When the first beams of light were seen in the morning, an open canal lay before them, through which the waters rushed toward the sea. The tired Norsemen leaped on board their ships, and were full of joy.

"Sound the war-horns, and hoist the sails," cried their leader. And as the breeze filled the big sails, the ships swept through the new canal into the wide sea. They soon left the Swedes, their chains, and their rocks, far behind them. The remains of this canal may still be seen in that country.

The fame of young Olaf, boy as he was, spread over many lands, until it reached the ears of the English King. For some years, England had been troubled by the Danes. The English King was not a brave man, and did not feel strong enough to fight them. So he gave them money to go away. The Danes soon spent the money, and came back with a large army. The King now sent to Olaf and asked him to come and help him.

Olaf turned his ships toward the English coast, and sailed for the river Thames. Here he found the King waiting for him with a tale of war. "The Danes are in my city of London," said the King. "They have placed towers on the bridge that crosses the river, and from these towers they throw stones at all who come near."

"We can pull down the bridge," said Olaf. Now, the bridge of that time was built upon strong piles of wood, driven deeply into the bed of the river. It was a wide bridge for those days, and two carts could pass each other upon it. It was not an easy thing to pull down such a bridge. But Olaf had thought of a plan by which he could make a way for the ships to pass.

He covered the ships with roofs of timber, and so the men were safely out of sight, and could get no harm, though the Danes flung many stones at them. Heavy chains were placed round the piles of wood, and at a word from Olaf, the ships began to pull at the chains. At last, the piles became loose, and with a loud noise, the towers fell, with the bridge, into the river Thames.

Now there was great joy. With the English behind him, Olaf and his men made haste to enter the city. They drove the Danes out, and that night the singing-men of Olaf's army sang a new song.

The King was very thankful to Olaf, and asked him to stay with him. But there came a day when Olaf had to go home, and fight for his own land. Hakon was the name of a young man, whose father had been King of Norway, though he had no right to the throne. When Olaf was away, this young man thought he had only to land in Norway, and he would get the crown which had been his father's.

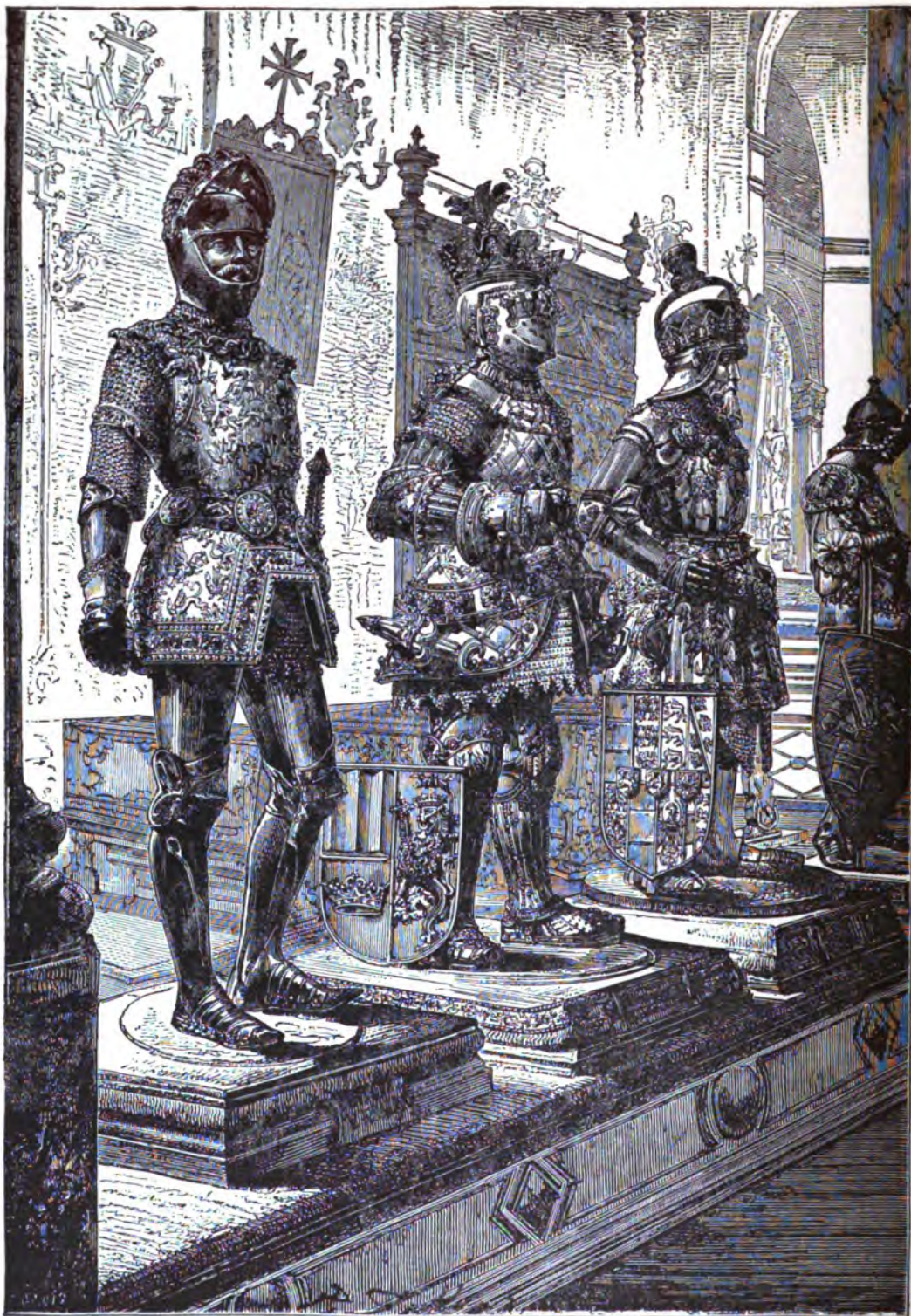
There was a great battle between the friends of the two, and Hakon's men were beaten. But Olaf had a kind heart, and treated him well. He made Hakon promise that he would not again try to take the crown. He then fitted out his ship, and made it look quite as good as new. When all was ready, Hakon and his men sailed away, to look for a new country. They went to England, where his uncle, Canute, was then King.

Olaf remained in Norway, and found himself quite a hero among his own people. They had heard with pride of his brave deeds on land and sea. When he was only eighteen he was crowned King of all Norway, and he ruled for fifteen years.

But stormy days came again. Olaf was a Christian, while many of his people did not believe in the true God. He wanted to burn all their false gods. Then there were long years of war, and Olaf died on the field of battle.

His people were very sorry for his death. Many called him a saint, and as Saint Olaf he is still known in the church where he was buried.





BRONZE STATUES AT THE TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN I., REPRESENTING ARTHUR OF BRITAIN, THEODOBERT OF BURGUNDY, ERNEST OF AUSTRIA, AND THEODORIC, KING OF THE OSTROGOTHs.

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